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Shrewsbury

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF

"SPECIMENS OF THE EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE," "A SUMMER AMONGST THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES," "A PILGRIMAGE TO AUVERGNE," "THE QUEEN MOTHER," ETC. ETC. ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is scarcely possible to give the Biography of the Females of England who have been remarkable in their time, with any hope of accuracy, till the sixteenth century.

The accounts, before that period, respecting them, are so meagre and uncertain, that imagination must supply much of the void left by historians; and, though just enough is said to excite curiosity and interest, there is nothing to furnish a narrative of their proceedings such as might be depended on, and be really valuable as a record of their lives.

I have begun this collection at the reign of Elizabeth, because, with all her great qualities, she stands out, both in her own and in all succeeding ages, as one of the most prominent personages of England and of Europe; and because the existence of

powerful talent and superior intellect in her seems to have raised her sex in esteem from the period at which she flourished.

It appears to have been thought worth while to bestow some attention on women, after the glory of her *avatar* had given them dignity and importance from henceforth in the scale of society; and the long duty of paying deference to a female grew at length into a habit, which her own merit, once properly acknowledged, did not allow to decline.

The position thus acquired could not be again lost, and woman no longer occupied a mean station in the social state.

In some cases it is not to be denied that females, thus exalted into consequence, exulted and triumphed too far; and, as in the instance of Bess of Hardwick, rendered themselves more conspicuous than admired; but their characters, whether for good or bad, were developed, and a field was now afforded them wherein to display whatever energies they possessed.

It is true that, like all great events, this had been for some time preparing; and, occasionally, a female character had started forth which could not fail to

draw the world's attention. In the records of chivalry, women play a prominent part, and are named as the ultimate reward or rewarders of valour; but they are honoured as a body, and their individual merits rarely recounted, while little is positively known of their domestic habits.

The time when Queen Mary occupied the throne is a gloomy and melancholy period, and we do not love to recur to her as our first female sovereign; indeed, as her sway was in a great measure directed and dictated by her husband, we cannot look upon her as an independent Queen: nor were her talents such as to enable her to act for herself, like the woman of wonderful and masculine spirit who succeeded her, and for so many years presided over the destiny of our nation, and regulated, in a great degree, the conduct of all the States of Europe.

It would almost seem that Elizabeth had no feminine weakness but one—her inordinate vanity; but, although apt to be influenced by it in small matters, her overpowering sense got the better even of that besetting sin when great events required her to act. When all her grandeur of intellect, her promptness, wisdom, and resolution, are considered, this blemish on her *manly* qualities ought to be looked upon with

indulgence, if it does not altogether redeem her reputation, for it was the only *female* trait she allowed to appear. Tenderness, softness, pity, and forgiveness, were unknown to her mind, and, but for her vanity, she would have been scarcely woman or human.

But what is to be said of her successor, who had all her female weakness more odiously exhibited, and no quality but cunning to make him remarkable?

In all that was harsh and cruel, jealous and suspicious, in tenacity of his claim to the crown, in inveteracy and tyranny, he followed closely the footsteps of Elizabeth, but in all the rest of his follies and vices he was entirely original.

The change was very great when James came to the throne, and deeply shocked were many of those accustomed to the somewhat overstrained elegance and romantic gallantry of the female court. The letters of some of the old courtiers on the subject of the strange manners introduced, would be amusing, but for the disgusting impression necessarily formed of the actors in scenes such as would disgrace a country wake: lords and ladies of rank, for instance, rolling about in intoxication at the foot of the throne, while the reeling sovereign is carried off to his couch

amongst the tipsy uproar of this rabble rout of favourites who surrounded him.

Anne of Denmark, alone, of those attached to the new court, seemed to bear herself with courtesy, and keep up any semblance of propriety, as Arabella Stuart relates in one of her indignant letters to her uncle. Although there was not much in her character to challenge respect or admiration, yet the deferential feeling which had so long prevailed, was extended to her and her ladies, and, in spite of all the coarseness of the King, and the contumely which he loved to heap on his female subjects, they no longer required patronage to give them countenance.

The lovely Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, and the young beauties who surrounded her, made amends, by their attractions, for the awkward vulgarity of King James; and the grace and majesty of the youthful Prince Henry induced similar manners amongst his followers.

Although her character can never be popular with her sex, still Englishwomen are indebted to Queen Elizabeth's best qualities for a new era in their existence, and though she, herself, showed no more preference for them than did her ungallant successor, still she had involuntarily bestowed great benefits on

her fellow females by proving of what importance they could be.

Just at her time, the education of women had altogether taken a different turn; and, though the accomplishment of the needle was still appreciated and admired, yet the mind was not allowed to lie fallow while acres of tapestry and carpet-work were carefully cultivated. The first advance from ignorance to erudition, seemed to over-leap all between, and women became, from mere embroidresses, arrant pedants, vying with the learned in classical and abstruse knowledge. Some amongst these were really as highly instructed as it was the custom to endeavour to appear: as, for instance, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and Sir Anthony Coke, Lady Jane Grey, and a few others.

Elizabeth herself remained a pedant, but most of the ladies of her time excelled in the pleasing accomplishments she also affected. Perhaps the superiority in many of these charming acquirements of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, was not the least of her crimes in the eyes of her envious rival.

I have not, in this collection, confined myself to the biographies of women celebrated for their literary attainments, or, in fact, to females of any

class, but have recorded all I could find that was interesting of them, as they passed along the magic glass of recollection, starting from the point I have named, for the reasons I have given.

It appeared useful and interesting to me to bring together a great many female characters; with whom to become acquainted, it was necessary to seek, in works not always accessible, for particulars scattered here and there.

I have not, as far as I could accomplish my wish, neglected any source likely to afford authentic accounts of each of those whose biography I have attempted to write; and I have every reason to hope that what is contained in these pages may be relied on.

Elizabeth of Hardwick,—that managing and clever woman, who by the charms of her person, manners, and spirit, contrived to accomplish *her own will* so effectually,—is the first lady I have introduced to the notice of the reader: her history is an epitome of the times in which she lived; and the letters and conversations which relate to her, bring the days of Queen Elizabeth clearly before our eyes, in the most minute manner possible; while the monument of her magnificence, still

existing entire, in her far-famed mansion of Hardwick Hall, transports those who have become familiar with its foundress back to her society, and that of her unfortunate granddaughter, Arabella Stuart.

For permission to publish the Portraits of both these ladies, together with one of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, all hitherto unengraved, I am indebted to the extreme kindness of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who, with the utmost liberality and courtesy, allowed me to copy them from his galleries; and who, further, gave me access to manuscripts and books in his possession, without which I could not have hoped to render these Memoirs valuable. The other Portraits are from the best authorities.

Chatsworth Park,
August, 1843.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

Connected, from circumstances, for many years, with the fortunes of one of the most interesting female characters in history, the Countess of Shrewsbury, whose *fourth* husband was jailor to the ill-fated Queen of Scotland, derives, from that circumstance alone, a claim to universal attention. Even, however, without this, Elizabeth Hardwick is a personage so singular in herself, and so remarkable from the influence she exercised over every character that came within her reach, that, except the great Queen, her namesake and contemporary, there is scarcely any that can compare with her for boldness, determination, resolute will, love of sway, and, above all, for a talent to accomplish every design which her ambition framed.

If the existence of feminine qualities is necessary to render a woman an object of sympathy, she would have little claim on her sex's notice; for there is no evidence to prove that the beauties of her mind were equal to those of her person and manners; on the contrary, almost all that is known of her, during the long period of her existence, exhibits her as daring, masculine, forbidding and selfish. Nevertheless, she contrived to fascinate so many persons, including even Queen Elizabeth herself, that she must have had at least the appearance of something good and worthy of admiration. She might have been liberal and generous to her dependants, doubtless was princely and magnificent to her equals and superiors, and probably possessed eloquence and agreeable conversation, liveliness, and animation. This the portraits remaining of her seem to prove, and much, expressive of these attributes, may be traced in those which enrich the galleries at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, the great theatre where many scenes of her life were played. She is represented as very fair, with one of those delicate complexions through whose transparency the violet veins gleam beneath the skin in tender waving threads, giving a peculiarly beautiful tint to the forehead and eyelids; the hair was probably flaxen, but it was so much the custom for ladies at that period to wear head-dresses of different-coloured hair, twisted into "twenty odd-conceited true-love knots," that it is always difficult, if not impossible,

to pronounce on the fact. Her eyes were hazel, with a deep tinge of blue, which must have, in life, caused their hue to vary with the light; they are, even in painting, sparkling, shrewd, and quick, but no tenderness can be detected there, as in the "yeux verds" of the lovely Mary Stuart, her supposed rival. Her nose is long, and somewhat drooping, by no means classical in form, but not positively displeasing; her upper lip is rather flat, and her mouth is very characteristic—thin lips, bright, like a scarlet thread, compressed and irregular in shape, no doubt indicative of her temper, for it seems to tell of irritability, obstinacy, determination, caution, and care; the chin is somewhat pointed; the contour of the cheeks good; the forehead high and sensible, of an open character, and handsome. Her figure must have been slight and graceful, and of middle height; and her hands are delicate, with taper fingers; but it seemed the fashion of that period for every painter to bestow on his sitter the fair hands which, probably, as her only beauty, belonged to the maiden Queen; therefore this particular cannot be altogether relied on. In one of the pictures at Hardwick she wears a black dress, buttoned from the peak of the stomacher to the throat, a small ruff, with cuffs of the same kind, a black cap and veil, and no ornament but an enormous rope of pearls, of five or six rows, which hangs below her waist. This seems to have descended to her daughter, Mary, for, in her portrait

she appears wearing what may be the identical valuable string, worth a king's ransom.

Elizabeth was one of the daughters of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, a gentleman of ancient family in Derbyshire; who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Leake, of Harland, in the same county; and, on the death of her brother, she ultimately became sole heiress of the estates of her family. When she was only fourteen, with the reputation of great beauty and sprightliness, fortune so willed it that she should pay a visit to a connexion—the Lady Zouch—in London, who had with her at the time a young gentleman of very large property, named Robert, or Alexander, Barlow, or Barley, one of the most desirable matches in the county; and as he was a neighbour of the fair daughter of Hardwick, it was easy for them to form an acquaintance.

Mr. Barlow was suffering from a chronic disease, which confined him to his chamber; and how could he be otherwise than sensible to the tender sympathies and benevolent attention which his young and lovely friend so cheerfully bestowed on him? She seemed never weary of his sick room, exerted herself to entertain him, was always cheerful and agreeable, and evidently deeply commiserated his situation; for she took upon herself entirely the care of nursing him, ordered his diet, administered his medicines, and soothed him with her tender assiduities. As his health improved, his heart became more and more touched, and he found that

health, or life itself, would be nothing worth to him if his charming neighbour refused still to bestow her society on him. Little persuasion was necessary to effect this. Indeed, it is possible that the fair calculator of fourteen had already foreseen the result of her kind attentions to the interesting invalid, who, before she became his wife, to prove to her how exclusively he was attached, made a will, in which he secured to her and *her* heirs almost the whole of his great estates. The recovery to which he looked forward never seemed to have added to his happiness; and, in a very brief space after he became the husband of Elizabeth, the young and devoted Barlow died, leaving the object of his adoration a fair, youthful, and wealthy widow.*

This occurred in the year 1532, or thereabouts; and, on his demise, she probably returned to her family, and their neighbourhood, and remained for some time, though not unsought, unwed, till the affections, which she might have feigned for the sick youth whom she fascinated, were given to one whom she seems really to have loved—to judge by the exertions she never ceased to make for the advantage of his family, to the end of her life. This was Sir William Cavendish, a man of considerable property and consequence, whose estates lay principally in Suffolk, but who eventually

* History of George, Earl of Shrewsbury. MS. in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, by Nathaniel Johnston, M.D.

settled in Derbyshire, in accordance with his wife's desire.

William Cavendish was one of the commissioners, appointed in 1530, for the suppression of monasteries; and, in 1539, the seals of the monastery of Sheen, and those of the Abbey of St. Albans, were presented to him. He was the same year constituted an auditor of the court of augmentation, honoured with knighthood, and enriched with many grants. He was a widower for the third time, when he attracted the attention of the fair Elizabeth Barlow; and he appears to have returned her affection with interest, denying nothing to her wishes, and anticipating her desires. In order to meet her views, he sold his estates in the southern parts of England, and purchased lands in her native county; and, entering at once into her pleasures and occupations, he began, by her wish, a mansion—since one of the most magnificent and celebrated in the kingdom—on which a very mine of wealth has been spent at different times, and all the resources of taste, genius, and energy, have been lavished to make it the grandest specimen of liberality, splendour, and beauty, existing in England. William Cavendish, and his lady, began the building of Chatsworth, which it required several centuries to bring to the perfection now so remarkable, and which, at the present day, renders it the wonder of the country it adorns.

Amongst several letters which passed between the

energetic Elizabeth and her dependants at this time, the following, in which I have preserved the original spelling, as an amusing specimen, is characteristic, and proves with what interest she watched the progress of her favourite pursuit of building. Whether, at this period, the prophecy had already gone forth, which tradition has preserved, that she should not die while she continued to build, does not appear, but certain it is that her great passion seemed to be to erect vast mansions in every part of her large estates, as Chatsworth, Hardwick, Oldcotes, and others, prove.

LETTER FROM LADY CAVENDISH TO FRANCIS WHITFIELD. 1552.*

"Francys. I have spoken with y^r^ mayster for the dyltes or bordes that you wrote to me of; and he is contente that you shall take some for your nesecytè by the apointment of Neusante, so that you take seche as wyll do hyme no sarvese about hys byldinge at Chattysworthe. I pray you loke well to all thynges at Chattysworthe tyll my aunte's comynge whome, which I hope shall be shortly; and in the meane tyme cause Broushawe to loke to the smethes and all thynges at Penteryge. Lete the *weivar* make bere for me fourthew^t^ for my owne drynkinge and your mayster, and see that I have good store of ytt,

* From History of Sheffield (Hunter's), 1819.

for yff I lacke either good bere,* or charcole, or wode, I wyll blame nobody so meche as I wyll do you. Cause the flore yn my bed chamber to be made even ether w^th^ plaster, claye, or lyme;† and al the wyndowes were the glasse is broken to be mended; and al the chambers to be made as close and warme as you cane. I here that my sister Jane‡ cane not have thynges that yr nedefoulle for hare to have amoungst you; yf ytt be trewe, you lacke a great (deal) of honystè as well as dyscretion to deny hare any thynge that she hathe a mynde to, beynge in case as she hathe bean, I wolde be lothe to have any stranger so yoused in my howse; and then assure yourselfe I can not lyke ytt to have my sister so yousede. Lyke as I wolde not have any superfleuetè or waste of any thinge, so lyke wyse wolde I have hare to have that wyche is needfoulle and nesesary. At my comynge whome I shall know more, and then I wyll thy̆k as I shall have cause. I wolde have you to gyve to my mydwyffe frome me and frome my boye Wylle,§ and to my norse frome me and my boye, as hereafter followeth: Fyrst, to the mydwyfe frome me tene shyllinges, and frome Wylle five shillynges; to the norse from em fyve shillings,

* Good beer seems to have rendered Derbyshire celebrated at all times, as well as Nottinghamshire.

† It seems that floors and staircases in this county were made of plaster, from a very early period; the material used is the newer magnesian, or conglomerate limestone.

‡ Jane Hardwick, afterwards wife of Godfrey Bosvill, of Gunthwaite, Esq.

§ William, her favourite son, afterwards Earl of Devonshire.

and from my boye 3$^{s.}$ fore pence, so that yn the wolle you mouste geve to them twenty-three shyllynges and four pence. Make my syster Jane prevye of ytt, and then paye it to them fourthew^{t}. Yf you have no other money, take so meche of the rente of Penterydge. Tyll my sister Jane that I will give my dowter somethynge at my comynge whome; and prayinge you not to fayle to se all thynges done accordyngly, I bede you farewell. From London, the 14 Nov.

Y^{r} mystrys,

ELIZABETHE CAVENDYSH.

"Tyll James Crompe that I have resavyed the five ponde and 9$^{s.}$ that he sent me by Heue Alsope.

To my servante Francys Wytfeld, geve this at Chattysworth."

These domestic particulars are not a little entertaining: they show at once the manners and habits of the times; how a lady of rank busied herself with her household affairs, looked to every minute article: saw to the brewing, baking, and carpenter's work, and inquired closely into the payments of her housekeeping.*

At Hardwick Hall are still preserved many papers of household expenses, being accounts kept by her

* Shakespeare gave but a picture of the manners of his day in making Old Capulet say to his wife, "Look to the baked meats, good Angelica." It is true the scene is in Verona, but nature is the same everywhere; and manners did not much differ.

steward, revised by herself, and signed, on almost every page, with her own hand, when Countess of Shrewsbury.

What house she alluded to in this letter is not quite clear. She speaks of Pentridge, which was near Wingfield Manor, which at that period did not belong to her: it is likely that she means old Hardwick Hall, which she nearly rebuilt before. Many years afterwards she began the erection of the present Hall.

Sir William Cavendish did not live to see the finishing of the splendid mansion he had begun with so much spirit; death overtook him in the midst of his career, and left his beloved Elizabeth to continue her labours alone.

She was left with a large family, for whom she seemed to entertain the most unbounded affection, transferring to them the regard she had felt for the husband of her choice: the sons were—

1. Henry, who died without issue.

2. William, who became first Earl of Devonshire.

3. Sir Charles Cavendish, ancestor of the Dukes of Newcastle: the daughters—

1. Frances, who married Sir Henry Pierrepoint, ancestor of the Dukes of Kingston.

2. Elizabeth, married to Charles Stuart, Duke of Lennox, brother of Darnley, who became father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, the victim of state policy.

3. Mary, who inherited more than her mother's

violence and ambition, and was married to Gilbert, a son of Elizabeth's fourth husband, and thus arrived at the same dignity of Countess of Shrewsbury.

With her six children, a splendid fortune, and unimpaired beauty, the attractive widow retained her liberty some time, till at length she was prevailed upon to change her state again, in favour of Sir William St. Lo, of Tormarton, in Gloucestershire, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, and Grand Butler of England. To judge by his portrait, preserved at Hardwick, Sir William was a "fine gay bold-faced" soldier, full of spirit, and not a mere carpet knight: there is little of the grace of the courtier about him, but something more of the "rude and boisterous captain."

He was wealthy, and had broad lands in Gloucestershire; and these circumstances weighed with the acute widow and careful mother, who determined, before she ventured to alter her position, to secure, as much as possible, of his possessions to herself and the children of her favourite husband, Cavendish.

The Captain was but a child in her hands—a mere bird, which, with a silk thread, she could pluck backward or forwards at will; and when she intimated to him that she could not—would not—durst not become Lady St. Lo, unless his love directed him to settle the whole of his fortune on her and *her* heirs, in default of any which their marriage might produce to him; he had no arguments to offer in favour of his family by a former marriage.

Much to her exultation, and the consternation of his daughters and all his relations, the fascinated Captain of the Guard agreed to all she required, and accordingly became the husband of the irresistible widow, for whom his attachment seems to have been unbounded. However annoyed his family may have had reason to be at the distribution he made of his property, they all seemed to have considered it the best policy to keep on good terms with the new wife; and, on her side, she was ready to receive them all with friendliness and attention, identifying herself with his children, and brothers, and cousins, in the most exemplary manner possible; for, having gained her point, she had no cause of quarrel with them, as long as they behaved with courtesy toward her. Indeed, at this period of her life, there is reason to believe that she was very agreeable, and that her cue was to gain

"Golden opinions from all sorts of men."

She comes forth, surrounded by her own and her new husband's relations, apparently living in the utmost harmony and happiness; at least so it seemed to the Captain, who grudged every hour passed out of her society. It might well be that Queen Elizabeth saw, as usual, with a jealous eye, the attachment of one of her officers to another, for she evidently kept him as much as possible from his fair and fondly-loved wife. His regrets on these occasions are entertaining, and show the feeling of his mind towards her he was forced to leave behind.

His letters also continue the picture of the manners of the time, and the domestic arrangements of a courtier of Queen Elizabeth's age.

SIR WILLIAM ST. LOE TO LADY ST. LOE.*

"My own more dearer to me than I am to myself, thou shalt understand that it is no small fear nor grief unto me of thy well doing, then I schowlde presently see what I dowgst (?) not only for that my continual nightly dreams byside my absence hath troubled me, but also chiefly for that Hugh Alsope cannot certify me in what estate thou nor thine is whom I tender more than I do William Seyntlo. Therefore I pray thee as thou doth love me let me shortly heare from thee for the quieting of my unquieted mind, how thy own sweet self with all thine doeth, trusting shortly to be amongst you. All thy friends here saluteth thee. Harry Skipwith desired me to make thee and no other privy that he is sure of Mistress Neyll with whom he is by this time. He hath sent ten thousand thanks unto thyself for the same, she hath opened all things unto him.

"To-morrow Sir Richard Sackville and I ride to London together, upon Saturday next we return

* In this letter I have also preserved the original spelling, as more amusing and curious; where the matter is of more import, I have thought it as well to adopt more modern orthography, as easier to read.

hither again. The Queen yesterday her own self riding upon the way, craved my horse; unto whom I gave him, receiving openly for the same many goodly words. Thus wishing myself with thyself I bid thee, my own good servant and chief overseer of my works, most heartily farewell; by thine who is wholly and only thine, yea and for all thine while life lasteth. From Windsor, the 4th September, by thy right worshipful good master and most honest husband, master Syr

WYLLIAM SEYNTLO ESQUYER.

"Comende me to my mother and to all my brothers and sisters there, not forgetting Frank with the rest of my children and thine. The *Amnar* saluteth thee and sayeth no gentleman's children in England shall be better welcome nor better looked after than our boys. Once again, farewell, good honest sweet. Myself or Greyves shall be the next messenger.

To my own dear wife at Chatsworth, deliver this."

The next letter shows some thrift on the part of Captain St. Lo, more than officers of the Court are usually in the habit of exhibiting. It moreover proves, that the custom existed then, as at the present day, of *hiring fine clothes* in which to appear at Court, and on grand occasions. This custom may perhaps account for dresses of an early period descending to late times almost in their original

state of newness. Tailors and dress-makers, no doubt, made up splendid dresses with a view of letting them out on hire; and, as some speculations of this sort must have failed, the costumes remained uninjured; and serve, at this distant date, to give an idea of the splendour of a former age. When we observe the costliness of some of the dresses, both male and female, of the time of Elizabeth and her successors, it seems impossible that half the noblemen who appeared in such, could afford to purchase them. Sir William St. Lo's letter lets us into the secret of the arrangements of many of the inferior courtiers.

Queen Elizabeth's policy was evidently to keep her courtiers as poor as possible; thus her captain of the guard is obliged to provide for himself and his train, not only accoutrements, but household linen, when in attendance at Whitehall.

Gentlemen of that day attended to the economy of the stable, and expected their wives to superintend everything with great vigilance, as his recommendation to his lady about the quantity of oats to be consumed proves.

SIR WILLIAM ST. LOE TO HIS WIFE.

"My honest sweet Chatesworth, I like the weekly price of my hired court stuff so evil, that upon Thursday next I will send it home again, at which day the week endeth. I pray you cause such stuff as

Mowsall left packed in a sheet to be brought hither by the next carrier. There be hand-towels and other things therein that I must occupy when I lie at Whitehall. My men hath neither schurtt (shirt) nor any other thing to shift them until that come. Trust none of your men to ride any your *housed horses* but only James Cromp or William Marchington, but neither of them without good cause serve speedily to be done. For nags, there be enough about the house to serve other purposes. One handful of oats to every one of the geldings, at a watering, will be sufficient, so they be not laboured. You must cause some to oversee the horse-keeper, for that he is very well learned in loitering.

"The Queen hath found great fault with my long absence, saying that she would talk with me farther, and that she would well chide me. Whereunto I answered, that when her highness understood the truth and the cause, she would not be offended. Whereunto she says, 'Very well, very well;' howbeit, hand of her's did I not kisse.

"The Lord Keeper hath promised me faithfully to be at both days' hearing; and that if either law or conscience be on my side I shall have it to my contentation.* Vaughan is come into town, but not yet Bagot. Stevyns and we shall go through on Friday next, at which time his brother will be here, who hath disbursed 700 of the 1200 pounds. I have had extreme pain in my teeth sithens Sunday

* He alludes to a law-suit pending.

at dinner: thus, with aching teeth I end, praying the *lyveng* to preserve thee and all thine. Written at London, against my will, where I am, if other ways our matters might well be ended, this 14 Oct. Your loving husband with aching heart until we meet, W. St. Loe.

"If you think good, lease your fishing in Dove unto Agard. We are the losers by suffering it as we have done.

To my loving wife at Chatsworth; give these with speed."

SIR W. ST. LOE TO HIS WIFE.

"My hap is evil, my time worse spent, for that my reward as yet is nothing more than fair words with like promises.

"Take all in good part, and if I should understand the contrary it would trouble me more than my pen could express.

"I have leave to come and wait upon thee, I and my brother Clement with two or three good fellows more, had been with thee by this days, had it not been for our *checkar* matter, the which I will not leave over rawly. I will forbear the answering of all particularities in thy last letter written unto me, for that, God willing, I will this next week be the messenger myself. Master Man came home the night before the date hereof; he putteth me in great hope of the matter you wot of. Thus, trusting that

God provideth for us all things for the best, I end, committing thee and all thine, which are mine, unto his blessed will and ordinance. Farewell, my own sweet Bess. From Mister Man's house in Redcross Street, the 12 of Oct^{r}, by him who dareth not, so near his coming home, to term thee as thou art, yet thine,

WILLIAM SEYNTLO.

"My cousin Clerk saluteth thee who was by me at the writing hereof.

To my own good wife at Chatsworth deliver this."

The tedious absences of the Captain from his dear wife were soon to be eternal, for he died after they had been married but a short space; and Elizabeth, for the third time, was a widow with a fortune considerably increased, and no heirs of St. Lo to take anything from her family of Cavendish.

During her widowhood, she seems to have fallen under the suspicion of Queen Elizabeth, as having been privy to the marriage of Lady Catherine Grey with Lord Hertford, and was sent for and examined strictly on the subject.

Fond as she was of plots and schemes, it is more than probable that she had some hand in the affair; but she was fortunate enough to escape without punishment, being subjected only to a few days' detention and catechizing.*

* See Life of Catherine Grey.

The following letter will show how she occupied her thoughts with rural and architectural pursuits. The tone of it shows the character of her mind, and with what energy she looked after all her own affairs.

LADY ST. LOE TO JAMES CROMPE.

"Crompe.—I do understande by your leters that Wortli sayth he wyll departe at our Lade-day next. I wyll that you shall have hym bunden yn an oblygacyon to avoyde at the same day, for sure I will truste no more to hys promes. And were he doth tell you that he ys any peny behind for work done to Mr. Cavendyshe or me, he doth lye lyke a false knave, for I am moste sure he did never make any thinge for me but ii (2) vaynes to stande upon the huse.

"I do very well lyke yo^{r} sendinge sawyers to Pentrege and Medoplike, for that will furder my workes, and so I praye you yn any other thynges that will be a helpe to my byldeynge, let it be don. And for Tomas Mason, yf you can here were he ys, I would very gladly he were at Chattesworth. I wyl let you know by my next leters what worke Thomas Mason shall begine one furst when he doth come. And as for the other mason wyche Sur James towld you of, yf he wyl not applye his worke, you know he is no mete mane for me; and the mason's worke wyche I have to do

ys not muche, and Tomas Mason will very well over se that work. I perseve Sur James * ys muche *myslyked for hys relegyn: but I thenke hys wisdom ys suche that he will make small acounte of thatt matter.* I wolde have you to tell my aunte Senecker † that I wolde have the letell garden weche ys by the newe house made a garden thys yere. I care not wether she bestow any great coste thereof, but to sowe yt with al kynde of earbes and flowres, and some pece of y^t^ with *malos.* I have sende you by thys carerer 3 bundeles of garden sedes, all wreten w^t^ Willem Marchynton's hande: and by the next you shall know how to youse them yn every pynte. Frome the Courte, the 8 of March.

Y^r^ maystres

E. Seyntelo.

To James Crompe."

Wealth had evidently been her object in her last match, and as her appetite seemed to "grow by what it fed on," she resolved henceforth to give the reins not only to her desire of gain, but to the ambition which had led her from step to step in her career till she had established herself in the precincts of the court. She lost no opportunity of improving her advantage thus gained, and doubt-

* Probably Foljambe; this family suffered much for their attachment to the Catholic faith.

† This lady seems to have been domesticated with Lady St. Lo after the death of her husband.

less she and her *dear friend*, Lady Cobham, had many consultations as to the fittest object of her attack. It was not long before she had made her selection, and having once done so, it merely remained for her to exert the powers of fascination which had subjugated three successive husbands.

George, Earl of Shrewsbury, was no longer a young man, but he was rich, of exalted rank, and the greatest subject of the realm; high in favour with the Queen, trusted beyond any other nobleman in her Court, known to be full of loyalty, probity, honour and high feeling; independent, magnificent, and powerful, and a widower, with sons and daughters unmarried.

He was, therefore, just the person on whom Lady St. Lo might calculate as likely to realize all her most ambitious visions, for her cherished Cavendishes might contract alliances with the Earl's children, as well as their mother with the Earl himself; and she trusted to her own good management to secure such a settlement as should fully satisfy their hopes and her desires.

"In an evil day and an hour of woe" for him, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, submitted his fate to the guidance of the successful and triumphant widow of the Queen's Captain of the Guard, and he, and all he possessed, were shortly thrown at her feet. They were married with great pomp and ceremony, amidst a crowd of friends and relations of all parties, and the Earl considered himself the

happiest of men, as indeed he appears to have been for a season.

A magnificent jointure was settled on the bride, and it was agreed not only that her eldest son, Henry Cavendish, should espouse his daughter, Grace, but that her youngest daughter, Mary, should become the wife of his heir, Gilbert; thus a triple marriage bade fair to render the union of the two families indissoluble, and Talbot and Cavendish should in future form one house and heart.

This appears to have been the most eventful period of the Earl of Shrewsbury's life, and it was now that he committed the two great errors which embittered the remainder of his existence. The first was his permitting himself to be caught by the attractions of a designing woman, and yielding at once to her in such a manner as never afterwards to be a free agent; the second was accepting, if not desiring, the honour of becoming guardian to one of the most dangerous prisoners that it had ever required the vigilance of a whole kingdom to restrain.

Mary Stuart, on the 17th May, 1568, landed in England, and threw herself under the protection of that "*false woman, her sister and her foe,*" who never dared to meet her face to face, knowing the treachery of her own heart, and the deep plans she had devised for her own safety and the downfal of so dreaded a rival.

When Queen Elizabeth decided upon placing Mary in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, she,

no doubt, was quite confident of his fidelity and unshaken integrity, and at the same time was not sorry to find in his lady a person of so resolute and uncompromising a character where her own interest was concerned. The Queen must have recognised in her subject much that resembled herself, and have rejoiced in the reflection that there was no danger of too much sympathy or commiseration in the heart of the selfish and clear-sighted Countess towards the captive committed to her charge.

That the Earl and his wife were anxious to obtain the honour, which many were striving for, appears by letters which he wrote at this time. They exhibit also the state of his heart, and show the influence his new wife had over his affections, at the same time they prove how artfully and cautiously the Queen was proceeding in the great business she had in hand.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO THE COUNTESS.
1568.

"My dear *none*, (probably *own*.) Having received a letter of the 1st of December, which came in very good time, else had I sent one of these few remaining with me to have brought me word of your health, which I doubted of, for that I heard not from you of all this time till now which drove me in dumps, but now relieved again by your writing unto me. I thank you, sweet *none*, for your puddings and venison.

The puddings have I disposed in this wise: dozen to my Lady Cobham, and as many to my Lady Stuard, and unto my Lady of Leicester, and the rest I have reserved to myself to eat in my chamber. The venison is yet in London, but I have sent for it hither.

"I perceive Ned Talbot hath been sick, and now past danger; I thank God I have such a *none* that is so careful over me and mine. God send me soon home to possess my greatest joy; if you think it is you, you are not deceived.

* * * *

"And for that, I live in hope to be with you before you can return answer again. You shall understand that this present Monday in the morning finding the Queen in the garden at good leisure, I gave her M^{y} thanks that she had so little regard to the clamorous people of Bolsor in my absence. She declared unto me what evil speech was against me and my *nearness* (nereness) and state in house-keeping, and as much as was told her which she nowise believed, with as good words as I could wish, declaring that ere it were long, I should well *perceive she did so trust me as she did few.* She would not tell me wherein, but doubt it was about the custody of the Scots Queen. There is private speech that Gates and Vaughan should make suit to have her, but this day I perceive it is altered. I think before Sunday, these matters will come to some pass that we shall know how long our abode shall be; but howsoever

it falls out, I will not fail, but be with you before *Kyrsomas* (Christmas), or else you shall come to me.

"The plague is dispersed far abroad in London, so that the Queen keeps her *Kyrsomas* here and goeth not to Greenwich as it was meant. My Lady Cobham, your dear friend, wishes your presence here: she loves you well. I tell her I have the cause to love her best for that she wished me so well to speed and I did: and as the pen writes so the heart *thinks that of all earthly joys that hath happened unto me I thank God chiefest for you; for with you I have all joy and contentation of mind, and without you death is more pleasant to me than life if I thought I should long be from you, and therefore, good wife, do as I will do, hope shortly of our meeting, and farewell dear sweet none.*

"From Hampton Court this Monday at midnight, for it is every night so late before I go to my bed, being at play in the privy chamber at Primers, where I have lost almost a hundred pounds and lacked my sleep.

Your faithful husband till death,

G. Shrewsbury.

"Wife, tell my daughter Maule that I am not pleased with her that she hath not written to me with her sister; yet will I not forget her and the rest, and pray to God to bless them all.

To my wife the Countess of Shrewsbury at Tutbury give this."

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO THE COUNTESS.

"My dear *None*.—I have rec^{d} your letter of the 8th December wherein appeareth your desire of my soon coming: what my desire is thereunto I refer the same to your construction.

"If I should so judge of time, methinks time longer since my coming hither without you my only joy than I did since I married you, such is faithful affection which I never tasted so deeply of before. This day or to-morrow we shall know great likelihoods of our despatch. I thinke it will be *Kyrsomas* even before I will arrive at Tutbury. *Thinges fall out very evil against the Scotch Queen.* What she shall do yet is not resolved of.

"As it chances I am glad that I am here, for if I were not I were like to have most part of my leases granted over my head, there is such suit for leases in reversion of the Duchy.

"My park that I have in reversion called Morley Park is graunted in reversion for 30 years wherein I have made some stir * * * there was never such *styfeing* and *prancing* for leses in reversion as be now at this present. * * *

"Your black man is in health.

Your faithful husband till my end,

G. Shrewsbury.

"From the Court this Monday 13th Dec^{r}. Now it is certain the Scots Queen comes to Tutbury to my charge. In what order I cannot ascerten you.

To my wife the Countess of Shrewsbury at Tutbury give this."

The earl probably was on his way to meet his royal prisoner when he wrote the following.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO THE COUNTESS.

"My dear *None*, being here arrived at Wingfield late yesternight from Rofford,* though weary in toiling about, yet thinking you would be desirous to hear from me, scribbled these few lines to let you understand I was in health, and wished you with me.

"I picked out a very good time, for since my coming from home I never had letters but this morning from Gilbert, which I send you. I minde to-morrow, God willing, to be with you at Chatsworth, and in the mean time as occurrences come to me you shall be partaker of them. I thank you, sweet *none*, for your baken capon, and chiefest of all for remembering me.

"It will be late to-morrow before my coming to Chatsworth, 7 or 8 of the clock at the soonest, and so fare well my true *none*.

Your faithful husband,

G. SHREWSBURY.

To my wife, the Co^s. of Sh."

It would seem, that, although the earl and countess were at this time on the best possible terms, yet that there were not wanting correspondents who were permitted to offer their opinions on certain

* Another of the many estates of the earl in Derbyshire and the counties adjoining.

occurrences in the family, and these were persons, perhaps, whose mistaken zeal and curiosity might have caused the dissensions which afterwards arose between the different members, and the husband and wife in particular.

Some one writes to the countess as follows: the letter purports to be "*scribeled* at London" in 1568.

"The newes is heare that my Lorde your husband is sworne of the Privie Councell, and that the Scotishe Queen is on her jorney to Tutbury, something against her will, and shalbe under my Lord's custody there."

The conclusion of this curious letter, which Lodge gives "*with the signature torn off*," is remarkable; it probably makes allusion to a proposed marriage of one of the earl's family; but *who* is intended by "*that caterpillar*," does not appear.

"And thus God longe p̃serve my Lord and your good L. and send that the *lyer's son's* maryage take no place, that the wrathe of God falle not of the howse of Shrewesbury by the same as the lyke hath fallen of other noble howses, that can never be w^{t}drawen to ther utter spoile: for the iniquitie of *that caterpiller his father* cannot be chosen but to lighte on his issue; for yf my Lord mary w^{t} him his L. must maintayne all the wronges that he hathe com̃itted: for that he hath orderly and justly gotten is a smalle porsion for suche a noble lady, seeing he is not lyke to encreace it by neyther pollicy, wit nor

vertue, nor any other good qualitie, but only by fortune, which is but a smalle certaynetie to truste unto. * * And so eftsons Jesus p̄serve you, and send my cosen Fraunces a good hower and y^r honor a glad grandmother. Scribeled at London, the of January, 1568.

To the right honorable the Countess of Shrewesbury this, at Tutbury or wheare."

It is probable, that from the first entrance of the Queen of Scots into the Earl of Shrewsbury's family, that circumstance was the cause of uneasy and restless thoughts, calculated to disturb the peace of the parties concerned. What the ambitious and dangerous schemes of the countess may have been, cannot now be known with certainty; but it is very likely that she secretly hoped to secure Mary as her friend, in case of the failure of Elizabeth.

So much compassion naturally waits upon the unfortunate captive, that Queen Elizabeth is seldom allowed sufficient sympathy, notwithstanding the perilous position in which she is known to have stood with respect to her rival. There was in the country still remaining, a strong Catholic party, which, once partially successful, would have been joined by foreign powers, who held back their assistance from policy, but were merely biding their time. Elizabeth had been once pronounced illegitimate and unfit to reign, and she had many enemies

ready to remind the country of this fact. She had a crowd of spies and traitors near her; and it was only by resolute courage and untiring vigilance, that she could hope to overpower her dangers. Mary Stuart, though deserted by her subjects, never wanted friends ready to undertake any daring adventure for her sake; and, if her party could have made head, aid from abroad would not have been wanting. The beauty, talent, and misfortunes of Mary were sure to render her a romantic object of interest to the young and chivalrous; and had Elizabeth relaxed for a moment in her suspicious surveillance, it is likely that her influence would have declined, she would have ceased to overawe, and have fallen into contempt. It was, therefore, imperatively necessary that she should use that severe watchfulness over the slightest action of her rival, which rendered her captivity so doubly irksome: and, lamentable as it was, Elizabeth had no other course to pursue, if she would preserve her position as the sovereign of England. In spite of all Queen Mary's continued assertions to the contrary, even to the scaffold, there can be no doubt that she was always striving against the interest of Elizabeth, for plot after plot discovered and overcome, proves that truth clearly enough: nor can Mary be therefore blamed, but for that reason it behoved her rival to exert every nerve to counteract the schemes which she knew to be ceaselessly afloat.

That Mary should have been guarded as strictly as she was, is merely in conformity with the usual

good sense, shrewdness, and foresight of the Queen of England; but the hardships and discomforts she was condemned to endure, were by no means requisite to her safety, and only served to show the unfeeling nature of her enemy. Mary's pathetic letters, telling of all her privations, cannot but draw tears from every eye, and raise indignation in every heart against her whose, in this particular, useless oppression, tortured the unfortunate and sensitive victim of her tyranny.

But, however well-judging in most things Elizabeth might be, she was, there is some reason to believe, deceived in the characters of both the persons to whose charge she committed Mary; and had the Queen of Scots' fortunes turned out more propitious, neither the earl or the countess would, perhaps, have been so true to her interests as she imagined.

The world might never have known, as a positive fact, of the accusation made against the Earl of Shrewsbury, of an attachment to his royal prisoner, if he had not himself recorded it on his tombstone; for it is even thus, like the mysterious carving in the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges,* that he betrays himself without necessity.

"Qui s'excuse s'accuse."

That the countess, also, before she grew jealous, had cultivated the friendship of the captive

* In the palace of the great treasurer of Charles VII. is a room once decorated with the most singular bas-reliefs, which seemed to tell of some secret intimacy, either with Agnès Sorel or the

Queen with the greatest assiduity, there seems little question, and the reason of her change is easily accounted for.

When the countess found herself admitted to the familiar intercourse of the most fascinating woman of her time, before long imprisonment had quelled her spirits or her hopes, of course she listened with surprise and attention to the Queen's plans, and all her sanguine expectations, until it appeared clear that she was yet destined to power and sovereign sway. Elizabeth of Shrewsbury, although not easily imposed on, yet, led away by the hopes of the future aggrandizement of her family, and calculating the chances of success, which seemed great, resolved to take advantage of such an opportunity, and accordingly exerted herself to the utmost to be agreeable and necessary to her captive, in which she seems to have succeeded. Without placing much belief in the celebrated *scandal letter*, said to be written by Mary, which is filled with petty details relative to Queen Elizabeth, supposed to have been imparted by the countess, an undoubted letter of Mary's proves that, in the early period of their acquaintance, the countess professed to be her friend. Even then it would seem that Lady Shrewsbury was manœuvring against her husband, according to her usual plan of endeavouring always to keep power in her own hands.

queen. Jacques Cœur is said to have executed these himself: details of them may be found in "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," where the interesting remains of the town of Bourges are described.

Sheffield, Tutbury, Wingfield, and Chatsworth, for a series of years, became alternately the scene of Queen Mary's sufferings and blighted hopes, and, from the time she was put under his care, the Earl of Shrewsbury was hurried backwards and forwards to his different estates with his dangerous charge, the object of suspicion, surrounded by spies and plots, his domestic peace entirely destroyed, and his mind and body agitated, wearied, and exhausted.

The respect and awe in which the Countess of Shrewsbury was held by the relations of her different husbands, is evident by the court paid to her. The following letter is curious, as showing the custom of the period in placing young ladies of rank under the care of those considered their superiors, in a dependant position, much as the young sons of the nobility were attached as pages and attendants to noblemen of power and influence.

SIR RICHARD CAVENDISH TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

"Pleaseth it y^r^ Ladyship, that as I acknowledge myself wholly indebted unto you, as well for your wonted courtesy unto myself as your honorable letters in behalf of my brother Gerard, so have I now an humble suit unto you, whereof I crave such acceptation as your L^y^ship may conveniently admit, which is this: that where my brother (having his oldest daughter about the age of eighteen years) is very desirous for a time to place

her in service with your L. (by reason of such honorable report as he hath received of you) so it would please y^r^ L. the rather at my humble suit to receive her into your service, trusting that if you vouchsafe so to do, neither the conditions of the maiden, neither her parents' maintenance of her in your service, shall move your L. forethink your courtesy in this behalf. Thus commending my humble service both to my Lord and your Ladyship, I shall not cease to pray for your glad prosperity.

Your Ladyship's humble to command,

RICHARD CAVENDISH.

From Grimston Hall, in Suffolk, 12 July, 1570.

To the Right Hon. his singular good Lady the Countess of Shrewsbury."

Queen Elizabeth, in the early stage of Mary's imprisonment, seemed anxious to conciliate both the earl and countess, and could not have, for an instant, imagined that anything more than ordinary civility was shown by them towards their charge, for so the following letters from her ministers prove:

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM CECIL TO LORD SHREWSBURY. 1570.

"We have, as in duty we are bound, made report to hir M^y^ of y^r^ L. careful, discreet, and

chargeable service in y^r^ charge of that Quene, for hir surety, and for the Q. M^y's^ honour. We have also fully satisfied hir M^y^ with the payneful and *trusty behaviour of my Lady your wiffe* in gyving good regard to y^e^ surety of y^e^ said Q. Wherein hir M^y^ suerly semed to us to be very gladd & used many good words both of y^r^ L. fidelity towards hir self, and of the love she thought my Lady did bear to her.

"Now for the removing of the Q. hir M^y^ sayd at the first that she trusted *so to make an end* in short *tyme y^t^ your L. shuld be shortly acq^te^d of hir;* nevertheless when I told hir M^y^ that you c^d^ not long endure y^r^ household there forlack of fewel and other things and y^t^ I thought Tutbury not so fitt a place as it was supposed, but that Sheffield was the metest, hir M^y^ said she wold thinke of it, and within few days give me knowledge: only I see hir M^y^ loth to have that Q. to be often removed, supposing that thereby she cometh to new acqueyntance, but to that I sayd your L. could remove her without calling any to you but y^r^ own. Hir M^y^ is pleased that you suffer that Q. to take the ayre about y^r^ howse on horssback so y^r^ L. be in company, and not to pass fro' your hows above 1 or 2 myle, except it be on the moors."

(He then goes on to thank the countess for presents sent to his "wiff.")

LETTER FROM LORD BURGHLEY TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

"May it please y^r L^y. Where of late Bryan and Hersey Lassells having been before my L^ds of hir M^y's Council it appeareth dyrectly by the letters both of the Q. of Scotts and of the D. of Norfolk, also, that Hersey as he confesseth also himself hath been a dealer sometimes with the Queen there by the means of his brother being in service there, *and yet that his dealing was not without* knowledge of y^r L. *to the end as he sayth that the same might be always knowen.* I have thought good to advertise y^r L. thereof, and withal pray you to let me understand the trouth of such matter, as y^r L. doth know of the said Hersey Lassells dealings from tyme to tyme as particularly as y^r L. can remember."

LORD HUNDSDON TO LORD BURGHLEY. 1571, Feb.

[*Sent to Lord Shrewsbury.*]

"They have also advertised me from the Regent, of a *certen boye* y^t shold come lately out of Eng^d with letters to y^e Castel of Edenburgh and is to return back agayn in 3 or 4 days. I have written to sir John Forster, to lay wait for him w^hin his Wardenry, as I will do with^n mine; and if y^r L. have any occasion to send where the S. Q. lyeth, y^t

were not amiss y^{t} my Lord of Shrewsbury had warning of him.

"His letters *be sewed in y^{e} buttons* and *semes of his coat.* His coate is of black Inglish fryze: he hath a cutt on his left cheke from his eye down, by the w^{h} he may be well knowen."

Nothing can be more affectionate and confidential at this time than the Earl of Shrewsbury's letters to his wife. In the following he seems much relieved and comforted by advice received from her, as his mind, no doubt, began to be perturbed by the communications of the ministers; and he saw, too late, how dangerous and troublesome a service he had undertaken.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO THE COUNTESS.

"My dere *none:* of all joys I have under God, the greatest is yourself; to think I possess so faithful, and one that I know loves me so dearly is all and the greatest comfort that this earth can give. Therefore God give me grace to be thankful to him for his goodness showed unto me, a vile sinner; and when you advise in your letter you willed me to* which I did; that I should nott be to this lady nothing of the matter; my stomach was so full, I asked her in quick manner,

* The MS. is here defaced.

'whether she writ any letters to any her friends, that I would stand in her title.' She affirms of her honour that she hath not; but howsoever it is she hath written therein I may safely answer I make small account thereof. I thank you, sweet heart, that you are so ready to come when I will, therefore dear heart send me word how I might send for you, and till I may have your company I shall think long my only joy, and therefore appoint a day and in the meantime I shall content me with your will and long daily for your coming. I your letters con very well and I like them so well that they could not be amended, and have sent them up to Gilbert. I have written to him how happy he is to have such a mother as you are. Farewell only joy. This tuesday Evg.

Your faithful one,

G. Shrewsbury.

To my Wife."

The annoyances of the earl were now beginning in good earnest respecting his royal prisoner, and the zeal which he professes towards Elizabeth carries him even beyond the bounds of humanity. Whether the Queen thought that her servant on this occasion did

"Protest too much,"

is not shown; but she seemed at all events to be careful not to leave him entirely alone in his trust.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO THE QUEEN.*

3rd March 1572.

"May it please y^r most excellent M^y.—It appeareth by my Lord Huntingdon's† lettars to me whereof I send y^r M^y a copy that suspycion is of some new devyse for this Queen's lybarté, whyche I can very esely beleve, for I am (as alwe's before) p̃swaded hur friends everywhere occupye there heddes thereunto. I loke for no lesse than they can̄e do for hur and provyde for hur safté accordingly. I have hur sure inoughe, and shall kepe hur forthe-comynge at y^r M^ys comande̅t *ether quyke or ded*, what soever she or aney for her inventes for the contraré: and as I have no doute at all of hur stelynge away from me, so if an̄y forsabull attempte be gyven for hur, the *gretest perrell is sure to be hur's*, &c. &c. Sheffield C."

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO LORD BURGHLEY.

1572.

"My very good L.—These are to adv̄tise you that this Q. remayns still w^tin these foure walles in sure keping; and those p̃sons continew very quiet, thanked be God. She is much offended at ony restrainct from her walking w̃out this castle; but, for all her anger, I will not suffre her to passe one

* Howard Papers.

† Lord Huntingdon had written from York, 1st of March, to warn Lord Shrewsbury that some plot was on foot to deliver Mary; and it behoved him to be wary.

of these gats until I have contrary com̃aundement expressely from the Q^s Ma^tie. And though I was fully p̃suaded that my nombre of souldiours was sufficient for her save keping, yet have I thought good this tyme to encrease the same with thirty souldiers more, for the more terror of the evel disposed. And I have also given and do kepe, precise order, not only that no maner of conference shall be had with her, or any of her's, but also that no intelligence shall be brought to her, or any of them. And likewise I have given orders for walking and observing the woods and other places thereabouts, that are most to be suspecte to th' end I may spedily understand of any resort or haunt of suspecte p̃sons, or of anything els met to knowen. Hereof I thought met to advertyse y^r L. that you may please to declare the same as ye think convenient unto her M^y. whom I besech Almighty God preserve from all practyses of her enemyes, and so I ende. Shefeld Castle, 24 Sep."

It was certainly a somewhat daring thing on the part of the countess to venture on forming an alliance with the brother-in-law of Mary Stuart herself, when, in 1574, she made up a hasty marriage with her daughter, Elizabeth, and the Earl of Lennox. This was, indeed, a startling step, and it is by no means surprising that all the parties concerned in the transaction fell under the displeasure of the Queen of England.

Elizabeth had had her suspicions already awakened after the discovery of the Duke of Norfolk's plot, and many were her letters sent by couriers, bearing the words, "hast post, hast, hast, hast for life, life, life, life!" &c. which Burghley and others had been obliged to despatch, charging her keepers to be vigilant. Great must have been her anger when she, who could seldom at any time endure to hear of marriages, learned that the countess had presumed to enter into a family alliance with her captive's connexions. How the objects of her anger escaped appears extraordinary; probably by means of their representations respecting the enmity which subsisted at that time in the minds of Darnley's mother and father against their unfortunate daughter-in-law, Queen Mary.

The following letters show the perturbation of the earl's mind on this occasion. They are preserved by Lodge.*

"May it please your excellent Ma^{tie}.—The co-mãndmẽt your Ma^{te} once gave me that I shold sometymes wryte to you, although I had lytle to wryte of, boldnyth me thus to presume, rather t' avoyde blame for neglygens then dare tarey longe

* No. 98. Rough copies, on one sheet, indorsed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, 2 Dec. 1574. "To the Quene's Ma^{tie}, to my L. Treasaurer, and my L. of Lec. These conserne the maryge of my La.' dawghter."

for any mater worthy your Ma^tie's heryng, only thys I may wryte; it ys greatly to my comfort to here your Ma^tie passed your p̄res in p̄fect health and so do contynew. I pray to Almightye God to hold it many yers, and longe after my days ended; so shall your people fynd themselves moste happie.

"Thys La. my charge, is safe, at your Ma^ties comandm^t. And may it further pleace your Ma^te I understand of late your Ma^ties dysplcasure ys sowght agenst my wyfe, for maryage of her dawghter to my La. Lennox' son. I moost confes to your Ma^tie as trew it is, yt was delte in sodenly, and wythout my knowledge, but as I dare undertake and insure your Ma^tie for my wyfe, she, fynding her dawghter dysapoynted of yong Bartè, where she hoped, and that th' oder yong gentylman was inclyned to love wyth a few days' acquyntans, dyd hyr best to further her daughter to thys matche: wythout havyng therein any other intent or respect then wyth reverent dutie towards your Ma^tie she owght. I wrote of this mater to my L. of Lec. a good whyle a goe at great length. I hyd nothyng from hym that I knewe was done abowte the same, and thowght not mete to troble your Ma^tie therewyth, because I toke yt to be of no syche importance as to wryte of untyll nowe that I am urged by syche as I see wyll not forbear to devyse and speake wh^t may procure any susspycyon, or dowbtfulnes of my servyce here. But I have alweys found your Ma^tie my good and gratyous soveraygne, so do I comfort myselfe that your wys-

dome can fynde out ryght well what causes move me thereunto, and therefore am not afferd of any dowbtfull opynyon or dyspleasure to remeane with your M^tie^ of me or of my wyfe, whome your Heighnes and your councell have many weys, tryed in times of most danger. We never had any other thought or respect but as your Ma^tie's^ most trwe and faythfull servants; and so do trewly serve and faythfully love and honour your Maj^te^, ever praying to Almighty God for your Ma^te^ as we are in dutie bounden.

Shefeld, 2 Dec. 1574."

"TO MY LORD TREASURER.

"My very good L. for that I am advertissed the late maryage of my wyfe's dawghter ys not well takyn in the court, and theruppon are some conjectures, more than well, brought to hyr Ma^tie's^ eares, in yll parte agenst my wyfe; I have a lytle towched the same in my letters nowe to hyr Ma^tie^ referring further knowledge thereof to leters I sent my L. of Lec. a good whyle synce, wherein I made a longe discourse of that mater. And yf your L. mete w^t^ anythyng thereof that cons̃nes my wyfe or me, and sowndes yn ill part agenst us, let me crave of your L. so moche favor as to speake your knowlege and opynyon of us both. No man ys able to say so muche as your L. of oure servys, because you have so carefully serched yt, wyth g^t^ respect to the safe kepynge of my charge. So I take my leave of your L. Shef. 2 Dec. 1574."

A letter from the Earl of Leicester, in answer to one similar to the above, is answered by that nobleman thus :—

" My veary good Lo.—I have rec. yo^{r} Lettre, wherein yo^{r} L. doth thank me for dealing at the Starr Chamber w^{t} one Poultrell, who in dede dyd very much abuse yo^{r} Lo and my L. you may think ther shall no matter of your's come in questyon where I am, y^{t} I wyll not dealc in yt as well and as frendly every way, as I wolde for the Erll of Warwick my brothr." &c. &c.

In another letter of Lord Shrewsbury's to Lord Burghley, he pleads hard to be excused, and has much to say in favour of *lady Leñox*, and the duty and fidelity she feels towards the Queen :—" I do not, nor can fynde," says he, " the maryge of that Ladé's sunne to my wyfe's daughter can anny wey be taken w^{t} indeferent juggement to be anny offence or contemptuous to her Ma^{tie}." He adds,—" It is nott the marege matter, nor the hatered sum bere to my Ladé Lynox, my wyfe or to me, that makes this grete adoo and okupyes heddes w^{t} so many devyses : it is of a grettar mattar : whyche I leve to conjecture, not douting but your L.'s wysdome hath forsene it and therof had dew consyderacion, as alwes you have been most careful for it."

Probably the Countess of Shrewsbury, alarmed at the effect of her dangerous step, was now desirous, as much as possible, to strengthen her family ; and it was, doubtless, by her advice that her husband pro-

posed to Lord Burghley a marriage between their children. On this occasion Burghley wrote that curious and cautious letter, in which he declines the alliance, giving as a reason the danger he should expose himself to of falling under the Queen's displeasure, who had already been inclined to suspect him, her oldest servant, as she did all others, of a leaning towards her unhappy captive; which suspicion he feared might be strengthened if he should connect himself with a family now related to the Lennoxes by marriage. Amongst other good wishes with which the letter concludes, the *learned* lord's observations on *learning* are somewhat amusing: after hoping the son of Lord Shrewsbury may receive all the education proper for him, he says:—"May he be taught to feare God, love your L. his naturall father, and to know his friends; without any *curiosity of human learning*, which, without the feare of God, I se doth great hurt to all youth in this tyme and age."

The object of all this turmoil, Elizabeth Cavendish, seems to have had little happiness in her marriage; blamed, imprisoned, persecuted, and reproached, she had small cause to congratulate herself on the dangerous elevation to which her mother's ambition had raised her; and, after a brief space, the husband, in whom so many hopes were fixed, fell a victim either to sickness or sorrow, and she became a widow, with one female child, Arabella, the heiress of her griefs and all the misfortunes of the devoted race of Stuart.

A letter she writes to her mother, either before or after her widowhood, shows that she had fallen under her censure; probably, being the weakest, all the blame fell on her.

THE COUNTESS OF LENOX TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

"My humble duty remembered; beseaching your L. of your daily blessing; presuming of your mother-like affection towards me your child, that trusts I have not so evil deserved as your L. hath made shew by your letters to others, which maketh me doubtful that your Ladyship hath been informed some great untruth of me, or else I had well hoped that for some small trifles I should not have been condemned in your displeasure so long a time. And I might be so bold as to crave at your L. hands, that it would please you to esteem such false bruits as your L. hath heard reported of me as lightly as you have done when others were in the like case, I should think myself much the more bound to your L. I beseach you make my hearty commendations to my aunt.

"I take my leave in humble wise.

Your L. humble and obed^{t} daughter,

E. Lenox.

Hackney, 25 July."

No doubt Lady Shrewsbury exerted all her wit and art to clear herself to Queen Elizabeth, and restore her confidence. It is by no means unlikely that she represented the intimacy which had subsisted between her and the captive as having been carried on with a view to the Queen's service. Elizabeth seemed so satisfied with her fidelity, that the Earl of Leicester was directed to address to Lord Shrewsbury a letter, in which she is permitted to be as much as she pleases in the company of Mary; "her Ma^tie having not only veary good opinione of my Lady's wysdome and dyscretyon, but thinks how convenyent y^t y's for that Q. to be accompaned, and passe y^e tyme rather w^t my Lady than meaner personnes."

Soon after this time, the countess and her lord appear to be in the highest favour with the Queen, as the following letter, written with her own hand, shows.

THE QUEEN TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS.

"Our very good Cousins:—

"Being geven t'understand from our cousin of Leycester how honnorably he was not onlie latelie receaved by you and our cousin the Countesse at Chatsworth, and hys dyet by you both discharged at Buxtons, but also presented with a very rare present, we shold do him great wronge (houlding him in that place of favor we do) in cace we should not let you understand in howe thanckfull

sorte we accept the same at both your hands, not as don unto him but to o^r^ owne self, *reputing him as annother ourself;* and therefore you may assure yourselves that we, taking uppon us the debt not as his but owre owne, will take care accordingly to discharge the same, in such honnorable sorte as so well des'rving creditors as ye are shall nev^r^ have cause to thinck ye have met w^th^ an ungratefull debtor.

" In this acknowledgment of new debtes we maie not forgett our old debte, the same being as great as a sov̄aigne can owe to a subject; when through your loyall and most carefull looking the charge committed to you, both we and o^r^ realme enjoy a peaceable gov̄nement, the best good happe that to any prince on earthe can befaule: This good happe then growing from you, ye might thinke your selfes most unhappye yf you se̅ved such a Prince as should not be as readye gratyouslie to consider of yt as thankfullie to acknowledge the same, whereof ye maie make full accompt to your comfort, when tyme shall s̄rve. Geven under o^r^ signet at o^r^ mannor of Grenew^ch^, the 25 day of June 1577. in the 19^th^ yere of o^r^ raigne.

Elizabeth R."

To this " comfortable letter of her owne blessyd handwrytyng," the earl replies with so many protestations of his power of resisting the " fayre speche" of the object of so much jealousy, that one

can scarcely avoid thinking that he either did feel at the very time, or had felt, his resolution waver. "Were hyr speche," he continues, "fayre or crabed, my onely respecte hath byn, is styll and so shall contynewe, to the dutye I owe your Maj^{tie}, and I do seeke as much as a man maye to performe as I am bowndyn. I fear not then your Maj^{ties} dowbtfulness of my yelding to hyr so longe as with hart and mynd I do the servyce yo^{r} Ma^{tie} comyttyth to me according to the trust y^{r} M^{tie} reposeth in me: I have hyr forthecoming at yo^{r} Maj^{ties} comand^{t}; and so wyll hold hyr p̄son faythfully and trewly, which I knowe doth satisfy your M^{tie} and is my dyscharge."

The earl goes on to thank Elizabeth for the *comfortable* message brought by M. Julio—a suspicious circumstance; for this Julio Borgarucci was an Italian empiric, attached to the Earl of Leicester, of infamous character, and known for the practice of the art which he had learnt in the same school with René Bianco, the favourite of Catherine de Medici, who was called by the common people, "the *Queen's poisoner*."

The widowed daughter of the countess was at this time persecuted by the Earl of Marr, then Regent of Scotland, who refused to acknowledge the right of her daughter, Arabella, to the succession of her father, Charles, late Earl of Lennox. Queen Elizabeth seems to have espoused her cause for the time, doubtless for some good reason; and the following letter

from the unfortunate lady is to return thanks for the support given her and her "poore orphantt."

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF LENNOX, TO LORD BURGHLEY.

"I can but yeld your Lordship most harty thankes for your continuall goodness towardes me and my lyttell one, and specyally for your Lordship's late good dealyng with the Scotts Ambasedor for my poore chyld's ryght, for which, as allso sundry otherwys we are for ever bounde to your Lordship whom I beseech styll to further that caus as to your Lordship may seem best.

"I can assuer your Lordship, that th' Erledome of Lennox was graunted by Acte of Parlyment to my Lord my late husband and the heyres of his body, so that they should offer great wrong in seeking to take it from Arbela: which I trust by your Lordship's good means wyll be prevented, being of your meer goodness for justes sake so well disposed thereto. For all wyche your Lordship's goodness as I am bound I rest in hart more thankfull than I can anywys expres.

"I take my leave of your Lordship, whom I pray God longe to preserve.

"At Newgat Street the 15 Aug. 1578. Your Lordship's,

As I am bounden,

E. Lennox.

"Upon my advertysment to my lady my mother of the infection at Chelsey (from whence I would at the first have removed if I had known any fitt place) though the danger was not great, she hath commanded me presently to com hether for want of a more convenyant house.

To the Right Hon. my very good Lorde the Lord Burghley, Heigh Tresorer of England."

The office of jailor must be at all times a disagreeable one, for the guardian is little more at liberty than his prisoner. It is likely that the high spirit of the countess often rebelled at being always obliged to watch her own words and movements, and that, whenever she could, she absented herself from the abode which had been, by their arbitrary mistress, turned into a prison.

There are many letters extant from Lord Burleigh, and others, to the earl, respecting the conduct he was expected to pursue; which makes it appear that he had enough to irritate his temper, independently of domestic trials, of which his very situation was the cause.

When suffering from sickness, he was reprimanded for an *intention* of going to Buxton for relief, the quick fears of Queen Elizabeth immediately suggesting to her mind the possibility of Mary's not being sufficiently guarded in his absence. One would think

she was standing over Sir William Cecil, when he reiterates the suspicious hints he gives :—

"Her maj^tie hathe commandyd me to gyve your L. my poore advice, that yf yow were not departyd to Buxton, yow woolde stay that jorney untill knowledge had from her Ma^tie: and if yow were gon *(wh. she said she wolde hardly beleve,)* then I shold seke to understande what ordre your L. had left for attendance upon the sayde Quene, and that yo^rself shold not be long absent from thence; which hir M^tie sayd she dyd as much esteme for hir owne honor as to have the Quene of Scotts *to be honnorablie attended as for any matter of suretie.* * * assuring your L. that dyvers doo think it very strange, yf it be true, that yow have departed to Buxton without making the Queene's Ma^tie privie thereof, and somewhat the more, (yf it be true that is also sayd) that my Lady of Shrewsbury shold be gon thether w^th yo^r L."

At the same time that she was harassing her faithful servant in this manner, and grudging him necessary change of air, and every sort of amusement, the wily Elizabeth contrived to keep him in good humour, by her familiarity and apparent confidence, as when she writes to him on occasion of a slight illness, which had alarmed some and given hopes to others. Her vanity is here apparent, as on most occasions, for she evidently fears that it should be thought by any that her beauty was injured by the

small-pox, which it was erroneously rumoured had attacked her. She writes privately :—

"My faithful Shrewsbury.—Let no grief touch your heart for fear of my disease, for I assure you if my credit were not greater than my show there is no beholder would believe that ever I had been touched with such a malady.

Your faithful loving Sovereign,

"22nd Oct. 1572. ELIZTH. R."

Such crumbs of comfort were not unnecessary to the devoted servant, who received, as his allowance for all the vexations and expenses attending the custody of the Queen of Scots, only thirty pounds per week, and, *out of this*, he had to keep forty soldiers for a guard!

There was no end to the plots and suspicions of plots which Lord Shrewsbury had to watch after and investigate, in the neighbourhood where his prisoner resided. The belief in witchcraft was then very prevalent, and the art was not allowed to lie idle by the favourers of Queen Mary. Amongst other culprits taken in the fact, it is recorded of "one Avery Keller, servant unto Rowland Lacon, of Willey, near Bridgenorth," that he "confessed to bringing certain books of the black art to John Revell, which the *conjuring scholars*, named Palmer and Falconer, and Skynner the priest, did occupy in their practise at the said Revell's house."

This man, on being interrogated, acknowledged that he conjured for divers objects; for hidden money, for helping disease, and for *knowing secrets of the realm.*

There is a very rare and curious book in the library of Hardwick Hall, in which are several enactments against witchcraft about this period. The book is written in a *polyglott* language, extremely comic to read, of which I do not remember ever to have seen an instance before. The title-page runs thus:

"Loffice and aucthoritie de Justices de Peace, in part collect per Sir Anthonie Fitzherbert Chiualer, iades un de les Justices del common Banke. Et ore le tierce foits inlarge per Richard Crompton un Apprentice de la common ley; et imprimye lan du grace 1587. A que est annex Loffice de Viconts, Baylifes, Escheators, Constables, Coroners, &c. collect per le dit Mounsier Fitzh. Si fueris Judex, miti sis corde memento Dicito que possunt, dicta decere senem. Quicquid dicturus es, prius apud animum tuum expende; multorum enim cogitationem lingua preçurrit. Perenesis Isocrates ad Demonicum. At London by Richard Tottell."

The following extracts exhibit the belief of the period, delivered in an *unknown tongue*, somewhat unfit to make a complicated subject plain:—

"Figures. calculations. Si ascun deins les dominions le roigne, ou dehors, per creating on setting dascun figure on per jecter de nativitie, ou par calculation, prophecying witchcraft conjuration ou auter tiel semble illoyal meanes quecunque, ad inquire a scauer et admis hors per expresse paroir, faite ou escript quam longement sa maiestie viuera et con-

tinuera, ou que regnera come roy ou roigne de cel Realme Dengleterre apres le mort desa highnes ad other ascun maner de direct prophecies a ascun tiel intent ou purpose; chescun tiel offender lour aiders, procurers and abettors s̃ot felons et perdront clergie & sanctuarie. 23 Eliz. cap 2."

"Coniuration. Et ascun ad use inuocation ou coniuration de malueis spirites, pur ascun cause, ou ad use ascun witchcraft, inchām̃et, charming ou sorcery pq̃l ascū pr̃on est tue ou destroy, ceo est fel in eux, leur ayders & counsellers & p̃dront clergie & sanctuary. 5 El. cap. 16. et ceo est auxi counter escript que dit que sorcerers witches & inchaunters ne possedra le kingdome de Dieu ne de Christ.

"Nota que un home fuit pris in Southwerke auesque un teste et un visage dun home mort, one livre de sorcery in s̃o maile, et fuit amesne auant Knuiet, Justice de Banco Regis, mes nul indictm̃et fuit la vers lui per que les clerkes luy fierent sermenter que ne ferroit sorcery et fuit deliver de prison, et le teste et livre fuẽe arses as costages le prison a Tuthill. —45 E. 3, 17."

In spite of plots and plotters, witchcraft and treason, up to this period, all seems harmony between the husband and the wife; nor is it till about the year 1577, that anything like a shade appears to have clouded the domestic sky. The first intimation of this is to be gathered from a letter which,

though very affectionate, yet not only breathes a somewhat imperious tone, but hints at his failing affection. This letter shows the countess to be still busied in her favourite pursuit of building, which she carried on with the spirit of a mason and carpenter.

She always speaks of the earl's children as her own, and, indeed, it afterwards appears that she had contrived so to gain ascendancy over them, that they were estranged from the father and ready to side with her in any dispute.

With respect to the passage so often commented on, and construed into a hint of that which was afterwards made a serious charge against the earl, namely, his attachment to the Scottish Queen, it appears to me that when the countess desires to have news of '*him, his charge* and *love*,' she alludes to *three persons*, not two. Himself, the captive Queen, and his *love*, the little Arabella, whom she calls *her jewel* whenever she speaks of her, and about whose health she expresses herself as anxious. When the jealousy of such a woman was once roused, she was not likely to treat her husband's slightest approach to infidelity as a joke, for her well-known reply to Queen Elizabeth, when asked how *their charge* fared, had a deeper and really malicious meaning, and was probably the cause of Mary's removal from her husband's custody.

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.*

"My dear harte, I have sende your letters agene, and thanke you for them; they requyre no ansere; but, when you wryte, remember to thanke hym for them. If you cane not gett my teimber caryed I moste be wthout yt, tho I gretely wante yt; but yf yt wolde plese you to comand Hebert, or any other, to move your tenants to brynge yt, I knowe they wyll not denye to do yt. I preye you lette me knowe yf I shall have the tone of iron: Yf you cane not spare yt, I muste make shefte to gette yt elsewhere, for I may not now want it. You promised to sende me money afore thys tyme to by oxxen, but I se out of syght out of mynde w^{h} you.

"My son Gelberte hath been vary yll in hys hede ever sence he came from Shefelde: I thynke yt ys hys oulde dyseasse: He ys nowe, I thanke God, somewhat better, and she very well. I wyll send you the byll of my wode stoffe: I prey you lette yt be sent to Jone, that he may be sure to resaive all: I thanke you for takynge order for the caryage of yt to Hardwycke: yf you wolde comande your wagener myght bryng yt thether I thynke yt wolde be saffelest caryed. Here ys nether malte nor hoppes: The malte cume laste ys so vary yll and stynkenge as Haukes thynkes none of my workmen wyll drynke

* From Lodge's Illustration of British History, vol. ii. pp. 167—169. No. CXXII. Talbot Papers, Vol. O. f. 66.

yt. Shewe this letter to my frende, and then returne yt. I thynke you wyll take no dyscharge at Sowche's handes, nor the rest: You may worke stylle in disspyte of them; the lawe ys on your syde. Yt cannot be but that you shall have the Quene's consent to remove hether; therfor yf you wolde have thynges yn redynes for your provysyon you myght the soner come: Come ether afore Medsomer or not thys yere: for any provysyon you have yet you myght have come as well at Ester as at thys day: Here is yet no maner of provysyon more than a letyl drenke, whyche makes me to thynke you mynde not to come. God sende my jewell* helthe.

Your faythefull wyffe,

E. Shrowesbury.†

"Saturday Morning."

"I have sent you letyss, for that you love them; and ever seconde day some ys sent to your charge and you: I have nothynge else to sende. Lette me here how you, your charge, and love dothe, and comende me I pray you. Yt were well you cente fore or five peces of the great hangenges that they might be put oup, and some carpetes.

"I wyshe you wollde have thynges in that redynes that you myght come w^t^ in iii or foure dayes after

* She always alludes to Arabella as "her jewel."

† This letter was probably written in 1577, when the earl was engaged in a dispute with Sir John Zouch about his lead mines in Derbyshire.

you here from Courte. Write to Ballvene to calle on my Lord Tresorare for ansare of your leters.

To my lorde my husbande, the Erle of Shrowesbury."

This was probably in answer to a letter from the earl which is here given.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO HIS COUNTESS.*

" My swetehart, your true and faithefull zeale you beare me is more comfortable to me than anything I can thynke upon, and I gyve God thanks dayly for his benefits he hath bestowed of me; and greatest cause I have to gyve him thanks that he hathe sent me you in my old yeares, to comfort me withall. Your coming I shall thynke long for, and shall sènd a Fryday your lyttar horses, and a Saterday mornyng I wyll send my folkes, because Fryday they wyl be desirous to be at Rotheram faire.

" It appeares by my sister Wingfeld's letter that there is brute of this Quene's going from me. I thank you for sending it me, which I returne again, and wyll not shew it tyll you may speke it yourself, w'ut your leave; and I have sent you John Knyfton's letter, that Lord brought me, that you may perceive what is bruted of the yonge King. *I thank you for your fatt capon, and it shall be baken and kept cold and untainted tyll my swetehart come:*

* From Queen Elizabeth and her Times, edited by T. Wright, vol. ii. pp. 54, 55.

Gesse you who it is. I have sent you a cocke that was gyven me, which is all the dainties I have here.

"I have wrytten to Sellers to send every weke a quarter of rye for this tenne wekes, which wyl be as much as I know wyl be had there, and ten quarters of barley, which wyl be all that I can spare you. Farewell my swete true none and faithefull wyfe.

All yours,

G. Shrewsbury."

It is about the date of 1577, as appears by their letters, that the affection between the earl and countess begins to waver. As most quarrels arise from petty causes, it is very likely that their first differences came from a trifle. The Countess, it is to be presumed, took but little trouble to curb her temper, and her violence seemed to make an unpleasing impression on her husband's mind.

Gilbert Talbot, the earl's second son, seems to have constituted himself the especial friend and adviser of his mother-in-law, and writes letters to her which show that every movement of his father was watched by him, and every word treasured, in order to be reported to the countess, for her advantage.

The following gossiping letter is more remarkable for its minute details than its talent, though the letters of Gilbert from Court are sometimes extremely amusing, when the subject allows: there is no little confusion of persons in this epistle, it must be confessed.

GILBERT TALBOT TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.*

1577.

"My duty her^n^ rem.† I trust y^r^ La. will pardone me in wrytinge playnely and truly, altho' it be bothe bluntely and tediously.

"I met my L. at Bolsor‡ yesterday, aboute one of the clock, who at the very fyrst was rather desirous to heare from hence than to enquire of Kyllingeworthe. Quothe he, 'Gilbert, what taulke had my wyfe w^th^ you?' 'Marry, my Lord,' quoth I; 'it hathe pleased her to taulke w^th^ me once or 2^ce^ since my coming; but the matter she most spake of is no small discomfort for me to understand.' Then was he very desirous, and bade me tell him what. I began: 'Truly, Ser, with as grieved a mind as ever I saw woman in my lyfe, she told me your L. was vehemently offended with her, in suche sorte and with so many words, and shewes in y^r^ anger of evil mind towards her, as therby y^r^ La. said you colde not but stand doubtful that all his wonted love and affection is cleane turned to the contrary, for y^r^ La. further said you had given him no cause at all to be offended. You hearing that y^r^ *embroiderers* were kept out of the lodge from their bedds by John Dykenson's com̃and^t^, said to my L. these words in the morninge: 'Now did you

* Hist. of Derby.

† For—herein remembered.

‡ Bolsover Castle, near Hardwick.

give conr̃and^{t} that the embroiderers sh^{d} be kept out of the lodge?' and my L. answered No. Then quoth your L. 'They were kept from their beds there yesternight, and he that did so, said Jo Dyckinson had given y^{t} expresse co$\tilde{m}^{t}$ which my L. said was a lye." And he said it was utterly untrue. And so I w^{d} have gone on to have towld the rest, how y^{r} La. willed him to enquire whether they were not in this man$\tilde{e}$r kept out or no; his proceeding into violent *coller* and harde speeches; but he cutt me off, saying it was to no purpose to hear my recital of this matter; for if he listed, he said he c^{d} remember cruel speeches y^{r} La. used to him, which were such as, quoth he, "I was forced to tell her she scolded like one that came from the Banke,' (bad neighbourhood,) &c., 'she hathe such a sort of varlets about her as never *resteth carrying of tales:*' and then he uttered cruel words against Owen chiefly, and the embroiderers. * * Then quoth I, 'I think my Lady be at Chatesworth by this time.' 'What,' quoth he, 'is she gone from Sheffield? * * is her malice such that she will not tarry one night for my coming?" * * He is greatly offended at y^{r} going hence yesterday. After he had seen all his grounds about Bolsor, and was coming into the way homewards, he began with me again, saying, all the howse might discern y^{r} La. *stomoke* ags^{t} him by y^{r} departure before his coming. * * "You know, Gilbert, how often I have cursed the building at Chatesworth for want of her co$\tilde{p}$any; you see she

careth not for my company, by her going away. I w^d^ not have done so to her for 500 pounds."

"* * The hastie letter from Sir J. Cunstable was to advertise that there were 2 Scotts that travel with linnin cloths to sell, y^t^ gave letters of importance to this Queen; one of them is brother to Curle. My L. Huntingdon's letter was refusal of land y^t^ my L. offered him to sell."

The countess had other correspondents, who informed her of the smallest particular which happened in her absence from the houses where her husband resided; by which it appears that the earl's jealousy of her people was by no means without foundation.

This quarrel, however, seems to have been made up, and no positive rupture to have taken place; domestic events of a melancholy nature apparently drew the husband and wife together for a time.

The mother of Darnley, and grandmother of Arabella, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, died in the year 1578, as this letter of Queen Mary's announces to Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, her *ambassador* in France.

May 2, 1578.

"The Countess of Lenox, my mother-in-law, died about a month ago, & the Q. of E^d^ has taken into her care her ladyship's grand daughter (Arabella S.)

I w^d^ desire those who are about my son to make instances in his name for this succession, not for any desire I have that he sh^d^ actually succeed to it, but rather to testify that neither he nor I ought to be reputed or treated as foreigners in England, who are both born within the same isle.

"This good lady was, thank God, in very good correspondence with me these 5 or 6 years bygone, and has confessed to me *by sundry letters under her hand, w^h^ I carefully preserve*, the injury she did me by the unjust pursuits w^h^ she allowed to go against me in her name, thro' bad information, but principally, she said, thro' the express orders of the Q. of E^d^, and the persuasions of her council, who took much solicitude that we might never come to good understanding together. But as soon as she came to know of my innocence, she desisted from any further pursuit against me," &c.

This fact is of great importance in the history of Mary's life, and ought to be convincing evidence of her innocence of her husband's murder.

The building and decorating of Chatsworth and Hardwick, either the old or new hall, were going on at this period with energy, as appears from the following letter to his father, from Gilbert Talbot, who seemed employed on all occasions.*

* July 6th, 1576, quoted in Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. pp. 5, 6.

"I have bespoken ii pair of litell flagons, for their is none reddy made, and I feare they will not be fynished before my departure hence. I have seene many fayre hangynges, and your L. may have all the prycesse, either ii*s.* a styck, or vii grotes, iii*s.*, iiii*s.*, v*s.*, or vi*s.* the styck, even as your L. will bestowe; but there is of v*s.* the styck that is very fayre. But unless yo^{r} L. send upp a measure of what depthe and bredthe you wolde have them, surely they will not be to yo^{r} L.'s lykynge; for the moste of them are very shallow, and I have yet seene none that I thynke depe inoughe for a great chamber, but for lodgynges." [Not deep enough for a state room, but fit for common apartments.]

"I have had some talke wth my L. of Lecester synce my commynge, whom I finde moste assuredly well affected towards yo^{r} L. and yo^{rs}. I never knew man in my lyfe more joyfull for their frende than he at *my Ladye's noble and wyse governmẽt of her sealfe* at her late beinge here; saynge that he heartely thanked God of so good a frende and kynseman of yo^{r} L. and that you are matched wth *so noble and good a wyfe.*"

As a proof of the favour of the parties at this date, amongst the new-year's gifts from the Queen to the different nobility, 1577-8, are recorded:—

"To th'erle of Shrewesbury, a booke of silver and guilte, with a cover. Keele,* per oz. 30 oz.

* These are probably jewellers' names.

"To the Countes of Shrewesbury, a book of silver and guilte. Brandon, per oz. 30 oz. 3 gr."

Amongst those *to* Queen Elizabeth, the same year, is :—

"By the Countes of Shrewesbury, a gowne of white sattin, leyed on with pasmane of golde, the vernewyse, lyned with strawe-collored sarceonet.

"Delivered to Rauf Hoope."

"On Jan^{y} 1, 1578-9.

"By the C. of S. a mantyll of tawny satten, embrawdred with a border of Venice golde and silver, lyned with white taphata and faced with white satten."

"Jan^{y} 1, 1599-1600.

"By the Barrones *Arbella* one skarfe or head-vaile of lawne cutworke, florished with silver and silke of sondry colors."

The following extract from a letter of Gilbert Talbot's is very characteristic :—

"1578, 3RD MAY.

"I happened," says he, "to walke in the Tylte-yarde under the gallary where her Ma^{tie} usethe to stande to see the run̄ing at tylte; whereby chaunce she was, and lookinge oute of the wyndowe, my eye was full towards her, and she shewed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for that she was unreddy, and in

her nightstuffe; so when she sawr me after dynner, as she went to walke *she gave me a great phylupp on the forehead*, and tould my L. Chamberlayne, who was the next to her, how I had seen her that mornynge, and howe much ashamed thereof she was. And after I presented unto her the remembrans of your L. and my La^{s} bounden duty and s^{r}vis: and sayde y^{t} you bothe thoughte yo^{r}selves moste bounden to her for her moste grasious delynge towards yo^{r} daughter, my La. of Lennoxe: and y^{t} you assuredly trusted in the continuans of her favorable goodnes to her and her daughter. And she answered that she allwayes founde you more thankefull than she gave cause; so without saying any more thereof, asked of bothe your healthes, and so wente on and spake to others."

It is not a little strange to remark on all occasions, how full of coquetry and vanity was the wise Queen whose fiat decided the fate of Europe. Anything approaching to admiration of her person at once gained her attention, and the appearance of devotion was sure to attract her friendship. It would seem that the son of the Earl of Shrewsbury had been some time at Court without having by any fortunate accident drawn upon him her regard; no report of good qualities would probably have caused her to notice him, whatever good looks might have done; but it was sufficient that she imagined

her person had excited his anxious admiration, to make her treat him at once with pleased familiarity and kindness. The young man seems delighted with the good fortune likely to dawn upon him, and writes to his father in great spirits, recounting his adventure, which was one peculiarly likely to give satisfaction to the vain Queen, who, of course, did not attribute the earnest gaze she surprised to mere chance: but pictured to herself an enamoured youth who had, perhaps, stationed himself day after day beneath her window, fondly hoping that the goddess of his adoration would at length appear and bless his longing eyes. The start and blush, and probable confusion she must have observed in him when he found that he had intruded into precincts hallowed by the presence of her Majesty, were mistaken by her for terror at being discovered by the object of his flame, while in secret offering up his prayers at her shrine; and a series of flirtations, more worthy of some 'light o' love,' than a grave severe monarch, ensues. She giggles, blushes, screams, pretends to be in great agitation, is shocked to death at being detected in an undress, which she nevertheless trusts is becoming—tries to escape, and has hardly courage to quit the casement beneath which kneels, with his hand on his heart, and his eyes suddenly bent on the ground, the enslaved culprit. She retires, and, of course, immediately inquires who the young man is who thus evidently steals at early morning towards the place she inhabits, only existing in the hope

that she, his sun, will rise and shine upon him, though but for an instant, he unseen. There would not be wanting waiting-ladies enough to encourage this agreeable delusion, and the gratified dupe thinks herself happy in adding another hopeless adorer to her train.

They meet again, and then comes the triumph of her vanity; she coquettes with the bashful stranger, makes him a mark to all, and then recounts to her ministers her adventure of the morning, amidst feigned confusion, blushes, and pretty hesitations. Could this be the harsh, cold, unfeeling woman, who at that moment knew her wretched and lovely prisoner was suffering every privation in the custody of that young man's father! His name alone should have roused her remorse, if not her pity, and checked the unseemly levity of her deportment. The image of Mary should have risen before her, shivering with cold, shrinking from the harsh winds of the North, in a dilapidated tower, the walls of which streamed with damp, in a bleak desolate spot where no May flowers gladdened the heart with a promise of hope and summer-days to come; where no eyes gazed on that beauty which had enslaved the gayest Court in Europe; where not a kind word, a gentle look cheered the utter horror of her solitude, and where even necessaries were denied her. The sun of May shone not on the towers of gloomy, ruined Tutbury, where Mary wept; but Elizabeth could smile, and flirt, and render herself ridiculous with her jailor's son!

By this it is apparent how the whole family dwelt upon the smiles of the capricious and tyrannical Queen; who now was all graciousness, and, anon, at the slightest suspicion aroused, all severity, with every one of her servants. Gilbert Talbot, who at this time seems on good terms with his father, writes further, in a postscript:—"There is eleven Fryseland horsses, of a reasonable pryce for theyr goodnes. I have p̃msed the fellow for them 33 pounds: I thynk them espetiall good for my La. cooche. I will send them doune, and if y^r^ L. lyke them ——— will repaye Bawdwyne the money agayne."

In another letter of the same date, Gilbert Talbot, after telling a variety of gossip of the court—of which his epistles are always amusingly full—and many domestic particulars respecting his wife, the daughter of the countess, adds, in a postscript:—"My L. my brother tarryeth onely for her M^ties^ letter to my Lady, which she saythe she will wryte in her owne hande, so as no boddy shalbe acquaynted with a worde therein tyll my Lady receave it: I have not seene her loke better a great whyle, nether better disposed; the lyvyinge God longe contynew it."

The fears and suspicions of lord Leicester of differences existing in the family, expressed to Gilbert Talbot, and his exclamations of terror lest the Queen should share them, are singular, and show the perturbed state of Elizabeth's mind, and how she must have been continually agonized with anxiety respecting her captive. Leicester, on occa-

sion of some accusations brought by the Earl's tenants, recommends the affair, right or wrong, to be hushed up for fear of too much plain speaking alarming her Majesty. "It has," said he, "been reported already, bothe to the Q. and others, that there was a secrete divysion betwyxt my lord and my ladye, and if it were knowne, I vereley beleave the same hath now been informed; and it is not long synce I harde it, when I am assured that there was never any suche thinge; but, by the eternall God, if they could ever bringe the Q. to beleave it, that there were jarres betwyxe them, she wolde be in suche a feare as it wolde sooner be the cause of the removyinge of my L. charge than any other thing; for I thinke verely she wolde never slepe quyettly after, as longe as that Q remayned w^t^ them."

It must have been very galling to the pride of the haughty countess, that, when she condescended to apply to Lady Burghley for her interest with the Queen that she might be permitted to quit her office of jailor for a time, and go from Sheffield to Chatsworth, and Buxton, it was signified to her, that, to prefer such a request would greatly offend her Majesty; and it could scarcely be with a very good grace that the earl wrote to Lord Burghley to apologize for the expressed wish, and to assure him that his wife had given up the idea altogether, as in duty bound. He so far forgets his gallantry and respect at this time, as, in his letters, to com-

plain of the expense and trouble he is put to "by keepyng *this woman*;" or it may be that he was advised by his more cunning helpmate to assume an appearance of disrespect towards the ill-fated Mary, in order to convince Queen Elizabeth that he had no leaning towards his prisoner. This submission, it seems, had the desired effect; for it appears that, soon after, the prisoner and her jailors were permitted to go to Buxton for Mary's health, which suffered greatly, as well as that of several of her attendants.

About this time the mother of the "*little jewel*," who was the object of the tenderest care to the countess all the rest of her life, was snatched from her, while poor Arabella was yet in her infancy. The earl announces the event of her death in the following terms:—

"My Very Good Lorde. It hath pleased God to call to his mercy owtt of this transitore world my daughter Lennoux, this present sondaie, being the 21. of Jan. about three of the clock in the morning. Bothe towards God and the worlde she made a most godlie and good ende, and was in most perfecte memorie all the tyme of her sycknesse, even to thys last houer. Sondrye times did she make her most earnest and humble prayer to the Almighty for H. Ma^{ties} most happy estate and the long and prosperous continuance thereof; and as one most infinitely bounden to her Highness, humble and lowlye

beseched H. M. *to have pyttie uppon her poore Orphantt Arbella Stewarde*, and as at all tymes heretofore; bothe the mother and poore daughter was most infinitely bound to H. M. so her assured trust was that H. M. would contynewe the same accustomed goodnes and bounty to the poore chylde she lefft, and of this her suit and humble petition my said daughter Lennoux, by her last will and testament, requireth both y^r^ Lo. to whom she found and acknowledged herself always most bound, in her name most lowly to make this humble peticion to her M^y^ and to present with all humilitie a poore remembrance (delivered by my daughter's own hands) w^h^ very shortlie will be sent with my daughter's humble prayer for her highness most happie estate, and most lowly beseeching her M^y^ in such sorte to *accept thereof as it pleased th' Almighty to receive the poore Widowes* mite (!)

"My wyffe taketh my daughter Lennox deathe so grievously that she neither dothe nor can thinke of any thinge but of lamenting and wepinge. I thought it my part to signifie to bothe y^r^ L's in what sorte God had called her to his mercye, which I beseech you to make known to Her M^y^; and thus with my verrye hartie comendacions to bothe your good Ldps I ceasse.

"Sheffeilde Mannor this 21 Jan. 1581-2.

SHREWSBURY.

To Lord Burghley and Lord Leicester."

This letter was followed up by one from the countess herself, in behalf of her orphan grandchild.

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY TO LORD BURGHLEY, THAT THE LADY ARABELLA MAY HAVE THE LANDS WHICH WERE ASSIGNED TO THE LATE COUNTESS OF LENOX, HER MOTHER. A.D. 1581-2.*

"My honorabil good Lord, your Lordship hath harde by my Lo. howe y^t^ hathe pleased God to visit me; but in what sortt soever his pleasure is to laye his hevye hand on us we must take ytt thankefullie. It is good reason his hollye will shoulde be obeyed. My honorable good Lo. I shall not nede here to make longe resitall to your Lo. howe that in all my greatest matters I have beene singularelie bounde to your Lo. for your Lo. good and especiall favour to me, and howe muche your Lo. did bynde me, the pore woman that is gone, and my swete jewell Arbella, at our laste meeting at Courte, neither the mother during her lyffe, nor can I ever forgett, but most thankefullie acknowledge itt; and so I am well assured will the yonge babe when her ryper yeres will suffer her to knowe her best frendes. And now my good Lo. I hope her Majestie, upon my moste humble suitt, will lett that portion which her Ma^tie^ bestowed on my doughter and jewell Arbella, remayne wholie to the childe for

* From Ellis's Original Letters. Ed. 1827. vol. iii. p. 62—64. Lansdowne MS. Art. II. orig.

her better education. Her servaunts that are to loke to her, her masters that are to trayne her upp in all good learninge and vertue, will require no small charges; wherefore my earneste request to your Lo. ys so to recommend this my humble suite to her Majestie as ytt maie sonest and easiest take effect; and I beseeche your Lo. to gyve my sonne William Cavendish leave to attend on your Lo. about this matter. And so referringe myself, my swete jewell Arbella, and the whole matter to your honorable and frendlie consideration, I take my leave of your Lo. besechinge your Lo. to pardon me for that I am not able to wryte to your Lo. with my owne hande. Sheffeild, this xxviij. Januarye.

Your L. most assuryd
lovynge frend
E. Shrouesbury.

*To the rightt honorable my verry good Lorde, the Lo. Burghley, Lo. Treasoror of England."**

Though, during this season of affliction, the earl seems to have shown the most affectionate sympathy towards his wife, yet, very soon after, their differences, from whatever cause they might arise, appear to assume a serious character, and in their future years, nothing but bickerings, annoyances, and cruel reproaches occur throughout their letters. The earl was no doubt irritated and vexed at the

* The signature only of this letter is in the countess's handwriting.

charge and trouble imposed on him by the care of Queen Mary, and he discovered that his services were by no means light. He could scarcely give satisfaction by any conduct he might pursue; sometimes he was accused of too much leniency, sometimes of too little. He had to endure the suspicions of Elizabeth, the dictation of her ministers, the indignation and complaints of the unfortunate captive, the jealousies of his own and his wife's children, and the imperious and soured temper of the countess.

He was a free agent in no one particular; he dared not move from one of his numerous dwellings to another without entreaty, and all he did was done by favour. He writes to one of the ministers, while his son's wife is confined at Chatsworth, thus, evidently showing the discomfort to which he was subject:

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO ——

"Touching the remove of my charge to Chatsworth, which I perceive her M^{y} hath no lyking off she sh^{d} be there, my d^{r} Talbot being so nere her, lyeing in child bed. Besides, it seems her M. hath no lykinge our children sh^{d} be with us, where this Q. is, that sholdbe our most comfort to direct them for our causes, which is a great grief to us. Therefore I pray you, if you shall not think it wilbe offense to H. M^{y}, at y^{r} good leisure to move her Highnes that I may have lybarty to goo to Chatsworth, *to sweten*

my house, and that my children may come to me with her M^ys^ favour without offence or myslyking of her M^y^ whare I thinke good, els they shall not enter w^th^ my dores," &c.

It is a matter of great surprise, that, during the whole time Lord Shrewsbury had the charge of Queen Mary, Elizabeth was continually withholding from him the money allowed for her maintenance; and he is obliged on many occasions to sue first to one minister then to another, and to the Queen herself, to obtain his just dues. Probably she feared to place too large a sum in his hands, as it might have assisted some plot or design in favour of her rival; for it is evident she was far from placing implicit confidence in him: and, to keep him in check, she made a point of siding with those who were his enemies, listening to the complaints of his discontented tenants, and espousing the cause of his countess when their disputes became no longer a secret. Her policy is always sufficiently crooked; but this, in particular, is difficult to understand, as it would seem natural that she should desire to attach the earl to her interests by every liberality she could devise.

Instead of this the earl seems to have, for a series of years, been straitened in every way in his allowances; and letter after letter he addresses, uselessly entreating that his claims may be attended to and his arrears paid. All the notice taken of his

applications is reproof — not the most delicate — for his purchasing of land, and hints of his great riches, which he is told her Majesty hears of with no very benevolent feeling, as it is considered strange how he can afford to become possessor of so many domains. Again he is reproached with having diminished the entertainment of the Queen of Scots, alleging his poverty as the cause, to which no remedy is allowed, but he is ordered to beware how he ventures to act in a manner to cast dishonour on her Majesty.* To all this he is obliged to reply with the deepest humility, with entreaties to be forgiven, assurances of fidelity, and promises for the future; but, in the mean time, no money is forthcoming, and the Queen increases in suspicion and severity.

In writing to his man of business, Bawdewyn, the earl does not conceal his vexation; and in a post-script of one letter, he shows his opinion of the state of surveillance in which it is thought necessary to keep him. "I have been movyd to tak my Lade' Lynoxe' men, but specyally Nelson and his wyf, and have refused them: *I have so many spies in my*

* From Lord Leicester:—"My Lo. there ys an other report which I understand is come from the Embassador here by way of complaynt against y^r^ L. which I know will much myslyke her Ma^tie^ that ys y^r^ L. doth of late kepe the Sco. Q. very barely for her dyett, in so much as uppon Easter Day last she had both so few dyshes and so badd meate in them, as it was too badd to see yt. And that she finding fault thereatt, your L. should answere that you wer cutt off of y^r^ allowance, and therefore c^d^ yeald her no better," &c.

house alreddy, and mynde to make choyce of othars I may trust."

Poor Lord Shrewsbury pours out his annoyances to this humble friend, no doubt feeling that he has few others to whom it would be safe to speak his mind. "I have," he says, alluding to certain malicious talkers, "been greatly abused with them, and my riches they talk of is in othar men's purses; God knows I mak many shiftes to kepe me out of dett, and to helpe my chyldren, wyche are hevy burdens, thowe comfortabell so long as they do well. I can say no more, but that I have spyes nere about me and knowes them well. If they sayd truly I could better endure it. Lyttell sayd is sone amendyd and so I ende. Sheffeld this 12 of July 1582."

One of these spies was his former chaplain, Corker, who, combining with another clergyman named Haworth, had for some time past been spreading abroad spiteful reports of his patron, justly, it seems, meriting the appellation Lord Shrewsbury gives him of "*that wicked serpent Corker.*" This man was evidently too much listened to by his jealous mistress, and very probably by his equally jealous wife—although Queen Elizabeth professes not to have given credit to his calumnies relative to the earl's inclination to favour Mary, or his reported speeches against herself. The petty gossip against which the persecuted nobleman is obliged to defend himself, must have caused him the greatest annoyance: it was strangely beneath the dignity of so great a

queen to have given ear to such accusations as the following, and to make it necessary for a man of his rank and honour to prove and explain on the occasion. The Queen having caused a man to be apprehended who had sought her life, and having remarked to the earl how wonderfully God had ever preserved her from such attempts, "Now," says the earl to Sir Francis Walsingham, "this wicked serpent Corker added, that thereupon I should infer and say y^t her Ma^tie thought herself a goddess, y^t colde not be touched with the handes of men: whereas I never uttered any suche thynge, nether any whit more than her Ma^ties owne *sacred mouth* p̃nounced unto me, the w^h I uttered to him as a profe of God's mercifull p̃vydence over her, and that false addition p̃ceded only oute of his moste wyked hedd and perelous invencion. And for so muche as I sayde to him, I hope that I nether discovered secrete nor bewrayed any unfitte thinge; and yet this did so synke into her Ma^ties conceypte against me, as I verely thynk it hath bene the grettest cause of her indignacion." He humbly *on his knees* then entreats the Queen to "beholde him with *the swete eyes* of her compassion:" but it does not appear, though occasionally she sends him a few civil speeches, that his just demands excited her attention further than to convince her that he was as much in her power as she conceived it necessary for her purpose.

To add to the vexations which his charge brought

thus upon him, a violent breach with the countess took place about this time; and that son who seemed so happy hitherto with his father, together with his wife, the countess's daughter, all joined against him, and filled his remaining years with wretchedness and discontent.

Whether jealousy or ambition caused this falling off, on the part of the Countess of Shrewsbury, does not appear; but it is evident that Queen Elizabeth was not sorry to have his family on her side against him. If she had really suspected him of treason, in showing too much lenity to Mary Stuart, it is reasonable to suppose that she would have placed her prisoner in other guardianship; but this she does not seem to have ever entertained a thought of doing: her conduct is, therefore, the more inexplicable. That Shrewsbury was deeply offended and violently irritated, appears by the following letter, dated August 8th, 1584,* to the Earl of Leicester, in reference to dissensions between himself and his son, Gilbert Talbot, in which he says :—

"For my sonne, I never dissuaded him from loving his wyfe, thowe he hath sayd he must ethar forsake me or hate his wyfe; this he gyves out, whych is false and untrew. This I thynk is his duty: that, seinge I have forbyd him for coming to

* Talbot Papers, Vol. G. fol. 257. Quoted by Lodge, vol. ii. p. 293.

my wyked and malysyous wyfe, who hath set me at nought in his own hering, that, contrar to my com̃andement, hathe bothe gone and sent unto her daly by his wyfe's p̃swayson, yea and hath both wrytten and carryed lettars to no mene p̃sonages in my wyfe's behalf. These ill delyngs wold he have salved by indirect reportes, for in my lyfe dyd I nevar seyke ther separac̃on: for the best weyes I have to content myself is to thynk it is his wyfe's wyked p̃swayson, and her mother's togedar, *for I thynk nethar barrell bettar hering of them bothe.* Thys my mysliking to them bothe argues not that I wold have my sonne make so hard a constructyon of me, that I wold have him hate his wyfe, *tho I doo deteste her mothar.* But to be plane, he shall ethar leve his indirect delyngs with my wyfe, *seing I take her as my professed enemy*, or else indede wyll I doo that to him I wold be lothe, seing I have heretofore lovyd him so well. * * *"

At length, the Countess of Shrewsbury, abandoning all care of appearances, sets herself in battle array against her husband, makes claims to which he will not agree, takes possession of lands which he disputes, and involves him and herself in all the labyrinths of the law. Determined to secure all power on her side, she endeavoured to propitiate Queen Elizabeth, who was not sorry to enlist her in her service, to the annoyance of her lord. It was, probably, in the height of resentment for some

supposed injury, that when the Queen inquired of her how their prisoner fared, she made the answer which raised so great a flame: "Madam, she cannot do ill while she is with my husband; and I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together."

Whether there was any foundation or not for this unbecoming speech, the earl never forgave it; and from henceforth they were determined enemies. It is not impossible that Queen Mary, accustomed to admiration, and aware of the power of her fascinating manners, might have exerted all the charms of her conversation to aid her beauty, in order to win the earl's compassion; and, as he was evidently sensible to female attractions, as he had proved in his blind devotion to his wife, there is nothing unnatural in supposing that he was weak enough to allow his heart to be touched by his interesting prisoner. The enemies of Mary did not, at the time, hesitate to magnify the familiarity which existed between them, and a thousand injurious reports were circulated to the dishonour of the unfortunate Queen, who was a mark for every calumny and cruelty that could be invented. Mary writes thus on the subject:—

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS TO M. DE MAUVISSIERE.
FEB. 26, 1584.

"I have twice informed you minutely of the scandalous reports which have been circulated of my intimacy with the Earl of Shrewsbury; *these have*

originated with no one but his good lady herself. If the Queen of England does not have this calumny cleared up, I shall be obliged openly to attack the Countess of Shrewsbury herself. I have been restrained by two reasons from making use of the advantages I have over her, whenever I choose to make known to the Queen of England and her councillors how she has behaved to me regarding the Earl of Leicester, and other noblemen in this kingdom.

"* * If I accuse the wretched woman of the various arrogant speeches and intrigues against the Queen Elizabeth, myself, and some of the nobility of this realm, I apprehend lest her husband may be injured; besides, I might be strangely reflected on for listening to such particulars. Altogether, I am afraid lest those who disclosed them to me, if not called to account, may remain objects of suspicion, yet, whatever may befal, there is nothing that I would not venture to clear my honour, which, to say nothing of my exalted station, is more precious to me than a thousand lives.

"Most earnestly I entreat you to pursue, diligently, all means to extirpate this infamous calumny, that I may obtain full satisfaction by public notice throughout the whole kingdom (which you are especially to insist on) or by the exemplary punishment of the authors of the scandal. Should you be called upon to name these, answer 'Charles and William Cavendish, incited thereto by the Countess of Shrews-

bury.' or require at least that they may be examined on the matter.

"* * * * All this confusion originates with Leicester and Walsingham, who, as I have been informed for a certainty, sent the Countess of Shrewsbury a copy of some lost letters which I had written to you.

"It may not be unadvisable to complain to the Queen as if you had learned these matters elsewhere, that the Countess of Shrewsbury is the enemy who has raised these false and scandalous tales, and that she is secretly instructed and supported by men who, were it only for the honour of the Queen herself, as my near relative, ought to uphold mine no less than her own. For I cannot govern my affairs myself in a state of restraint as if I had the liberty of speaking and acting.

"* * The Earl of Shrewsbury, I understand, is more than ever resolved to visit the Court in order to enquire into the accusations of his enemies: I doubt not he will prove his innocence to their confusion and to his own honour."*

That the Countess of Shrewsbury, from the time of the birth of her grandaughter, Arabella, changed her policy towards Queen Mary, there can be little doubt, as the Queen of Scots' long captivity, and the frequent failures of plots in her favour, had begun

* See Miss Strickland's Letters of Mary Stuart, MS. Harl. 1582.

to weary those who expected to gain by her success. The birth of another heir to the crown opened a new field for her ambition, and from that moment she bent all her energies to the securing her title to the infant aspirant. At the same time, there is as little doubt that Mary, who well knew the power of her charms and fascinations, was not likely to spare their attractions to soften the heart of her jailer, and though there is no likelihood of her encouraging any improper regard that Lord Shrewsbury might manifest towards her, had such ever existed; yet, observing his pity and sorrow for the harshness with which he was compelled to treat her, she would scarcely have failed to exert every art in her own favour. Her beauty, her grace, and their effects, might, therefore, have, naturally enough, raised some feelings of jealousy in the mind of the countess, which, combined with the causes, made her an enemy. If it had not been so, there seems little reason why the earl himself should have been made a victim to her displeasure; and that he was so it is too plainly proved."

In another letter of Mary to Mauvissière, she continues the subject thus:—

"I entreat that you will more distinctly show to Queen Elizabeth the treachery of my *honorable* hostess, the Countess of Shrewsbury. I would wish you to mention, privately, to the Queen, that nothing has alienated the countess from me but the vain

hope she has conceived of setting the crown of England on the head of her little girl, Arabella; and this by means of marrying her to a son of the Earl of Leicester. These children are also educated in this idea, and their portraits have been sent to each other.* But for the notion of raising one of her descendants to the rank of Queen, she would never have been so turned away from me; for she was so entirely bound to me, and, regardless of any other duty or regard, that if God himself had been her Queen she could not have shown more devotion than to me.† Say to the Queen, that you heard from M^lle^ Seton, who went to France last summer, that I was given a solemn promise from the Countess of Shrewsbury, that if ever my life should be in danger, or orders given to remove me to another place, she would find means for my escape; and, being a woman, she should easily

* Perhaps the portrait of Arabella, with a doll, is the one alluded to.

† Whitaker says that when Queen Elizabeth was very ill, the Countess of Shrewsbury had arranged with her son, who resided in London for the purpose, to have two good able horses always ready, that he might start off the moment the Queen died, to let the Queen of Scots know the event. "And," he adds, "had this not improbable event actually taken place, what a different complexion would our history have assumed from what it wears at present. Mary would have been carried from a prison to a throne. Her wise conduct in prison would have been applauded by all. From Sheffield, Chatsworth, and Tutbury, she would have been said to have touched, with a gentle and masterly hand, the springs that actuated all the nation against the death of her tyrannical cousin."

If this is indeed the fact, the countess stood in a most dangerous predicament; but, doubtless, she had art enough to give another colouring of her anxiety to the jealous Queen.

avoid all peril of punishment. That her son, Charles Cavendish, she assured me in his presence, resided for no other purpose in London, but to acquaint me with every thing that passed there; and that he had constantly two swift horses ready to communicate to me, as soon as it occurred, the death of Queen Elizabeth, who was at that time ill.

"* * The countess, as well as her son, Charles Cavendish, at that time took all possible pains to convince me that, in the hands of her husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, I was in the greatest possible danger, for he would deliver me into the hands of my enemies and suffer them to surprise me: so that I should be in a very bad condition without the aid of the said countess. * * Say to the Queen that you are firmly persuaded that the Countess of Shrewsbury could be gained by me whenever I pleased with a bribe of two thousand crowns."

Instead of this application succeeding, as the captive Queen anticipated, her letter fell into the hands of her enemies, and probably hastened the change which soon afterwards occurred; for the Earl of Shrewsbury relinquished, or was compelled to relinquish, his charge, and others were set over her from whom she had no hope whatever, and whose chief recommendation was sternness and ferocity of manner, and an absence of all tenderness or consideration.

By Sir John Somers' letters, it would seem that but little care for her comfort occupied any who surrounded her. There is a question about retaining an old coachman who had been in Lord Shrewsbury's service for twenty-eight years, and had been accustomed to attend to Queen Mary's accommodation on her journeys. "So far," says the writer, "as I can perceive by this Q. by her speeches to me at other tymes synce o^r^ coming hith^r^, she is lothe to part with him because he is well practised with her horses and cotche, swearing by God that he never did any other service then about the same, for she perceaved perhaps that he might be mistrusted. We heare not yet any more of any other cocheman to come from above, only when we were at Wingfield it was written by Mr. Secretary that one shulbe sent. * *

"My lord St. John, being ready to come hither, fell soddenly into a feevre * * which, together with the loss of an onely sonne, happening even then, hath gotten his release from this charge; and now we heare that Sir Amyas Paulett is appointed, and is hastened hither so soon as conveniently he can come; but poore I am lyke to tarry by it yet awhile after Mr. Chaunceller. This lady, *being fallen into her old aches*, hath kept her bed this five or six days. Tutbury Castle. Feb. 25, 1584."

The Earl of Shrewsbury, though relieved from his painful duty, continued to be perpetually harassed

by his wife's proceedings, and annoyed by the indignities offered him, encouraged by the Queen who appears quite ready to uphold her. After sixteen years of vexatious obedience to the caprice and cruelty of his jealous mistress, he was dismissed without his pecuniary demands being satisfied, as his complaining letter to Lord Leicester sets forth: "as," he says, "her Ma^tie doth demand and looke for at my hands faith and dew obedience, as is the duty of every good subject; to spend landes and lief in the defence of her Ma^ties p̃son and realme, which I and my ancestors have done and am ready at her Highnes's com̃andement; so, for the mayntenance of my honour and credit do I claime and demaunde of her M^ties justice and benefit of her lawes never denied by her Ma^tie, nor by any her noble progenitors, to any the menest her subject before this, yet, not doubting but that her M^tie will have better considerac̃ion of me and my cause, when she hathe thorowly weyed of it; and that if she, for all my carefull and paynefull service to my great charg's above my allowance, in the keeping of that Ladie for sixteen years last past, with the extraordinary chardges and expense of H. M^ties Comysioners sent dowen as of S^r Walter Myldmay, Mr Beale, and S^r Rafe Sadler, and others, their horse and men, for so long tyme as they contynued with me, will bestow nothing of me, yet I ever thought she wolde have left me with that her Ma^ties lawes had given me. Sith that her M^tie hathe sette dowen this hard

sentence agaynst me to my perpetuall infamy and dishonour *to be ruled and overranne by my wief, so bad and wicked a woman;* yet her Ma^tie^ shall see that I will obey her com̃andement, thoughe no curse or plage in the erth cold be more grevous to me. These offers of my wiefe's, inclosed in your le^res^ I thinke them verey unfyt to be offered to me. It is to muche to make me my wief's pencyoner and sett me downe the demeanes of Chattesworth without the house and other landes leased which is but a pencion in money: I thinke it standeth w^th^ reason that I shuld choose the five hundred pounds by yeare ordered by her Ma^tie^ where I like best accordinge to the rate Wm. Cavendish delyvered to my Lord Chanselor, or els I shall thinke myself dubly wronged which I am sure her Ma^tie^ will not offer unto me: And thus I comit your good L. to the tuytyon of the Almightie," &c.

This letter seems to have had some effect, as his son, Henry Talbot, writes to him that "your wife doth exclaim against my Lo. of Leicester because, as she sayeth, he has not been as good as his promise." The Queen, also, has the grace to feign anxiety and friendship for her old servant; for the same writer reports that "she marvelleth she can heare nothinge from your Lo. and she useth the beste speeches that may be of your Lo." In this same letter is another proof how ready every one at Court was to prey upon the too easy earl; for the

postscript, gives him "my lord Maire's humble dutie," who "sayeth he hopes your Lo^s *buckes be fatt this sumer.*"

Elizabeth still continued to cajole her ill-requited servant as long as she could, enquiring tenderly after his health, and reproaching him for not writing to her.—"She marvelld," says Henry Talbot, "that she harde no oftener from you whom it pleased her to tearme *her love*, declaring further what a trouble your sicknesse was unto her; whereunto I answered that your L.'s chefest comforte and speedie recoverie of your helthe proceeded from her M^ties soe gratious favor and countenance bestowed uppon you, whereat her M^tie smiled, saying, 'Talbott, I have not yet shewed unto him that favor which hereafter we meane to do.'"

Thus, the wily Queen kept him in continual expectation, without fulfilling the hopes she created, as she did throughout her life, in every transaction, public and private, in which she was engaged. Meantime, the countess remained in London, carrying on her own plans, and watching every opportunity to take advantage of anything in her own favour. Henry Talbot thus names her:—

"As touching your wive's causes, she lieth still in Chancerie Lane; and doeth give out that she meaneth to continewe there and not to goe into the country. My Lord, my brother's wife, and her

brother the Knight (Sir Charles Cavendish) doe attende verie diligently at Court, and little respecte there is had of theme: neverthelesse they cease not to followe, to the ende the world may say they are in credit."

While Elizabeth was putting on this face of friendliness, she was listening to the countess's tales, and the latter was doing all in her power to vex her husband; who thus writes to Lord Burghley:—

"Since my cominge into the countrie my wief and her children hath not ceased to informe her M^{y} most *sclanderouslie* of me that I have broken her Highness' ordre, and at the lengthe they have obtained her gracious lettres and M^{r} Secretary's to me, &c. * * my lord, she maketh all meanes she can to be with me and her children to have her lyvinge, whereunto I will never agree, for if I have the one I will have the other, which was thought reasonable by the Lord Chancellour and the L. of Leicester, but by her letters she desireth to come to me herselfe, but speaketh noe worde of her lyvinge. I have bene moche troubled with her, and almost never quiet to satisfy her greedie appetite for monie to paie for her purchases to sett upp her children; besides the danger I have lived in, to be compassed daily with those that moste maliciously hated me, that if I were oute of the waye presentlie they might be in my place. It were better we lyved as we doe, for in truth I cannot awaie with her children, but have them in jealousy: for till

Francis Talbot his death* she and her children sought my favoure; but since those times they have soughte for themselves and never for me," &c.

In another letter, he says:—

"Persevyng what untrew surmyses hath and is daily invented by my wyfe and her children of me, and I thinke will be durynge their lyves, I am therefore to request your L. thus muche: that if they shall exclaim of me from tyme to tyme w^th^out cause, as they doe, considering how manyfestly they have been dysproved in their accounts, that they may make tryall of ther complentes agenst me before they be harde: and so shall hur M^tie^ and her Councell be lesse trobeled w^t^ thes untrew surmyses, and by the grace of God my doings and delyngs hath and shalbe such, as I wysh *my wife and her impes*, who I know to be my mortall enemys, might dely see into my doings, which I looke for no lesse butt they wyll doo ther best," &c.

The persecuted earl, sick in mind and body, repaired to his house at Chelsea, in order to appear before the Lord Chancellor respecting the suits at law with which his wife had encumbered him. While there, he was taken so ill that he was unable to attend to anything; and when he was recovered

* His eldest son in 1582.

enough to resume his cares, he wrote to Queen Elizabeth, stating the justice of his claims, and proclaiming the arts of his countess to gain possession of his estates and revenues, for the benefit of her children. He plainly confesses that at their marriage he was weak enough to give her promises, which he, nevertheless, neither imagined nor feared that she would take advantage of; as, of course, he did not intend that either she or her children were to dispossess him during his or her life. He further urged his claims on her Majesty for the expenses of the Queen of Scots, complaining, for the hundredth time, of the inconvenience the non-payment subjected him to.

It was injudicious in the earl to mention his two grievances together, for the last was by no means pleasant to the Queen, and probably decided her to take part against him. She wrote him rather a sharp letter, reproaching him for wishing to put away his wife *for no fault*, and of taking advantage of some informality in law, by which he hoped to deprive her of her just dues, and to prevent her enjoying all that his former promises had led her to expect. She concludes by commanding him to be content with her award, which is, that he should receive a pittance of five hundred a year out of his own estates, and leave off troubling her or his wife.

The earl, condemned to submit, writes thus to Walsingham and to his triumphant lady :

THE EARL TO SECRETARY WALSINGHAM, DURING THE CAUSE PENDING BETWEEN HIM AND HIS WIFE.

"Good Mr. Secretary, I perceive by your letters of the 3d of this instant that you have received an estimate or value of my wive's lands, sent you from my Lord Treasurer, which I delivered him to the end her Majestie might be thoroughly informed thereof, as well of those lands she hath purchased since I married her, as of the lands and leases, which I claim no part of, which was not my gift, as also of those which are my own during my life by the laws of this realm, which by her I do possess as the lands of Barlow, Cavendish and St. Loes. It is my desire that the case may be agreed of by our councils, and that the judges may give their opinion of the right, which I will stand unto, &c.

"Your letters do further import that her M^{y} doth pray me to pay to your hands the half-year's rent of the seized lands which I have received. I am not to disobey her Highness' command in anything, nor to yield my own inheritance, the matter being in question, to my enemy. I will not disquiet her of anything is hers, but, in all I may, will defend and maintain my right and innocent cause against her and her children. Her cause and mine are not equally to be balanced, and I doubt not but her M^{y} will so esteem of me and my right. * * *

After her M^y^ hath well weighed my dealing towards my wife, and of her deserts towards me, I am assured," &c. &c.

The following must have been written in a state of great excitement, and probably was received with corresponding anger :

THE EARL TO THE COUNTESS.

" The offences and faults which you have committed against me, which no good wife would do, are admonitions sufficient for all men to be advised in their marriage; and though you desire to be charged particularly to the end you may know your faults, I need not express them, they are manifest to the world: and if I would hide them, your behavior and conditions have laid them open. There cannot be any wife more forgetful of her duty and less careful to please her husband than you have been; nor any more bounden, nor hath received greater benefits by her husband, than you. The particulars I will not express, but do leave them to the time that God will send you his grace to make you confess them. In that I loved you I did many good things for you, and was loath that the world should see your behavior. It may be judged that I would still so have continued, if you had not sought all means, both at home and abroad, to offend me. There needs not many words, I have

seen thoroughly into your devices and designs: your insatiable and greedy appetite did bewray you. Your own living at my hands would not content you, nor yet a great part of mine which for my quietness I would have been content to have given you. But this was short of the mark you shot at and yet do. Your fair words are no bait for me; they have the show and taste they have had, and though they appear beautiful yet they are mixed with an hidden poison. But assure yourself I will avoid so near as I can my own harm, and am and will be pleased with her M^y^'s order, though it seemed hard; for you best know that your living was never meant for your children during my life, but, seeing it falls out so, you must be likewise contented with that for your maintenance and payment of your debts that her Majesty hath assigned, which is a great portion, and none of your calling hath the like. You charge me with an untruth that I do enter into your living, meaning your children's, as it seemeth. I content myself with her Majesty's order, and intend to hold the £500 lands by year during our lives. You were ever in misery, but yet sufficiently furnished to buy lands for your children. Marry, you now want the help, and so shall do, that you sue, to pay for it. I enforce not your children to sell lands, but if your wilfulness and their pride be such as cannot be maintained without sale of your land, I do not rejoice at it, nor assuredly I am not sorry for it. I marvel to see

your earnestness, as you pretend by your letters, to be with me: you cannot forget there were books drawn by our council, and about the agreement I did meet your children before the chancellor and the Lord of Leicester, and all your griefs were then recited, as well the release of my suits commenced against your children and servants for my goods, and slanderous rumours spread by them of me in divers parts of this realm, for whom no good wife could open her mouth.

"As for our cohabitation, with having all your living at my disposition during the same, and divers other things as by the books appears, to which I answered them as I will answer you: That if ever I think good to take you again, for you went away voluntarily, not turned away by me, (as you say, and when I sent for you, *you said I should send twice* for ere you would come,) I will have both together without any exception or signification of your part or of mine. * * The malicious minds that your children do bear me I cannot away withall. It cannot be but you must favour your children; therefore how dangerous it were for me to be compassed about with you and them, where, after me, you shall leap into my seat, the most ignorant may judge. And here I end, protesting before the Almighty God that I do not this for any malice, but that in my old age I desire my security and quietness, and would not have it troubled during my life. Sheffield, 23 Oct. 1585."

The earl considered Secretary Walsingham a favourer of his wife's cause; and the following shows his feeling on the subject:—

"Good M. Sec.—I am glad to hear you will be shortly at the Court, where I hope to find you a favourer of justice. I know right well you have favoured my wife hitherto in her cause, but, now that she hath so apparently manifested her devilish disposition in maintaining and defending her wicked servant, Berisford, in practising the utter ruin and destruction of myself, and defamation of my house and name, so long continued in honour and loyalty to our prince and country, by his false and detestable speeches and bruits, whereof now he is convicted, and by law standeth condemned; my trust is, that, as in honour and conscience you are bound, you will leave her to herself, and according to justice you will further my suit to her Majesty, *that she may be punished* as a procurer and maintainer of the slanders and destruction of her husband, and *to be banished the Court as a woman not fit for that honorable place.* Sir, It may be that with her money she will buy friends at Court to speak in her behalf, but to them *I wish no other revenge than to have such a wife.* Sure I am that no man of honest fame can for shame speak for such a person, nor in such a cause, against the very law of nature. But of this no more; I am grieved to speak and ashamed to think of my choice made of such a creature.

"Now, Sir, touching my son Gilbert Talbot, whom I know you love, and heartily thank you for it, I pray you advise him to leave that wicked woman's company, who otherwise will be his destruction; and teach him, I pray you, to know that, as God's blessing is upon those children that are obedient to their parents, so to the disobedient falleth his curse, which God deliver him from: and I shall take as great joy of his reformation as was of that child whereof the scripture maketh mention. Thus, good Mr. Sec^{y}, I seek nothing but justice, and in honour it ought not to be denied me in such a cause, which, if it should go unpunished, the example were too perilous, for it may encourage other *strong-hearted* women to do the like; from which God deliver all good men and send you as well to do as I wish myself.

Chelsey, 15th June, 1586."

SECRETARY WALSINGHAM'S ANSWER.

"My very good lord, I have received your lordship's letter of y^{e} 15th, and whereas you pretend I have been a favourer of the countess, y^{r} wife, against you, I can and do assure y^{r} L. I never favoured her cause otherwise than stood with justice or did become an honest man to do, neither have or will I ever support any person or matter not agreeable to justice.

"As for her servant, Berisford, I do likewise assure you, for thereof I can best testify, that for anything he delivered to myself you had no just cause to be offended with him. Indeed, he informed me of the great assembly, but in such sort as he carried himself with a careful and dutiful respect to your honour, which unto me he no ways touched. What he hath said to others I know not; and touching his conviction, as you write, I must needs tell y^r L^dship that I have heard the jury that have gone against him hath been hardly compounded, and it is no new matter in this time to find great partiality in jurors, who are too often compacted to serve turns.

"Touching my Lord Talbot, your son, I have always and do still love him for the great good parts that are in him, for which cause your lordship hath reason to love him the more. And I am persuaded his wisdom and honesty to be such as he would not, in this or any other matter, offend you justly. But I am sorry this age and time hath so many ill disposed persons that study to make strife and division between man and wife, especially in the state of matrimony, between personages, of so great and honourable quality as you are of; and so hoping your lordship will conceive well of me in this cause between you and my lady, your wife, wherein I neither have nor will deal otherwise than honestly and justly, I take my leave. From the Court, 17 June 1586.

"Postscript. I hope y^r^ L. doth not mean that I am one of the number of those that are drawn, in respect of money, to favour the countess your wife. I pray you so to conceive of me that you hold not your honour more dear than I do mine honesty. I dare avow it before all the world, that I have not dealt in the cause between your L. and your wife otherwise than becometh an honest man."

TO THE QUEEN FROM LORD SHREWSBURY, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

"My most gracious Sov. The greatness of the grief which I have conceived of certain unkindnesses offered unto me since my being at the Court, suffereth me not to take any rest, and unable to come to the Court sithence my mortall enemy, Henry Berisford, who hath slandered me with such speeches as if they were true, as they are most false, were the utter overthrow of me and my house, and yet not only is the man liked and allowed of by my wife and her children, but still doth countenance and maintain him, and procure him g^t^ favour at Court, and not anything dismayed to bring him to your M^y's^ presence: and since that time hath repaired to my gates, and there in brave speeches did justify himself against just trial in law, w^h^ I have h^d^ at the asizes at York last. Which his desperate attempt

was done for no other purpose but of malice to provoke me and my men to commit some g^t offence contrary to y^r Mj^{ty's} laws, intending thereby to procure y^r M. indignation against me, to my utter undoing and overthrow, w^h their cunning device and enticement by the mighty power of God I have avoided; and have every day just cause to thank him that I have such men about me as, contrary to their minds at my commandment, did subdue their hearty affections borne unto me against such my mortal enemy, as did suffer him to pass from my gates without revenge. My most humble suit to y^r M. is, that considering my wife is *a woman wholly given to revenge*, and to execute her malice of me and mine, and will not cease to travail therein with all earnestness and cunning at y^r M. hands to seek my disgrace, but continually to study nothing else but to work my dishonour and overthrow; that upon y^r M. most abundant clemency, it may please you, in recompence of all my faithful and dutiful service, you will let me have y^r M. lawe, w^h is the defence of y^r realm and y^r poor subjects, and suffer not me, a nobleman and councellor, to be abridged of that w^h the poorest subject in the land enjoyeth. And as by y^r M. letters, writ on the 5 of March last, I rec^d such comfort as of a dead man grown so feeble as no hopes was of my recovery; yet the care that y^r M. promised to have of my credit and honor as of y^r own, hath thus far recovered me as I am by your benignity, and so doubt not but to continue, if

the unkindness w^{h} you may show me do not strike me to the heart and bring me to a relapse. It may so happen then when y^{r} Highness shall not find that service which you expect in my house, nor by the Cavendishes, you may call to y^{r} princely remembrance that y^{r} unkindness hath destroyed a true nobleman, and such an one as hath most faithfully served you in all services: and then wish that you had further seen into the cunning devices *of my malicious enemy my wife.*

"And thus most humbly beseaching y^{r} M. that sithens that she and her children continue their wicked devices and practices against me, it w^{d} please y^{r} H^{ss} so far to be my good and gracious lady as to leave us to y^{r} lawes, and be indifferent betwixt us till all matters in variance be decided; for further than I have yielded to y^{r} M. considering their late behavior towards me, I cannot be contented to yield myself or be pressed any further, nor ever w^{d} have yielded to so much but only for y^{r} M$^{y's}$ sake, beseeching y^{r} M. to take this for my resolute answer. And thus I cease, praying to Al. God to send y^{r} H^{ss} a long prosperous reign over us. Chelsea, 7. July 1586."

This letter seems to have had its effect, for the same day Walsingham writes, that he has received her Majesty's commands for the imprisonment of Berisford, and informs the earl that his suit is going

on in his (the earl's) favour; so that it is evident Elizabeth interfered, and the Secretary is obliged to show himself zealous in favour of Lord Shrewsbury, *at her command;* but still letters and arguments pass between them, and the Countess of Shrewsbury thus writes with assumed humility:—

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY TO THE EARL.*

"My Lord, I hold myself most unfortunate that upon so slight occasion it pleaseth you to write in this form to me: for what new offence is committed since her Majesty reconciled us? If the denial of the plate be the only cause, why then, my lord, the true affirmation thereof in my letter is more than my words, neither such a trifle I hoped could have wrought so unkind effects; and were my state able I would not stand upon such toys as those you speak of. Touching my son's living, that is no new cause, for it was long ago moved by you, and could never be consented to by us, in respect of the reasons in my last letter alleged * * My lord, I know not how justly you can term me insatiable in my desire of gaining, for my losses have been so great, with my charges, that makes me desire honestly to discharge my debt with my children's lands, which you have no need of, and will not in my time discharge them though we should live on nothing; and I am greedy of no body's lands, but would keep the rest, which by all law, order, and

* Endorsed 11th Aug. 1586.

conscience they ought to possess. Neither my case and fortune hath been to maintain my miseries with untruths, for receiving daily manifest discourtesies I need not blush to speak truly.

" I assure you, my lord, my meaning is not to molest or grieve you with demanding, neither I trust it can be thought greediness to demand nothing, for I desire no more than her Majesty's order giveth, and wish your happy days to be many and good. * * * *

" Touching the postscript, my desire hath been so great to be with you and save your long delays, that made me be an humble suitor to her M^y^ to be earnest with you, *but not as you write.*

" For the other that I labour your stay, I assure you, my lord, I did not, but yet would be very glad that all were perfected here and then to go down with you, and hoped also ere this we should have been on our way into the country.

" So, beseaching Almighty God to make you better conceive of me, I end, wishing myself, without offence, with you,

Your obedient faithful wife,

ELIZABETH SHREWSBURY.

Richmond, this Thursday."

Strange as it may appear, this letter had its intended effect on the kind-hearted and easily-moved husband, whose disposition the countess appeared

so well to know; for, by a letter from Secretary Walsingham to the earl, not long after, he alludes to their reconciliation.

"I declared unto her Majesty, your lordship being at Wingfield, to visit your wife, which had been before reported to her, whereof she showed very good liking for your lordship's satisfying her request therein, and wished that it might please God so to dispose your heart that the former good love between you might be renewed."

This reconciliation was, however, of short duration, for he found himself unable to bear the constant interference and evident greediness of the host of relatives which surrounded the countess. His son Gilbert had, apparently, no other view than gaining what he could from his father, without showing him affection or kindness. The earl's dislike to his daughter-in-law was, probably, not ill-founded, as she seems to have been equally violent and scheming with her mother.

In a letter to Gilbert, Lord Talbot, the earl expresses himself with indignation in answer to an application for him to pay his debts; he recommends him to "reduce the gawdy trappings of his wife," and tells him if he had been more careful, and not given way to her pomp and vanity, he need be in no fear of his creditors. "And, for my own part," he adds, "and your good, I doe wishe you hadde but half so muche to relieve your necessities as she and

her mother have spent, in seking, through malice, myne overthrowe and dishonour, and I in defending my just cause agenst them; by meanes of whose evill dealings, together with other bargaines wherein I have intangled myself of late, I am not eyther able to helpe yow or store myself for anie other purpose I shall take in hand these twelve months. Sheffeld Lodge, 17 June, 1587."

Whatever patience and forbearance Lord Shrewsbury might have exercised in former days, seem exhausted at this period; and he writes only to upbraid sons and daughters-in-law, his own sons and their wives, and his lady, with continual ill-treatment and greediness, which he does not appear to do without cause; for Gilbert, who once seemed his affectionate friend, was evidently gained over by his wife and her mother to their side, against his father's interest. It is lamentable to observe the state of warfare in which all the family are struggling, and the grief of heart of the unfortunate earl, whose mind was, doubtless, little soothed by the severe proceedings then going on, preparatory to the final catastrophe of his former charge, for whom, if he was really attached to her, he must have felt the deepest commiseration. He escaped signing the sentence against Mary, by being sick in the country, or feigning to be so; he and Lord Warwick alone did not put their names to the paper, for the same

cause; but Lord Shrewsbury could not avoid being witness to the closing scene of the illustrious victim whom Elizabeth's jealousy had sacrificed. The earl did not die till three years after Mary's execution, but he suffered much from infirm health, and evidently received no attention or kindness from his wife. In one of the last letters which Lodge gives as addressed to him, his correspondent remarks :—

"I do learne amongst those who have trust with my Lady, your wife, she dothe purpose to spende the nexte somer att and aboute London: my lorde, yf you colde fynde the meanes she might bringe all her trayne with her, younge and olde: and in lyke case *that they sholde not come downe agayne to your countrey at all, I wolde tkinke it the better for your Lordeship.*"

Amidst the vexations he underwent, the deserted earl might perhaps find some consolation in the receipt of such a letter, from a sentimental friend, as the following. Sir Henry Lee appears to be acting the part of the melancholy Jacques, and his companions in the country, thinking a rural life

> "More sweet than that of painted pomp;"

and exclaiming

> "Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?"

one, in fact,

> "Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i'the sun."

Sir Henry Lee was a very sentimental personage, and, though his age might have guarded him against such vanities, he seems to have given occasion for much mirth and scandal at court, by his *liaison* with the beautiful maid of honour, Anne Vavasor: of whom a correspondent of Lord Talbot says :—

"Our new maid, M^rs^ Vavasor, flourisheth like the lily and the rose."

SIR HENRY LEE TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

"Woodstock, 18 Feb. 1588.

"By destiny I am removed far from the place of your Lordship's most abiding, nor of desire or choice; but neither way nor fortune can alter or alienate me from the love and duty I have, do and will ever perform to you.

"I am now returned home to this *keeperly corner* of mine, settled in my conceit from the vain hope of greedy desires, and quieted with my own hap as a thing fittest for my estate, knowing my worth to be no more yet most worth in trusting to myself, and leave the trustless favour of the world, that is but of vain shows, gay appearances, and, in truth, only nets to hold and pleasing baits to entice; rather fitting the fool to be directed or the fortunate that will both direct and command, than men of other sort and condition.

"When I waited on your lordship in the North I sometimes heard how the world went, but now,

freeing myself from those desires, I desire nothing less, but content myself amongst harmless beasts to lead my life and spend the residue of my few days that do remain, without care of ought but to do well, or desire but the *freeing of debts* without which the best is least free."

The real motive of Sir Henry's retirement into the country, in spite of all his boasted philosophy, seems here apparent; he continues:

"Of such creatures as I write I have sent your lordship one. Strange as it may appear to you that I should send such a toy so far off to such a prince as yourself is, as though I neither knew the North, or in those parts what appertains to my Lord of Shrewsbury.

"It is a badge, my lord, of my occupation, a remembrance of my duty, and carryeth this assuredness withall, that what is behind that either my body or mind may work better, is as ready to be commended at your lordship's pleasure as this was, now by my commandment not to offend you.*

"In that degree accept it, good my lord, and ever command me," &c.

Less tedious in style, but probably infinitely less pleasing to the receiver, except in certain passages, must have been the letter of the Bishop of Lichfield

* The Euphuism of Sir Henry is here rather difficult to understand.

and Coventry, in which, while the somewhat sarcastic prelate acknowledges the faults of the countess, he, nevertheless, recommends the earl to endure them with fortitude.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM WM. OVERTON,* BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.

"The chief and last matter we talked of was the good and godly reconciliation of your lordship and your lady; and your lordship was content to take my motion in good part, and to account it for a good piece of mine office and charge to travail in such a cause, as indeed it is. I speak and write of all love and good will, and you must take all I write not as a common friend and hanger-on, but as a ghostly father stirred up of God purposely. I hope to do good unto you both. I cannot think but that it must needs rest as a great clog to your conscience to live asunder from the countess without her own good liking; and St. Paul sayeth, 'defraud not the other of due benevolence, nor of real comfort and company, but with agreement, and this but for a time to give themselves to fasting and prayer;' and so Christ forbiddeth a man to put away his wife except for adultery, and that was never suspected in my lady. I could give examples of Holy Scripture and prophane writers of the fearful judgment of God upon unlawful separation,

* Oct. 1590; about a month before the earl died.

not only on themselves but their houses and posterity; but I shall not use any such discourse to your lordship, being so wise, so grave, so well and honourably disposed as indeed you are of yourself, if other evil counsel did not draw you to the contrary, who also shall not want their part in the plague—malum consilium consultori pessimum.

"But some will say, in your lordship's behalf, that the countess *is a sharp and bitter shrew*, and therefore like enough to shorten your life, if she should keep you company. If *shrewdness* and sharpness may be a just cause of separation, I think few men in England would keep their wives long; for it is a common jest, yet true in some sense, *that there is but one shrew in all the world, and every man hath her*. And I doubt not but your great wisdom and experience hath taught you to beare sometime with a woman as a weaker vessel; and yet, for the speeches I have had with her ladyship in that behalf, I durst pawn all my credit unto your lordship, and I need not bind myself in any great bond, she will bridle herself that way beyond the course of other women. Some will object great matters against her, that she hath sought to overthrow your whole house, &c., but their speech cannot carry any semblance of truth; she being your wife, your prosperity must needs profit her very much; and having joined her house with yours in marriage, your long life and honourable estate must needs glad her heart to the uttermost. If not for her own sake,

for the issue of both your bodies, whom she loveth, I dare say, as her own life, and would not see by her own will to fall into decay, and rather think the separation to be a stain to your house and a danger to your life; for that God indeed is not well pleased with it, who will visit with death or sickness all that live not after his law, as of late yourself had some little touch or taste given you by those, or the nearest friends of those, whom you most trusted about you. And both I and you, and all of us that are God's children, must think that such visitations are sent us of God to call us home, and if we despise them when they are sent he will lay greater upon us. Thus I am bold, my lord, both in the fear of God and good will towards yourself, to discharge the duty of a well-willing ghostly father; and if your L. accqitt it well, as I hope you will, I beseech you let me understand it by a line or two, that I may give God thanks for it, if not, I have done my part; the success I leave unto God, and rest, notwithstanding what I may, your L.'s in all duty,

ECCLESALL."

At length, the sorrows and troubles of the Earl of Shrewsbury were brought to a close by death. He escaped "the weariness, the fever, and the fret," to which he had been so long condemned, on the 18th November, 1590.

In his will, dated 24th June, 1590 (32d Elizabeth), he left his body to be buried in the parochial church of Sheffield; and two hundred pounds yearly for the benefit of the poorest artificers of the town of Pontefract, "for the increase of trades and occupations there;" and gave directions that, "on Monday in Whitsun week the mayor shall *lend* unto every poor artificer of the said town, so far as the said money shall extend, the sum of five pounds for three years then next following, putting in good and sufficient security for the payment."

By this, the kindness of his heart and the benevolence of his character are manifest; and thus it is easier to forgive the pomposity of the Latin epitaph which he had caused to be composed during his lifetime, and placed on the tomb he had erected in Sheffield church to his own memory, setting forth a variety of virtues and good qualities to which, perhaps, his successors did not consider he had a right—if we may judge by their omitting the only attention which he required at their hands, namely, the record of the date of his death, which they never took the trouble to supply!

His epitaph is a curious piece of gossip, for he lets the reader into uncalled-for particulars, by his allusion to the scandal he was accused of with Mary Stuart, which, he observes, *was disproved* by the fact of his being appointed to be present at her execution. This, perhaps, was indeed the reason of his submitting to such a trial; and if he

bore such torture for the sake of re-establishing her reputation, the act does him honour. He speaks, also, of the *expenses* to which her entertainment subjected him, and of "the anxious care scarcely to be expressed" which was his portion while he was her guardian, from 1568 to 1584.

This proves that the good lord found it impossible to conceal his feelings on subjects ever uppermost in his mind; in the whole of the inscription, however, the name of his fatal countess is not mentioned, as if he hoped to obliterate her from his recollection, as he left her out of his epitaph.

What his real sentiments respecting his unfortunate captive might have been, it is difficult to decide; there is nothing particularly tender in the following recommendation for her speedy removal from the path of her enemy:—

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY TO LORD BURGHLEY.*

"My noble good Lord,

"I have received your lordship's letters, both of the 12th of Nov. and the 14th of the same, whereby I fynd myself greatlie beholdinge unto your lordship for your good remembrance of me, with the proceedinge of the fowle matters of the Scotts Quene; sentence whereof, I understand by your lordship, is geven and confirmed, and for execution to be had accordinge. I perceive it now

* Burghley State Papers.—Murdin, vol. ii.

resteth in Her Majesty's hands; for my own part, I pray that God may so inspire her Harte to take that course as may be for her Majesty's own saftie; the which I trust her Majesty's grave wisdom will wiselye forsee; *which, in my consete, cannot be without speedy execution.*

"And this wishing to your good lordship as to myself, doe bid you right hartelie farewell.

Your Lordship's assuredly,

SHREWSBURY.

Orton Longville, this 17th of November, 1586.

To the Right Honorable my verie good Lord the Lord Burghley, Lord Thresorer of England."

There is no evidence that Queen Elizabeth mourned greatly for the loss of her faithful servant. Perhaps she had not heard of his death when she continued her usual amusements, for he died on the 18th, and on the 19th she was at an entertainment, to which she took one of his little grandchildren. As his death occurred at Sheffield, some days must have elapsed, of course, before the news would have reached her, or his son, who is still addressed by a friend as Lord Talbot.

That the Queen always regarded the countess with friendly feelings, appears in many instances; and in the following letter, written by Richard Brakinbury, she shows it by the attention she pays the child above-mentioned:—

1590.

RICHARD BRAKINBURY TO LORD TALBOT.

"If I should write how much her Majesty did this day make of the little lady your daughter, *with often kissing, which her Majesty seldom useth to any*, and then amending her dressing with pins, and still carrying her in her own barge, and so into the privy lodgings, and so homeward from the running, you would scarce believe me. Her Majesty said, as true it is, that she is *very like my lady her grandmother*. She behaved herself with such modesty as I pray God she may possess at twenty years old. My Lady Marquess did take only care of her."

The "running" alluded to in this letter took place on the 19th of November, St. Elizabeth's day. The courtiers of the Queen, who left nothing untried to gain her favour, had imagined the flattery of reviving the recollection of a saint who was even forgotten in the Roman Catholic ritual, in order to do honour to the Protestant princess about whom the Saint had, at the best, little cause to trouble herself.

Pleased with every tribute to her vanity, how far-fetched soever, the Queen permitted the resuscitation of Saint Elizabeth's memory, for the sake of the compliment intended to honour her.

The *miracle* to which this heroine owes her canonization is thus related in the lesson dedicated to her in the ancient rituals: as the vain and

coquettish Queen was herself not indifferent to "comely young men," there might be a reason found, as well as in her name, for associating them.

"A comely young man, too gaily habited, coming to visit her, Elizabeth admonished him to despise the 'vanities of the world.'

"The young man answered, 'Madam, I beseech you pray for me.'

"'If thou wouldst have me pray for thee,' said Elizabeth, 'go thou and do likewise.'

"So they began to pray at some distance, till the young man, unable to endure the fervour of her devotion, began to cry aloud that he should be destroyed by it. Whereupon her maidens running to him, found him all on fire, so that they could not touch his clothes, but were fain hastily to withdraw their hands, with such a vehement heat did he burn. Elizabeth hereupon ceased to pray; and the young man, inspired by this divine warmth, went into the order of the Franciscans."

It appears almost incredible that a woman of any mind could feel gratified by homage paid her, drawn from such a source as this silly legend, at which she could not choose but laugh in contempt; but that she endured any flattery, is proved too clearly; and that the best and greatest about her did not disdain to use it, is also too apparent. Witness all the folly addressed to her by Sir Philip Sidney, in so many of his works. She who could

endure the fulsome compliments contained in his Lady of May, might well delight in any. It is laughable to note the absurdity of the time, in its indulgence to her weakness. Wherever she appeared, new devices were contrived to flatter and delight her: she could not step but nymphs and shepherds darted forth, falling at her feet, and uttering extravagant praises, which were echoed by the courtiers round her. In the masque alluded to, she is called

"The only sight this age hath granted to the world,"

and the Lady of May, acknowledged to be a divinity of beauty, confesses her inferiority to

"The beautifullest lady these woods have ever received;"

and the lovers address her—

"Judge you to whom all beauty's force is lent;
Judge you of Love to whom all Love is bent!"

And one wretched shepherd is heard to exclaim:—

"How many courtiers, think you, have I heard, under one field, in bushes, making their woeful complaints; some of the greatness of their mistress's estate, which dazzled their eyes, and yet burned their hearts: some, of the extremity of her beauty, mixed with extreme cruelty: some, of her too much wit, which made all their loving labour folly. Oh! how often have I heard one name sound in many mouths, making our vales witnesses of their doleful agonies! So that, with

long-lost labour, finding their thoughts bare no other wool but despair, of young courtiers, they grew old shepherds!"

Every one was secure of attention and redress who had wit and cunning enough to offer Elizabeth the incense in which she most delighted. Osborn tells a characteristic story of her, which shows how well her weakness was understood by all ranks:—

"A purveyor having abused the county of Kent, upon her remove to Greenwich, whither she often resorted, being, as I have heard, the first air she breathed, and, therefore, most likely to agree with her, a countryman, watching the time she went to walk, which was commonly early, and being wise enough to take his time when she stood unbent and quiet from the ordinary occasions she was taken up with, placing himself within reach of her ear, did, after the fashion of his coat, cry aloud, 'Which is the queen?' Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned about towards him, and he continuing still his question, she herself answered, 'I am your queen; what wouldst thou have with me?' 'You,' replied the fellow, 'are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter, Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you: but that Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, as I am not able to live.'"

The Queen, no less auspicious to all suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, of which she held a high esteem, after her looking-glasses (long laid by before her death) might have confuted her in any good opinion of her face, than malignant to all oppression above her own, inquired who was the purveyor; and, as the story went, suffered him to be hanged, after a special order for his trial, according to a statute made to prevent abuses in this kind."

The Earl of Shrewsbury's son and successor, Gilbert, showed little feeling for his father's death when he came to know it, and little respect for his memory. He must have been a time-serving, weak man, governed by his overbearing wife, who was a true daughter of her mother.

He was unfortunate in his public career, not having, probably, improved the opportunity of the flirtation in the "tylte-yard," and having neglected to feign a tender passion to his vain mistress, which might have advanced him in her favour; for she was not particular as to the fact of her supposed adorers being married or single. His wife would, it is likely, have exhibited due indulgence, had he thought it necessary to be in love with Queen Elizabeth, both because more was to be gained by the presumption, and less reality was likely to go towards the profession, than his father's attachment to Queen Mary, which the old countess could not brook, for Mary

was beautiful and her fortunes ruined, while Elizabeth was far from attractive, and stood on the top of Fortune's wheel, ready to dispense her favours to all who approached her.

Be this as it may, Gilbert Talbot was never very distinguished in Elizabeth's reign, and yet was neglected by James, as being one of the adherents of the former Court.

The following anecdote exhibits his wife, the daughter of the countess, in a light by no means unlike her mother:

"In 1592, the families of Cavendish and Stanhope, in the county of Nottingham, were upon exceeding ill terms, insomuch that blood was shed on both sides. The following is a copy of a message sent by Mary Cavendish, countess of Salop, to Sir Thomas Stanhope, of Shelford, Kn^{t}, by one George Holt, and Williamson; and delivered by the said Williamson, Feb. 15, 1592, in the presence of certain persons whose names were subscribed:—'My Lady hath commanded me to say thus much unto you, That though you be more wretched, vile, and miserable, than any creature living; and *for your wickedness, become more ugly in shape than the vilest toad in the world;* and one to whom none of reputation would vouchsafe to send any message; yet she hath thought good to send thus much to you:—that she be contented you should live (and doth no waies wist your death) but to this end: that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any man may light

upon such a caitiff as you are; and that you should live to have all your friends forsake you; and without your great repentance, which she looketh not for, because your life hath been so bad, you will be damned perpetually in hell fire.' "

This *courteous* message from a lady, contained words even more offensive, but the very bearer of it was ashamed of his commission, refusing to repeat it when required; a circumstance which did happen, though it might naturally be supposed that to hear such a speech *once* was sufficient for those to whom it was addressed. The messenger assured those who heard him, "that if he had failed in anything, it was in speaking it more mildly, and not in terms of such disdain as he was commanded."

Whether the answer sent by the opponents was equally gentle and conciliating, does not appear; but it was probably conceived in the same style; as that was not an age for great delicacy, either of feeling or expression.

This charming wife brought Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, a son, who died in infancy, and three daughters, all of whom married noblemen of high character as well as birth: viz. to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, and Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel.

The husband of the grand-daughter of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, was the son of that amiable Countess of Pembroke, whose virtues her exalted

brother, Sir Philip Sidney, and Ben Jonson, have celebrated.

"So near approach the lofty and the low!"

Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, does not appear to have been a woman of greater sense than sweetness of temper, as is proved by the weak belief in remedies which a letter, written by her brother, proves. In this, however, she may not have been more credulous than many persons of her age, who attributed to gold and precious stones virtues which they did not possess.

All sorts of absurdities were at this time practised in medicine. In an account of the death of the Earl of Derby, in 1594, he is said to have taken Bezoar stone and *unicorn's horn*, and *yet did not recover*; which appeared plainly to prove to those about him that he was bewitched, and some wretched women were examined and tortured accordingly to make them confess the fact, of which no doubt existed, inasmuch as in his chamber was found *an image of wax* with a *hair drawn through the body of it*.

SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY. 1592.

"Madam.—The French man by whom I should come to *that salt of gold* is gone to Cambridge, and I doubt will be a good time before his return; but making relation to Mr. Dyer of your opinion thereof

he, exceedingly extolling it, said he would once more help to four grains of it; and, redoubling his words, he said 'once or twice more.' He sayth *the pearl* should be taken fourteen days together, every day ten grains, and then be left off six months, with many other circumstances of the *coral*, and the rest. Sir Walter Rawley saith he hath but little left, and hath sent you of two sorts. * * Because I would have the box this night with you I cease from foreign news, &c.

Your most assured loving brother to command,

CHARLES CAVENDISH."

Oatlands.

The death of Earl George, it might have been supposed, would have put an end to the countess's quarrels and struggles for supremacy; her dear friend, Earl Gilbert, who betrayed and worried his father for her sake, or rather for the sake of his own interest, was now at the head of affairs; but she soon found that nothing but envy and jealousy sprang up between the greedy tribe; who, like the daughters of the horse-leech, kept crying "Give, give; it is not enough."

Her favourite "son, William Cavendish," seems very soon to have driven Gilbert from her regard; probably she never in truth cared for him further than, as being his father's heir, she thought it well to keep on good terms with him.

Her "jewell Arbella," seems also an object of

envy and suspicion to the earl and his wife, to whose care she was confided; although they kept their feelings in some check, still looking to the possibility of Arabella's future high estate, nevertheless they did not neglect her means to conciliate the old countess in their favour.

A friend, Sir Francis Leake, writes to Earl Gilbert, while all sorts of law contentions are going on:—

"I did never hear that any of your lordship's council should speak that your lordship should come and seek my old lady's favour, nor she yours. * * And I did never hear that my lady Arabella's coming into this country was by your lordship's means; neither do I yet hear any cause of her coming down but to see my old lady her right honourable grandmother. But, to deliver my own opinion, I did in my heart rejoice in her coming, and trusted the same would have redounded to the appearing or at least entrance to qualify such controversies and suites as yet depend unended betwixt your lordship and my old lady. The longer such great persons contending, the more suits and contentions will still arise, and the sooner they come to a quiet end the greater comfort is to yourselves and all those friends that love you all."

Another correspondent of Earl Gilbert's does not appear so much in the character of a peace-maker as Sir Francis Leake. Thomas Woodward writes

long, tedious letters, setting forth all the wrongs of the earl, and telling him a thousand petty particulars, calculated to irritate instead of soothing. He says, "Your unkindness *sticks sore in her teeth;*" but he does not take a good way to soften it, when he goes on to talk of "the manifold injuries and most unkind dealing of the old countess towards your lordship, not only in waste and spoil on suits and vexations for trifles, in *intruding into your honour's lands, which are no part of her jointure,* but also in giving countenance, or rather most foul maintenance of your lordship's most base and paltry enemies. Whereat all the world, *that knoweth the rising of her happy fortune,* wonder at her injurious course against so noble a person, and her own progeny."

Earl Gilbert, and his brothers, seem to have been on such bad terms at this time, that the Queen thought it necessary to interfere to prevent him and Edward Talbot from fighting a duel. Many letters passed between them of the most hostile nature, in which the elder brother exhibits the worst possible feeling. The subject of contention is still "gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold."

To the very last the countess seemed in a state of contention with her family. Some differences even appear to have arisen between her and her favourite, Arabella, at this time; but they were made up by King James's means, and sealed by Arabella's procuring her son, William, the title of baron.

In a lively letter from Sir Francis Leake, who was her connexion, she is named as quarrelling with her daughter-in-law, Lady Cavendish. The letter is amusing and characteristic, and places before the mind's eye the imperious Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury — her ladies, friends, and young daughters, attired as huntresses, and mounted on swift steeds, sweeping along through the glades and over the downs of the extensive and beautiful parks of Derbyshire, armed with bows and arrows, like Diana and her train.

SIR FRANCIS LEAKE TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

1605. July 6th, Sutton.

" My right honourable good Lord,

" Your lordship hath sent me a very great and fat buck, the welcomer, being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand. I trust, by the grace of God, he shall be merrily eaten at these assizes, where your lordship and my lady shall be often remembered. My *bald buck* lives still to wait upon your lordship and my lady's coming hither; which I expect, whensoever it shall please you to appoint, only this, that my lady does not hit him through the nose for marring his white face; howbeit I know her ladyship takes pity of my bucks since the last time it pleased her to take the travel to shoot at them.

" I am afraid that my honourable ladies, my Lady Alathea, and my Lady Cavendish, will com-

mand their arrow heads to be very sharp; yet I charitably trust such good ladies will be pitiful. I may well afford your lordship, and such as attend upon you, bucks here, if you can kill them; for I understand your lordship, and my honourable cousin, Sir Charles Cavendish, will bestow more bucks upon me than will serve to furnish the best sheriff's diet; and so of my bountiful mind, I mean to kill, in my own part, *just not one.*

" I am sorry for Sir Robert Dudley's great overthrow, because I was much bound in duty to his father; and if he do marry Mrs. Southwell, it is felony by these last statutes.*

" My Lord Cavendish's lady is very sick, at Oldcotes; it is said my old lady and she have had *some discontenting speeches.*

" The Lady Bowes is this day come home: I wish her some good night company, to defend her from *walking spirits.*

* This was a case which excited much attention at the time. Sir Robert Dudley's legitimacy was disputed by his mother-in-law; and the question being determined against him, he retired, in disgust, to Italy; from whence refusing to return, he was deprived of his estates by a shameful misapplication of the statute of fugitives. Sir Robert was married; but, at this time, had eloped with Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Sir Robert Southwell, of Woodrising, in Norfolk; and this imprudent step put a finishing stroke to all his future prospects in England, as it afforded James a new plea for the unjust assumption of the late Earl of Leicester's estates. The frail fair one lived for several years in Italy with Sir Robert, bearing the title of Duchess of Northumberland, the dukedom of which the Duke of Tuscany had affected to confer on her reputed husband by letters patent. It is strange that neither Dugdale nor Collins should mention this remarkable circumstance.—*Lodge.*

"My Mall, I thank God, is as I could wish, but more sickly than she was upon *my little black eyes*. It will be a comfort to see you, and my good lady, at the old house; and with our duties,

We rest at your service,

FRAN. LEAKE."

Probably Sir Francis Leake was more friendly to that part of the family, both of Talbot and Cavendish, which was at variance with the old Countess; for Sutton is the mansion whose magnificence so much offended her, that she built Oldcotes in emulation, or derision.

Sutton Hall still stands; a very beautiful house, but no longer the rival of Hardwick, which remains in its original state, while Sutton was long after almost wholly rebuilt in a very elegant and imposing style. A small closet is shown where the fugitive, Charles II., is said to have concealed himself for a night. The carving of the doors and the inlaid wood-work of the staircase are extremely fine; it seems that a coal field, under the estate, promises to render it a mine of wealth, added to that already possessed by the present owner.*

The shade of Bess of Hardwick may be made unquiet yet, by the knowledge of her neighbour's prosperity.

The church of Sutton adjoins the house, and is very picturesque; there are in the aisle some curious

* Robert Arkwright, Esq.

stones, one carved with a Saxon cross, and—what seems—a stone hatchet; and a fine monument, one of the Fuljamb family.

During the seventeen years of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury's widowhood, her chief occupation seems to have been the carrying into effect a project of building, which there is nothing to prove that she had not already begun in the lifetime of her husband. She had made great additions to the family mansion of Hardwick, in which she was born, but did not satisfy herself; and seems at length to have taken the resolution of erecting an entirely new house, exactly according to her own taste. Some remnant of affection for a dwelling where she had passed some of her early years, where her parents resided, and where, it may be, some of those days dearest to her heart, when William Cavendish was her companion, were passed—some feeling of tenderness, such as the hardest hearts experience occasionally, may have saved part of old Hardwick Hall from destruction when she took much of the materials of the ancient erection to create a newer and more magnificent hall within a few hundred yards.

Time has spared both, as if it had destined the world to judge of the style and taste of the foundress and her ancestors; and in these remains the character of the energetic countess seems to be at once seen and understood, while the manner of living of her time is presented to the beholder with

a vividness such as is to be found, perhaps, in no mansion in England besides.

New Hardwick Hall is said to have been never altogether completed; but it remains a splendid monument of princely taste and proud magnificence worthy of the present noble and liberal possessor of that relic of the countess and her times. At Chatsworth all of her has vanished by degrees, as, from age to age, the building was altered and improved, till the gorgeous and unapproachable fabric, as it now appears, filled with the choicest treasures of art, and surrounded by the most pleasing beauties of nature, stood forth a marvel in the country.

However beautiful and rich may be the dwellings of the great, the interest they excite is but transient without there are recollections attached to them on which the mind can dwell with feelings allied to something beyond mere admiration. Thus Chatsworth, even in its modern dress, carries one back to the period when Bess of Hardwick and her husband planned and built on that same ground; and, above all, when the captive Queen, of ill-fated memory, looked from its turrets with vain hope and unimagined despair.

There is, however, nothing left of Mary but her name, her picture, and a romantic spot in Chatsworth Park, called Queen Mary's Bower, where she might really once have sat, pondering on her eventful life.

Hardwick Hall is full of the recollections of

Mary; so much so, that, if superstition were allowable, the feeling of intimacy with her here, might prove that she had really breathed within the walls where tradition has loved to assert that her spirit still walks, meeting, at midnight, in the old gallery, her rivals, the two Elizabeths, whose pictures, with her own, are hanging there. Unless the precise date were ascertained when New Hardwick Hall began to rise in its majesty, it is useless positively to assert, as of late has been done, that Mary Stuart never visited this house. There are so many interruptions in the correspondence of all the parties during the sixteen years that Mary resided under different roofs belonging to Lord Shrewsbury, that it is by no means certain that she was not brought here, or to the older Hall, for a space, however brief.

Be this as it may, the reason for the tradition, so long believed and so reluctantly parted with, is, that there exists, in New Hardwick Hall, a chamber, called Queen Mary's, where her bed, her tapestry, chairs, &c. are placed.

These relics, it is well known, came from Chatsworth, at the time when alterations there rendered their removal necessary. The adornments above the door, also, came from the same place; but the door itself, and the panels round the room, are, doubtless, now in their original position: the date of 1599 proving that they could not have belonged to a chamber occupied by Mary, who

was freed from custody, by a sure and faithful hand—that of death—eleven years before.

The appearance of this interesting room, as it is now shown, is as follows:—It is in one of the six projecting square towers, has two fine windows, with heavy stone frames, and small panes of glass, of diamond shape. The tapestry which adorns the walls is of "*forest work;*" that is, groves of trees, with occasional rural accidents introduced: as a cottage embowered, a cascade, or stream, in which aquatic birds are sailing. The original bright tints are faded, and the blues and greens have lost their richness. There is an elaborate border surrounding the pieces, once, no doubt, of great beauty,—when the wreaths of flowers and fruit were as vivid as they are now dim.

The bedstead is not the original, and has been cut down to suit the state of the hangings, much injured from the uncourteous zeal of Mary's admirers, whose idle fondness for trifles too often, it appears, by the dilapidations, got the better of the reverence due to that which had belonged to her. The ground of the hangings is black velvet, on which are worked—it is said with her own hand—large flowers, of different kinds; the whole bordered by a running pattern, of great elegance, introducing the form of the fleur-de-lys, and the initials "M. S." throughout. There is little doubt that this, and a great deal of embroidery besides in the house, was worked by Mary and her ladies,

whose needles were never quiet; for, as the queen herself records, she worked without ceasing, until she suffered from the close application.*

* "*Mary Q. of Scots' Imprisonment at Tutbury.*"—(Mr. White to Sir William Cecil, 26 Feb. 1568.)—'When I came to Colsell, a town in Chesterway, and understood that Tutbury Castell was not above half a day's journey out of my way, finding the winde contrary, and having somewhat to say to my Lord of Shrewesbery, toching the County of Wexford, I tooke post horses and came thither abowte five of the clocke in the evening, where I was veray frendly receyved by the Erle.

"The Queene of Scotts understanding by his Lordship, that a Servant of the Quene's Majestie's of some creditt was come to the house, semed deasyrous to speak with me, and therupon came furthe of her Privy Chamber into the Presens Chamber, where I was, and in veray curteise manner bade me welcom, and asked of me howe hir good syster did. I told hir Grace that the Quene's Majestie (God be praised) did veray well, saving that all hir felicities gave place to some naturall passions of Greif, which she conceaved for the deathe of her kinswoman and goode servant the Lady Knolls; and howe by that occasion hir Highnes fell for a while, from a Prince waunting nothing in this world, to private Morning, in which solitary estate being forgettfull of hir awin helthe, she tooke cold, wherwith she was muche trowbled, and wherof she was well delivered.

"This much past, she harde the Englishe sarvice with a booke of the Psalmis in Englishe in hir hand, which she showed me after. When Sarvice was done, hir Grace fell in talke with me of sundry matters, from 6 to 7 of the clocke, beginning first to excuse hir ill Englishe, declaring hir self more willing than apt to lerne that language; howe she used translations as a means to attayn it; and that Mr. Vice-Chamberlayn was hir good scole-master. From this she returned back again to talke of my Lady Knolls. And after many speches past to and fro of that Gentil-woman, I perceyving hir to harpe muche upon hir Departure,

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* Tutbury is four miles from Burton upon Trent, on the west bank of the river Dove. The ruins of the Castle are still in existence.—*Vide Nightingale's Beauties of England and Wales,* Vol. xiii. p. 2.

The door is of dark wood, with a pattern and scrolls like the pannels, which are painted black, and gilt, with the letters G. S. in every compart-

sayd, that the long absence of hir husband (and specially in that article) together with the fervency of hir fever, did greatly furthir hir ende; waunting nothing els that either Art, or Man's helpe could devise for hir recovery; lying in a princes' Cort nere hir person, where every owre hir careful care understoode of hir estate, and where also she was veray often visited by hir Majestie's awne comfortable presens: And sayd merely, that, although hir Grace were not culpable of this Accydent, zet she was the cause without which ther being asunder had not hapned. She sayd, she was veraye sorry for hir death, because she hoped well to have been acquaynted with hir. I perceyve, by my Lord of Shrewesbery, sayd she, that ye goo into Irlande (whiche is a trowblesom cuntry) to serve my syster there: I do so, Madame, and the chiefest trowble of Irland proceedes from the north of Scotland throwe the Erle of Argile's supportation: whereunto she little ainswered.

"I asked hir, how she liked hir change of ayre: she sayd, if it might have pleased hir good sister to lett hir remeyn where she was, she woulde not have removed for change of ayre, this tyme of the yere; but she was the better contentyd therwith, because she was come so muche the nerer to hir guid syster, whom she desyred to see above all things, if it might please hir to graunt the same. I told hir Grace that althoghe she had not the actuall, yet she had always the effectuall presens of the Quene's Majestie by hir greate bountye and kindnes; who (in the opinion of us abrode in the worlde) did every way performe towards hir, the office of a gracious prince, a naturall kinswoman, a loving syster, and a faithefull frend; and how muche she had to thanke God, that, after the passing of so many perills, she was lately arrived into suche a realme, as where all we of the comon sort demed she had the good cause (throwe the goodnes of the Quene's Majestie) to think hirself rather princelike intertayned than hardly restrayned of any thinge, that was fitt for hir grace's estate: And for my awne parte did wishe hir Grace mekely to bowe hir mynde to God, who hath put hir into this scole, to lerne to knowe him to be above Kings and Princes of this world; with such other like speches as tyme and occasion then served; which she veray gentilly accepted, and confessed that indede she had great cause

ment. Above the door is a carving of the arms of Scotland, M. R.; and this inscription—"*Marie Stewart par le grace de Dieu Reyne de Scosse*

to thanke God for sparing of hir, and greate cause likewise to thanke hir guid syster for this kindly using of hir; As for contentation in this hir present estate she would not require at God's hands, but only pacience, whiche she humbly prayed him to give hir.

"I asked hir Grace since the wether did cutt of all exercises abrode, howe she passed the tyme within: She sayd, that all that day she wrought with her nydill, and that the diversitie of the colors made the worke seme lesse tedious, and contynued so long at it till veray payn made hir to give over, and with that layd hir hand upon hir left syde and complayned of an old greif newly increased there. Upon this occasion she entred into a pretty disputable comparison between Karving, Painting, and working with the nydill, affirming painting in hir awne opinion for the most commendable qualitie: I answered hir Grace, I could skill of neither of thame, but that I have redd, *Picture* to be *veritas falsa:* With this she closed up hir talke, and bydding me farewell, retyred into hir privay Chamber.

"She sayd nothing directly of yourself to me. Nevertheless I have found that, which at my first entry into hir presence Chamber I imagined, which was, that hir servant Bethun, had given hir some privye note of me: for as sone as he espied me, he forsoke our acquayntance at Cort, and repayred straight into hir Privay Chamber and from that furthe could never see him. But after supper Mr. Harry Knolls and I fell into some close conferens, and he (among other things) tolde me how lothe the Quene was to leave Bolton Castle, not sparing to give further in speche, that the secretary was hir enemy, and that she mystrusted by this removing he would cause hir to be made away; and that hir daunger was so muche the more, because there was one dwelling very nere Tutbery, which pretended title in succession to the crown of England (meaning the Erle of Huntington). But when hir passion was past (as he told me) she sayed that thoo the Secretary were not hir frend, yet she must say he was an experte wise man, a maynteyner of all good lawes for the government of this realme, and a faithfull servaunt to his mistress; wishing it might be hir luck to gett the friendship of so wise a man.

"Sir, I durst take upon my deathe to justifie, what manner of

Douariére de France." The crest is a lion with this motto—"*In my Defens.*"

The tapestry answers to a description of that

man Sir William Cecill ys, but I know not whens this opinion procedes. The living God presarve hir life long, whom you sarve in singlenes of hart, and make all hir deasyred successors to become hir predecessors.

"But, if I (whiche in the sight of God beare the Queene's Majestie a rationall love besyde my bounden dutie) might give advise, there shuld veray few subjects in this land have accesse to or conferens with this lady. For besyd, that she is a goodly personadge, (and yet in trouthe not comparable to our souverain) she hathe withall an alluring grace, a pretty Scottishe speche, and a serching witt, clowded with myldnes. Fame might move some to releve hir, and glory joyned to gayn might stir others to adventure moche for hir sake; then joy is a lively infective sens and cariethe many perswasions to the hart, which ruleth all the rest; Myn awne affection by seeing the Quene's Majestie our Souverain is dowbled, and therby I gesse what sight might worke in others. Hir Heare of itself is black, and zet Mr. Knolls told me, that she weares heare of divers colors.

"In looking upon hir clothe of estate, I noted this sentence embrodred, *En ma fin est mon commencement;* which is a ryddill I understande not. The greatist personage in house about hir is the Lord of Levenston and the lady his wife, which is a fayre gentilwoman; and it was told me, both protestants. She hathe nine women more, fifty persons in household, with ten horses. The Busshope of Ross lay then thre myles of in a towne called Burton upon Trent, with unother Scottishe lord, whose name I have forgotten. My Lord of Shrewesbery is veray carefull of his charge but the Quene over waches thame all; for it is one of the clocke at least every night er she goo to bed. The next morning I was upp tymely and viewing the seate of the house, which in myn opinion standes moche like Windesor, I espied two halberd men without the Castell wall serching undernethe the Quene's bed chamber windowe. Thus have I trowbled your honor with rehersall of this long colloquy, hapned betwene the Quene of Scotts and me; and zet had I rather in myn awne fansy adventure thus to encumber youe then leave it unreported, as nere as my memory could sarve me; thoghe the greatest part of our communication was in the presence of my Lord of Shrewes-

which was hung in her rooms at Sheffield; and as it was usual to remove some of the furniture from place to place when a change of residence was effected, this is, perhaps, the same as that named in a MS. book, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, of which the list is so curious, as a guide to the treasures of that period to be found at Hardwick, that I imagine it will please those for whom these domestic details possess interest.

"NAT^{L}. JOHNSTON'S MS. EXT.

"That it may appear to posterity what rich and plentifull furniture my lord had in Sheffield Castle and Sheffield Lodge, I shall heare sett down the principal things as they were writt in a book entitled:—

'A Brief Inventory of my Lordes Household Stuff at Sheffield Castle and Sheffield Lodge, within the charge of J. Dickonson and Wm. Katterall, the Wardrobemen, and others; seen and reviewed the 17 June, 1583. A° Regni Eliz. 25.

Imprimis.

Hangings brought from London with the story of the Sybile . . . . 6 pieces.
Hangings of Imagery for the chapel . 7 p.

bery and Mr. Harry Knolls; praying you to beare with me theryn, among the number of those that lode youe with long frivolus letters. And so I humbly take my leave, awayting an easterly winde."—*From the Burghley State Papers.* Vol. I. *Haynes*, p. 509.

Hangings of Forest work . . . . 39 p.
come from Hardwick . . . . 2 p.
of the story of Hercules 6
of the story of the Passion . . . 2
of the Bullheade 1
of Arras worke 1
of small leaves 13
of Leaves (old) 1
of *Darrnix* 14
of Motley 15
Cupboard clothes. of Clouds . . . 10
Carpets of needle-work cruell lined . 10
Long carpet of Arras work 1
Long carpets of Tapistree 20
Long Turkey carpets 80
Short carpet of needle-work cruell . . 1
Short Turkey carpets lined 2
Do. unlined . . . 11
Carpets of *check* bought of Craven . 4

Counterpaynes and Teasters of velvett and silke and other costly stuff.

Item. One Cloth of State of crimson velvet and cloth of gold and tyssue with a fringe of crimson silke and gold.

A taffaty canopy of changeable silke, laid about with silver, twisted silver fringe and buttons. Item. one *base* for the same laid about with silver twist and silver fringe.

Item: one counterpane of the same.

It. one cawle of *cutt work* wrought with silk upon

wire, set with flowers with a fringe of silk and silver.

One base of wood painted, for the same.

Counterpane with a string of red and white silk.

One top Teaster of blew velvet, lined with a blew changeable Taffata.

One counterpane and 5 curtains of blew changeable Taffatas for the same teaster.

One Topp teaster of purple velvett and cloth of gold lined with purple and yellow sarcenet.

One counterpane and five curtains for the same of purple and yellow sarcenet.

One square teaster with vallants f^r^ the same of cloth of gold and tissue and white sattin embroidered with studs of silver and a fringe of silk and gold, embroidered with my lord's arms.

A counterpane with the same, crimson sattin with my lord's arms embroidered.

It. one square teaster of FFUGUSA sattin of green and yellow paned with a fringe of green and yellow silke with counterpane of the same.

One square teaster with Vallence f^r^ the same of red and white sattin of Bruges.

One square teaster with double vallence, of *Ffugusa* sattin with a green and orange-tawney fringe and orange tawney sarcenet for the same.

A top teaster of vestment work with a green silk fringe lined with green Buckram.

A square teaster of Ash coloured silk and cloth of

Bodekin with a fringe of purple silk lined with *harden* cloth, *old.*

Teaster of tawney velvet and cloth of *Bodekin* with a fringe of tawney silk lined with buckram, old.

2 square teasters for field beds and counterpanes for the same of green cloth lined with white.

One carved teaster of wood with three posts unturned.

Counterpane of *Darnix.* Counterpane of Leave work.

Curtains of Green Mockado.

Curtains of ash coloured Buckram.

Item *feather beds* 77
Item old *feather beds* 5
Bolsters 99 good. stuffed wth haire 6, unfilled 5—1 old—in all 111

Item fine mattrasses I. 9. Course mattresses 69. It. pallet cases. item. fustians—11—item fflannell—4. Item *happing* 11. Item. *ffledges* 43. (Item whole cloths of ffledge to make ffledges of peeces—3.)

Item white Blanquets—116. It. Blanquets red—4. Irish mantle—1. Coverlets—84. it. coverlets of List 15. Sheetes of all kinds—150 paires.

Square pillows covered with red silk 2. yellow silk 2, purple 2, in all 6.

Fustian pillows 21—leather 8 (29.)

Long cushion of crimson velvet bothomed with sattin of Bruges *tashels* and fringe.

Long cushions of cloth of tissue—3, (several of these are at Hardwick,) and do. of silk needle work bothomed with Russett velvet."

A great many articles like the following fill up the list.

"Another blew velvet and blew sattin of Bruges embroidered with studs a Lyon on it.

Item of *Flugas* sattin bothomed with green changeable taffeta. 2 *Verders Quishions.* 2 with *talbots*—18.

Chaires.

Crimson silk and silver fringe, 1.
Cloth of tissue fringe red and yellow.
Crimson velvet fringe.
Purple velvet emb. cloth of gold.
Black velvet.
Purple velvet, my Lord's chamber, 2."

Here a long list of the same.

"Greate chaire of wood for my Lord to *sett* in on S^t^. George's day.

Stools many.

Covered red velvet purled gold wire.

Footstool crimson velvet and cloth of gold, fringe green and yellow silk set on with a lace.

Litter stools green sattin of Bruges, green *crule* fringe 2.

Skrens—forms. long *setles.* bedsteads. presses. cupboards. 43 tables.

8 standing chests bound with iron
little iron casket in my lord's bedroom
Item. faire square chest *inlaid with bone,* made in E. Francis time with a Talbot.
Other chests.

Stuff in wardrobe

red cloth for a *runing* horse bordered with black velvet, embroidered with Talbots of silver & lined with black buckram
A coate for a Capt[n] of red cloth bordered about with black velvet

Banners with the Queens arms	2
old black bills with shafts	20
without	18
forest bills, javelin staves	24
mustring coats of Darnick	4 '

I omit all iron, brass peuther &c. also what is in the pantry, Bakehouse, brewhouse. stables garden. Gallery at the lodge. stillhouse & at Castle & Lodge &c.

I shall now only give a little abridgment of the Inv[y] of what stuff the Q. of Scots & her people have of my Lords

In the Q. chamber.

Hangings of the Passions and of warres 8 pieces
do of imagery 1
All furniture for two beds & other utensells for two roomes.

A long cushion cloth of tissue

In the chambers of the Queens household 4 bedsteads and ffurniture, hanging, &c.

Item M^r^ Hawes chamber. furniture for 2 beds & 2 pallets & for M. Rawleys. M. Bergen the Physician. M^r^ Curles chamber M. *Vylandlaw.* M. Jaibyth Chirurgeon. M. Bastyon. M. Diddyes. *Raundalls* & *Dilly Blacks* bed.

The Queens outer chambers most of them furnished with two beds & pallets hanging, cupboards. tables & generally but one stool. one candlestick and so in the master cooks & other chambers beds for themselves & servants

I find but one chamber mentioned for the Queen's Lady, Viz^t^ M^rs^ Seatons. in it one plain bedstead. 2 feather beds 2 bolsters 2 p^re^ of sheets 1 red blanket 2 white. counterpane of small leaves coverlet. ffustion. Square teaster of yellow & watchet damask quishions of leaves. mattresses Hanging of leaves 3 pieces. buffet stools 3 candlesticks (&c.) cupboards 3 barrs of iron standing in the chimney.

In the Queens Wardrobe.

Item plain bedsteads 2. mattresses 2. Bolsters 3. pallet cases 2. blanquets 2. Coverlets 2. counterpane. (*Sheetes one paire*) fustions 1. pieces of Hangings.

So that upon the whole I finde the appartment for the Q. and her servants but ordinarily furnished *unless the Q. had some of her own.*

In the cloze of all follows a briefe note of all the stuff which the Scotch people have of my L^ds^ as appeareth by the particulars in their several rooms.

Hangings of imagery, forest work & leaves, better & worse 21. 1 long carpet. 6 short. Hangings of yellow and red say & *Bawdekin* old pieces 6. feather beds 17. ffine mattresses 1, course 13. Bolsters 20. P. sheetes 17. Blanquets 34. ffledges 6. ffustions 6. Happings 1. pallet cases 5. coverlets of yarne 14. Coverlets of List 3. Counterpanes 9. Canopyes 1. Candlesticks 9. Buffet forms 2. Buff^t^ stools 8. Andirons 8. fire shovells 3. 1 P^r^ tongs.

Besides this gen^l^ (abridged) Inv. of Sheffield Castle & Lodge, the Earl had other houses well furnished especially Worksop. Rufford. Newhall at Pontefract. Wingfield and Tutbury.

In one y^r^ 600 & odd ells of cloth are named as put out to be bleached much linen imported f^m^ France, and wine in exchange for *lead* sent to *Roan* to be there sold. 20 tuns (arrivd at Hull) yearly. (1577 *expenses of.*)"

Mr. King, in his work on Ancient Castles,* (as quoted by Nichols in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth,") says, "Hardwicke House, in Derbyshire, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, containing the state apartments fitted up by the

* Archæologia, Vol. VI. p. 301.

Countess of Shrewsbury, for the reception of the Queen of Scots, and on account of the designed visit of Queen Elizabeth, remains in its primitive state, with the original furniture, to this day ; and deserves to have a large and accurate account of it, as a means of conveying to the curious in time to come, an exact idea of the ancient style of living, and of the manners of that peculiar age."

Whether there had ever been an intention, on the part of Elizabeth of Hardwick, to receive her namesake, Queen Elizabeth, at the old or new hall, or not, there are rooms there fitted up with so much state, that it would appear not unlikely. That, for instance, called the Presence Chamber, is gorgeous beyond belief, and when all its carving, and gilding, and stucco painted in relief, were fresh, the effect must have been splendid in the extreme. Even at this moment, when so much of its glory has departed from it, it is difficult to imagine anything more imposing than this chamber, before whose grandeur, the modern magnificence of Chatsworth itself falls into comparative insignificance.

It is on the second floor of the building, and is approached by a series of stone stairs, which lead from the great entrance hall, having large landing places of the size of good rooms at intervals, and lighted by innumerable windows ; some are within, and unglazed, and others looking towards the park and gardens. The highest landing-place is adorned with four enormous windows in one of

the square towers, which are distinguishing features of the house, and gave rise to the saying, well known in the country:—

"*Hardwick Hall has more glass than wall.*"

A flood of light streams here through the myriad panes of glass, crossed with their leaden frames in diamond shape: a balustrade of stone, of bold workmanship, surmounts the stairs, whose walls are covered with fine arras of bold design. A richly-carved wooden door with pilasters, excessively ornamented, with a cornice and entablature of the arms of Hardwick above it, and having an elaborately-worked iron lock of great beauty, opens into the Presence Chamber, the tapestry which covers the door being looped up to admit entrance; by removing another fold a door at the side is discovered here, which opens to the great gallery, and between the two rooms runs a long dark, narrow passage of very ominous appearance, and somewhat suspicious, from the use that might have been made of it, as a concealment for listeners in troublous times.

The majestic chamber is now disclosed in all its pomp: along the walls is hung fine tapestry, whose boldly-executed scenes are from the Odyssey; several feet above this, to the ceiling, the space is covered with plaster figures, in relief, of Diana and her train, still partly retaining their colours; they are occupied in various kinds of chase, and are flitting

amongst groves of trees, and over fields covered with flowers; the groups are very original and curious, and the general effect extremely rich. In an immense recess, twenty feet square, formed by another square tower, are numerous antique treasures, lighted by gigantic windows, similar to those in the staircase ante-room. Here now stands one of those gorgeously-decorated beds which are not uncommon in ancient houses; of proportions perfectly startling, heavy with velvet hangings, and stiff with gold embroidery. Every part of the bedstead is richly carved, even to the feet, which are elegantly adorned with figures and foliage. A splendid looking-glass, with a carved frame of the boldest work, representing animals of all kinds, amongst wreaths of leaves and flowers, is placed against the carved wall, of a darker hue and elaborate adornment. The velvet-covered stools and chairs are all in accordance, and there is a table with curiously-involved metal work all over it, having initials interlaced, which it requires infinite ingenuity to decipher.

Besides this stupendous recess, there are four immense windows which illumine the opposite walls, and the coloured and gilt arms of England of Elizabeth's time are over the fine Derbyshire black-and-white marble chimney-piece. The chamber is sixty-five feet long, thirty-three wide, and twenty-six high; at the upper extremity is a canopy of state, of great singularity from its style of ornament. It is of black velvet, covered with figures

in the costume of Elizabeth's Court; some sitting in a bower, some walking in the meads; the whole surface being strewn with leaves, flowers, snails, grubs, butterflies, and other small animals. In the centre of the back, a lady is represented in a medallion, stepping along, supported by two courtiers, who attend her with infinite deference and gallantry. On the inside of the canopy, the arms of Hardwick, quartered with those of the Bruces of Elgin, are worked very richly: this is probably of a date somewhat later.

Before this canopy, and a row of antique velvet and satin chairs, embroidered in a thick raised gold pattern, stands a long table of inlaid wood—a great curiosity, which no doubt often delighted the eyes of Elizabeth of Hardwick, and her guests, even if her royal mistress never cast her glance upon it. It is covered with instruments of music and games, cards; dice, backgammon, chess, and other boards; music books and scrolls, with the arms of Cavendish and Hardwick; and, in the centre, surrounded with swans, and figures of strange fish, appears a shield fancifully supported by nymphs and stags, garlanded with eglantine; and this quaint motto, which might have conveyed more meaning in its time than it does at present: "*The redolent smell of eglantine we stags exalt to the divine.*" "Prest d'accomplir" and "Cavendo, tutus," accompanying the mystery.

No doubt one of those fine carpets named in the

inventory, covered the plaster floor in the countess's time; and the ceiling, which is now, unfortunately, merely whitewashed, must have been as magnificent as the rest of the chamber, the rafters, of course, gilded and painted, and the Hardwick and Cavendish and Shrewsbury arms gleaming in great splendour.

From this fine room concealed doors, covered with tapestry, lead into the gallery, and to one chamber, now a library, where hangs a fine half-length portrait of Bess of Hardwick, thus inscribed on the back-ground, in gold letters:—

"Elizabeth Hardwick, daughter and coheir of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, in the county of Derby: married to her second husband, Sir William Cavendishe of Chatsworth, in the same county. [*No dates.*] She settled her third son, Charles Cavendishe, at Welbeck, in the county of Nottingham.

Cornelius Johnston."

There is a curious alabaster chimney-piece in this room, having an entablature representing Parnassus and the Muses; and the dim tapestry and portraits of the family are interesting. Two large recesses, each filled with light from one wide window, and a smaller at the side, make the room cheerful, though the ceiling is lower now than when it was first built.

The great gallery of Hardwick Hall is one of the most striking and magnificent that can be conceived.

It is one hundred and seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in width, and extends the whole length of the eastern side of the house. The height is about twenty-six feet, and the extreme width, including the window recesses, forty-one feet. There are ten enormous windows, filled with small diamond panes of glass, whose crossings subdue the light which would otherwise be too glaring. Here is another proof that

> "Hardwick Hall
> Has more glass than wall:"

it is literally true. So numerous and so large are these beautiful windows, that the whole house is transparent, and has, in spite of being built of stone, with heavy framework and immensely thick walls, a fairy-like appearance at a distance.

The gallery is crowded with pictures, chiefly of the family; but those which interest most are, of course, of the period of the countess herself. Here is her own picture, three-quarter length, taken at a later period than that in the library. She wears a curled head-dress, of reddish hair, without ornament; a small black cap, with a thick veil; her dress is black, buttoned down the centre with a sort of open upper vest, a small ruff round her throat, and ruffles at her wrists. But the principal feature in the picture is a rope of pearls, consisting of five or six rows, of great size and immense length. This was probably of considerable value, as it appears again, worn by her daughter Mary, the wife of

Gilbert, in a portrait of her which hangs above her mother's, in which she wears a rich dress, and has some beauty, though a shrewish expression. Near the countess is her last husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, handsome and gentle-looking, but very melancholy, which is not surprising. Sir William Cavendish, either from the fault of nature, or the painter, has a countenance by no means prepossessing; and Sir William St. Loe is a fine bluff soldier—the picture in good preservation, and well painted. Lord Burleigh is their neighbour on the wall, and is a valuable portrait.

Near her grandmother, who was so attached to the little "jewel," is a most interesting portrait of Arabella Stuart, at the age of twenty-three months, holding a doll in her hand, which is attired in the costume of the day. Her brocade dress is very richly embroidered in a delicate pattern of green leaves and pink flowers; the sleeves are wide and stiff, and finished with little ruffles at the wrists, confined by jewelled bracelets. She wears a small cap, of the same texture and pattern as her gown, with a band of gold and gems round it; and her hair, which is evidently false, is reddish and curled, like her grandmother's; to a chain encircling her neck several times, hangs a curious ornament. It is in the form of a scroll, surrounding a heart surmounted by a coronet, and the motto is, "POUR PARVENIR J'ENDURE;" an expression of hope somewhat dangerous, considering the jealous times in

which she lived, when it was requisite that every phrase should be guarded, lest misconstruction or too clear comprehension, should bring the utterer into trouble. However, there stands the infantine, innocent being, in all the finery which her grandmother's pride could heap upon her, who saw in her only an object of exultation, and promise of future greatness. She did not live to know the melancholy fate of her whose future appeared so full of splendour, and which was, alas! little less deplorable than that of the unhappy Queen, with whom circumstances had for so many years connected the Countess of Shrewsbury.

There are two portraits of Mary Stuart in the gallery: one very small, and extremely pleasing, painted at an early period of her life: the other, when care had banished the cheerful smiles that lighted her cheek. The first represents her fair, with hazel eyes, and a head-dress of soft auburn hair, confined by a gold and embroidered net-like cap. A high small ruff comes close up to her chin, which has a beautiful dimple; her cheeks are delicately tinted with the most transparent rose hue; her nose is rather long, and the form not altogether classical: the upper lip is short, and the beautiful little mouth rather falls in. The figure is not continued down to the waist: the bust is well formed, and the shoulders broad. A rich short chain surrounds the throat, and the habit-shirt is gaged with precision; the robe is light crimson, slashed with white, with gold orna-

ments. Altogether, although a little hard, it is a charming portrait, and was probably like the lovely young Queen, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, when she inspired the verses of her favourite poet, Ronsard. Such she was when he addressed to her these lines :—

" TO MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.*

" All beauty granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compar'd to her's, is void—and Nature's care
Ne'er form'd a creature so divinely fair!

" In Spring, amidst the lilies, she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;
And tho' Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint.
With all his richest store Love deck'd her eyes;
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

" The day that was to bear her far away—
Why was I mortal to behold that day!
Oh! had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen,
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropt their flowers!
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm;
Or, rather, would that I some bird had been
Still to be near her in each changing scene,
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And, like a star, to mark her vessel's way;
The dang'rous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be!

* See " Specimens of the Early Poetry of France," by the Author.

"Oh France! where are thy ancient champions gone!—
Roland!—Rinaldo!—is there living none
Her steps to follow, and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward?
Those looks that might subdue the pride of Jove,
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love!
No fault is her's, save in her royal state,
For simple love dreads to approach the great;
He flies from regal pomp—that treacherous snare,
Where truth, unmarked, may wither in despair!

"Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread;
All nature will rejoice—the waves be bright—
The tempest check its fury at her sight—
The sea be calm, her beauty to behold—
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold!—
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own!"

The poet prophesied in vain! Hearts, cold and ungenial as the climate of her native north, chilled the fortunes of the beautiful young widow whose early years had been passed amidst scenes of amusement and enjoyment which she was never to see renewed.

The next dark, sombre, melancholy picture, a large full length, in black, with a cross and rosary, which has often been engraved, wears more the colour of her fate. This might have been done as a present to her host and hostess, during the latter part of her forced sojourn with them: it has little beauty, and a timidity, approaching to terror, in the eyes, as if she were listening for the step of an enemy who had power over her.

Close beside this sad picture, hangs another of the same size; it represents a lady in a black richly-embroidered robe: the back-ground seems to represent the bars of a prison, but the whole is so dark and gloomy that it is difficult to make out. The face and figure are beautiful, but of dark complexion, and the shadows are thrown in with a much bolder hand. It is not unlike some of the portraits of Mary; but no person ever had such dissimilar pictures painted of her, by which the fact is proved that her charm must have in a great degree depended on the variety of her expression, probably as various as the colours of which it was then the fashion to wear the hair; by which last circumstance posterity is misled as to her real complexion.

At Chatsworth, exists, in perfect preservation, a fine full-length portrait of Mary Stuart, by Zucchero, well known by Vertue's engraving; and in this there is certainly more resemblance to the last-named at Hardwick, than to almost any other; but this is not an *undoubted* resemblance.

The portraits of the unfortunate Queen are infinite, and, numerous as they are, are generally unlike each other.

Walpole mentions having a drawing, by Vertue, from a genuine portrait; "The artist," he says, "was a papist and Jacobite, and idolized Mary." This picture did not appear at the sale at Strawberry Hill: he continues—

"At Lord Carlton's desire, and being paid

by him, Vertue engraved a *pretended* portrait of Mary (in that nobleman's possession), but loudly declared his disbelief in its being genuine. Yet, has this portrait been copied in Freron's curious history of Mary Stuart, and in many other works; while the real Mary, by Vertue, *with the skeleton and her age*, has not been re-engraved."

At Knowle there is a charming half-length portrait, very young, not unlike the small one at Hardwick; but I afterwards saw a copy, in enamel, by Bone, of this picture, with the name of Lady Jane Grey on it!

At Castle Howard, in the vale of Avoca, near Dublin, one is shown.

There is one at the Marquess of Bath's, Longleat, curious for costume, but not pleasing.

"Hilliard," says Walpole, "when very young, painted a miniature of her; and the first of all miniature painters—Oliver, did a head of her, of which Zinke made a fine copy, in enamel, engraved in Jebb's collection; this he probably repeated. It was Dr. Meade's, and was bought by the late Duke of Cumberland."

At Windsor there is one, said to be by Janet, with her execution in the back-ground. A copy of this by Mytens is in St. James's Palace.

The Marquis of Ailsa possesses, at Cullean Castle, a very beautiful portrait of Mary, said to have been given by her to Lord Cassilis when he escorted her from France.

At Newstead, is a well-preserved picture of the time,—a head; but it has none of the characteristic features of Queen Mary.

A curious picture of the *head* of Mary *on a dish*, with drapery, said to have been painted by a page of her's, immediately after her execution, and carried by him to France, was sold at Mr. Potter McQueen's sale, at Brighton, in 1833. Who became possessor of it I know not.

Two portraits in the British Museum are worthless.

One at Oxford is not considered genuine.

There is an exquisite *cameo* of her in the King's Library at Paris, which bears out the idea of her beauty more than anything I have seen.

At the Chateau of Chenonceau, on the Cher, are two; but neither remarkable.

A portrait of Mary exists at Greystoke Castle, Cumberland, of which the following description has been sent to me:—The robe is of black velvet, the body fitting tight to the shape, very short-waisted, fastening in front, a little open at the throat, and trimmed round the waist, the part where the sleeves are put in and up the front, with a narrow white edge, apparently a sort of braid. A black velvet hood, which seems made of the same piece as the body, covers the back of the head, and comes down in a small peak on the forehead. Round the throat is a ruff of white muslin, quilled in large reversed plaits; the narrow white strings that fasten it end

in small tassels, attached negligently to the opening of the gown in front; round the edge of the hood, is a quilling of white, like the ruff, but smaller, which sits very square, and high off the forehead. The hair is frizzed into small, short curls, much drawn off the temples. The picture is taken to the waist only, and the arms are not drawn.

John de Critz, a painter of the period, is named as having designed the monument of Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey, for King James; he probably also designed that of Mary, on which the effigy is very beautiful.

In a work called "Issues of the Exchequer during the reign of James I., by Fred. Devon," is the following:—

"31st August. By order dated the last of July, 1613. To William Cure, his Majesty's master mason, son and administrator to Cornelius Cure, late his Majesty's master mason, the sum of 85*l.* 10*s.* in full payment of 825*l.* 10*s.* for making the tomb of his Majesty's dearest mother, the late Queen Mary of Scotland, according to articles indented and agreed with the said Cornelius. By writ dated 19th April, 1606.

"Also, to James Mauncy, painter, 265*l.* for painting and gilding of a monument to be erected and set up amongst the rest of his Majesty's most honourable progenitors, within the chapel of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, in Westminster, for the memory of his Majesty's most dearly beloved

mother, the Lady Mary, late Queen of Scotland. 14 May, 1616.

"Also, to the Reverend father in God, Richard, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, 178*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.* for disbursements in removing the body of Queen Mary from Peterborough to Westminster, Oct. 21, 1612."

To return to the portraits in the gallery at Hardwick.

There is a very curious one of James I., when a boy of five or six years of age, with a hawk on his wrist: in a stiff doublet and hose, much puffed out, and red stockings. The face is extremely pretty and animated; and if this, which is probable, was the portrait sent to the Queen during her captivity, it must have caused her not only many tears at being separated from such a child, but have raised hopes in her bosom, of his future amiability,—never destined to be realised. The painter had much to answer for in this flattery, for no doubt it was such, if, indeed, it was not a happy deception to one without a comfort.

Amongst several which have but little merit, is one whole-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, extremely striking. She is dressed in that preposterous manner which exhibits her bad taste in a most ludicrous light, and proves how inferior in this, as in other particulars, she was to her unhappy rival, who, like her sister-in-law, Margaret of

Valois, possessed infinite judgment in her costume.

Elizabeth is displayed in a very short stiff petticoat, embroidered with swallows and other birds, a whale spouting water to a great height, lizards, frogs, and other reptiles sprawling amidst golden leaves and enamelled flowers; her feet are very pretty and small, and her shoes elaborately worked; her hands are covered with rings, and she is all over jewels, "rings, and things, and fine array," enormous double ruffs, and stiff projecting trimmings; while her head, as usual, is a pyramid of glittering objects.

The fondness of Elizabeth for dress is well known, and it is rare indeed that she appears without betraying her weakness; the artists of her day, doubtless by her instruction, spared no minute pains to depict every ornament and pattern of her dress, for which we are much indebted to their care; for, certainly, they are of the most gorgeous description, and, separately, are extremely precious and admirable.

The list of presents received by this Queen from her courtiers would be of great length, for no person was exempt. And though she gave in return, probably her gifts were inferior to those she exacted.

In Lord Leicester's will he names:

"A token of his humble faithful heart as the last that ever I can send her, with prayers, &c.

"The jewel with the three great emeralds with a fair large table diamond in the midst, without a foil, and set about with many diamonds without foil; and a rope of fair white pearl to the number of five hundred, to hang the said jewel in: the which pearl and jewel were once purposed for her Majesty against a coming to Wanstead, but it must now be thus disposed."

Elizabeth is said to have had in her possession, at her death, three thousand complete habits; if they were all as gorgeous as that in which she appears at Hardwick, they must have been of infinite price. She is said to have more willingly accepted dresses than any other gift, though there is no record of her having *refused* any.

In the British Museum is a MS. book of Donations, dated 1587, forming part of her wardrobe account; this year, fatal to her fame, when she should only have worn mourning!

One of the items is very laughable, and might almost be supposed to be recorded in derision, by one of those about her who endeavoured to dissuade her from the foolish marriage she was about to form with the Duke d'Alençon. It stands thus:

"Item: One little flower of gold *with a frogg thereon and therein Mounsier his phisnamye*, and a little pearl pendant."

Then follow other presents from favourites of the day:—

"item: a little bottle of amber with a foot of gold, and on the top thereof *a bear with a ragged staff* (Leicester).

"item: a toothe picke of gold, like a bitterns clawe, garnished with four diamonds, four rubies and four emeralds, being all but sparkes.

"item: a nuttcracke of gold garnished with sparkes of diamonds:

"item: a cawle, with nine *true-loves* of pearl and seven buttons of gold, in each button a rubie."

A letter is extant from a Jewess, named Esperanza Malchi, accompanying several articles of dress, sent to her Majesty from the Queen-mother of Constantinople; it is written in anything but "choice Italian," and is thus rendered:

"As the sun with its rays shines upon the earth, so the virtue and greatness of your Majesty extend over the whole universe; so much so that those who are of different nations and laws desire to serve your Majesty. This I say as to myself who, being a Hebrew, by law and nation, have, from the first hour that it pleased the Lord God to put it into the heart of our most serene Queen-Mother to make use of my services, ever been desirous that an occasion might arise on which I might show that disposition which I cherish.

"Besides, your Majesty having sent a distinguished Ambassador into this kingdom with a present for the most serene Queen, my mistress,

inasmuch as she has been willing to make use of my services she has found me ready: and now, at the departure of the most noble Ambassador alluded to, the most serene Queen wishing to prove to your Majesty the love she bears you, sends to your Majesty by the same Illustrious Ambassador a robe and a girdle, and two kerchiefs wrought in gold, and three wrought in silk, after the fashion of this kingdom, and a necklace of pearls and rubies:* the whole the most Serene Queen sends to the Illustrious Ambassador by the hand of the Sieur Bostanggi Basi, and by my own hands I have delivered to him a wreath of diamonds, from the jewels of her Highness, which she says your Majesty will be pleased to wear for the love of her, and give information of the receipt. And your Majesty, being a lady full of condescencion, I venture to prefer the following request, viz. that since there are to be met with in your kingdom *distilled waters of every description* for the face, and odoriferous oils for the hands, your Majesty will favour me by transmitting some by my hand for this most serene Queen. *By my hand, as, being articles for ladies,* she does not wish them to pass through other hands. Likewise, if there are to be had in your kingdom cloths of silk or wool, articles of fancy suited for so high a Queen

* Perhaps this is the very robe and jewels in which Queen Elizabeth caused herself to be painted as she appears, *in an Eastern dress,* very splendid, standing in a grove amongst birds and emblematical devices, with her arm round the neck of a stag. The picture is now at Hampton Court.

as my mistress, your Majesty may be pleased to send them, as she will be more gratified by such objects than any valuable your Majesty could send her.

"I have nothing further to add but to pray to God that he may give you the victory over your enemies, and that your Majesty may ever be prosperous and happy. Amen.

"From Constantinople, 16 Nov^{r}. 1599.

Your Majesty's most humble,

Esperanza Malchi."

Whether the magnificent Venetian looking-glass which stands beneath Queen Elizabeth's portrait in the gallery at Hardwick, was a present from the sovereign, or a purchase of the countess's, it is one of remarkable beauty and singularity: its fellow is to be seen at Chatsworth, and both are fine specimens. The glass is very clear, though the colour is a little dark; and its frame is of the same, with silver ornaments and crystals set as jewels round it. This antique piece of furniture, which is of unusual size, reflects well the length of the gallery with all its treasures.

In the centre of the room is a canopy of velvet and rich embroidery, and the chairs, sofas, and stools are all of equal antiquity, very much worn, but still splendid. The chimney-pieces, of which there are two of immense height, are very elaborate, of black-and-white Derbyshire marble and alabaster,

and surmounted with large medallions of figures, representing Pity and Mercy. In one of the recesses hangs a very curious drawing, in Indian ink, nearly the size of life, of the tyrant father of Queen Elizabeth, very boldly executed, with all the disagreeable attributes which characterize that monarch.

The chimney-pieces in almost every room in Hardwick New Hall are peculiarly fine; in general larger, bolder, and of better execution than those in the old Hall; but still on the same plan. In the great and fine chamber in the old Hall, which is considered a model of proportion, the walls are covered with carved arches, one above another, and the cornices much ornamented: the chimney-piece reaches to the ceiling, and the shield of the arms of Hardwick is sustained on each side by gigantic figures, more massive than graceful, from which the room has obtained the title of the Giant's Chamber. Over several other fire-places great luxury of ornament is indulged in, and this it appears the countess resolved to imitate on even a grander plan. All the rooms in the New Hall are on a more extended scale, and the artists employed seem to have been superior. The dining-room, as it now stands, can scarcely give an idea of its former grandeur, as the ceiling is several feet lower than the original height. The chimney-piece here is very much ornamented, and these words in gold letters admonish the beholder:

"The end of all things is to fear God and keep his commandments."

The emblazoned arms of the foundress are not forgotten here, nor are her initials of "E.S." which occur wherever it is possible to place them: on the walls, the hangings, screens, cushions, carpets — everywhere the glorious "E.S." appear to tell the world under whose auspices all this splendour was accumulated. Much of the embroidery still preserved is marked with the countess's name and arms, and is of the richest gold thread intermixed with silver and gold spangles, garnets and foil. The patterns are very tasteful and elegant; by no means inferior to any of the present day, and far more costly than could now be afforded. The work which bears the initials, mottos, and arms of Mary Stuart is in general extremely fine, but less resplendent with gold and silver; it is usually for cushions; and a favourite subject is the fables of Æsop, and a representation of the Virtues, with fanciful attributes. Mysterious mottos occasionally accompany the pictured wonders, and for these Elizabeth of Hardwick seemed also to have a peculiar taste. Over the fire-place in one fine room, amidst a maze of carved stone, may be read a somewhat vainglorious inscription, in gold letters, beneath the arms of Hardwick, supported by their stags, which proclaims that, however noble that animal may be by nature, he is exalted by sustaining the shield of so important a family!

There is scarcely a chamber in this interesting mansion, where similar indications of the countess's taste, as well as vanity, are not displayed; and so much and various are the ornaments, and so numerous and elaborate are the rooms, that amusement and interest may be found to occupy the time during a long residence, in one of the most curious houses in the kingdom.

There is a very lofty and magnificent entrance-hall, hung with tapestry of comparatively modern date; the original having fallen from the walls from age; no doubt it belonged, with much besides, fragments of which are still preserved, to the old house: it is of the fifteenth century; and, though singular, has little grace or beauty to recommend it to any but an antiquarian's eye, in which it is precious. At the upper end of the hall is a pretty modern statue of Queen Mary, by Westmacott,—how valuable would be an ancient one!

There is not a room in Hardwick Hall which does not deserve especial description, each in its kind being so fine and remarkable. Long suites of bed-chambers, hung with antique tapestry, lead from one magnificent room to another, forming vistas which terminate in some ivy-adorned window, looking out far into the park filled with deer, and giving glimpses of distant hills and cultivated country. All seems to have been constructed for state and splendour and the accommodation of guests. There is no evidence of servants' rooms; and it would appear that they

must all have been placed either in the chambers of the old hall, near, or in a range of buildings, whose roofs may be discerned at a little distance amongst the trees.

There is, however, no want of kitchens, which are spacious and lofty, and the range of rooms appertaining to them is of due importance.

Amongst others, there are a few bed-chambers, of a more striking character, which arrest the attention as the stranger wanders through their silent retreats, and pauses at the threshold of some, hitherto unvisited. One of these, a lofty square room, lighted by enormous windows to the ceiling, has a very solemn aspect. In the centre stands a bed, whose pale yellow satin hangings once blazed with gold, and whose head-board displayed, in bright colours, arms and shields and scrolls in raised work. To soften this, the walls are hung with tapestry of subdued tints, representing grave subjects, which, tradition says, was worked by the captive Queen, whose thoughts were bent on serious themes while her needle wrought a series of figures in niches, representing the Virtues. Here look down from their proud recesses, where considerable architectural knowledge is displayed, Lucretia, with Chastity accompanying her in a corresponding niche; Penelope and Patience, twins also; *Artemesia, Constans, Pietas, Perseverance,* and others, each with her style and title, in large characters, inscribed above her head. The gold and silver thread, the spangles and

foil, which once set off the borders of these histories, have almost all dropped off with age, as dropped the hopes, one by one, of her whose melancholy leisure allowed her to perform so tedious a work.

The fire-place in this room is highly ornamented with carvings, in black, white, and gold; the involved scrolls inclosing shields of the arms of Hardwick, Cavendish, and Shrewsbury. There are high-backed chairs of every pattern—wrecks of past splendour—with cushions of dim satin and raised velvet, once dazzling and gorgeous to behold, but whose green leaves are now eclipsed by the colour of the bright ivy, which, climbing up to the diamonded casement, peeps laughing into the chamber, chequering the sun-light that streams through the panes, as if it gloried in its own youth, still retained amongst the faded forms of art, of which its grey and knotted roots below are contemporary.

Another fine solemn chamber is entered from that which is now the library, by lifting up the heavy tapestry, and opening a door inlaid with the favourite scrolls and initials of the Lady of Hardwick. Here now stand, in great pomp, two beds of deep red hue, highly decorated; but all is here so changed by time from its former brilliant aspect, that they seem as though they were the originals of those deeply-shadowed, yet gorgeously adorned canopies of Rembrandt, which, seen in flashes of bright light, reveal their riches, and then retire to gloom, concealing all their glories in heavy folds shrouded by broad

dark shade. Above the pieced tapestry of this chamber, the walls seem once to have been covered, in compartments, with black and white Derbyshire marble, of which material, also, the highly-adorned chimney-piece is formed, and the cases of the carved doors.

Here looks mournfully from the hangings a figure, which is easily recognized as from the same hand which traced the other Virtues. Probably, Queen Mary wished that her own features and form should appear in the semblance of Faith; for there is a certain likeness to her later pictures in the sad, grave, subdued face of this personage; who is dressed in her costume, and holds a cup and inscribed book. Beside her is a cross—her only consolation in affliction.

The mosaic of these walls is remarkable: the anxiety to preserve all that could be found of ancient work known to carry with it a peculiar interest, has caused a great variety of fragments to be placed, side by side, upon the walls, so that there is a complete study of the industry of the time. A huge Saracen here reclines at the feet of a figure of Christian fidelity; a Roman conqueror beside a lamb, or stag, in its native shades; a waterfall comes rushing down amongst shells and botanical specimens of Asiatic plants. The pompous "E. S." and all her mottos, shine forth from pannels of crimson velvet, beside fragments of black, "inscribed with woe," bearing the initials of the captive in the often-recurring pattern she affected.

All this—which, if not belonging to the spot, would carry with it but little interest—is precious to the last morsel, and gives rise to endless speculations as to the fair workers of these once gorgeous pieces, which far outshone, in their day, all that modern industry can produce; for the cost of the gold thread, spangles, and fringes, would appal the diligent Penelopes of our day.

There exists in a passage-chamber, from which open several fine rooms, some very beautiful specimens of gilt leather, in high preservation, presenting a superb appearance. A chamber, now used as a general sitting-room, leads from this; and some of the usually occupied bed-rooms, where carved chimneys, rich with emblazoned stags and shields of arms, prevent the proud foundress from fading from the memory for a moment.

There is a beautiful room, rather smaller than usual, lighted by one of those magnificent windows which are the boast of Hardwick, round which the glossy wreaths of ivy cluster, and from whence the mysterious ruins of the old Hall are clearly seen. Below extends the garden court, on whose beds modern ingenuity, probably following some old plan, has guided the flowers into the form of two gigantic letters, answering to the transparent "E. S." of the parapets.

The walls of this room are of Gobelin work, and represent quaint scenes of the adventures of certain wandering and industrious cupids, who are now

busied in dragging a boat over a difficult passage, now in guiding it through gentle waves; while its course is accompanied by attendants, crowned with oak and ivy and flowers, who breathe soft sounds from the flute, and martial notes from the trumpet, as their bark glides on by rock and tree and cataract.

The bed which stands in this sylvan scene is white, embroidered in green and crimson cruels, with heavy fringes of the same colours. Huge talbots are rampant on the chimney-piece, supporting the well-known shield of Shrewsbury. Even the small dressing closet attached has its diamond-paned window, excluding gloom, as is the case everywhere in this palace of light.

The next chamber has similar characteristics of wide casements, affording fine views, carved and tapestried walls, varied, however, by deep red cloth hangings to the gigantic bed, bordered with silver; and the supporters of the chimney being a sylvan god and goddess, wreathed with flowers, very much in the fashion of the giants of the old Hall.

There is ceaseless entertainment in the review of these various antique treasures, such as no modern house can afford; for mere splendour and ornament do not awaken the same mysterious feeling; nor do even the master-works of art, hanging from walls to which they have been transplanted, give the same pleasure as when seen in spots to which they originally belonged. The portraits in the gallery of Hardwick have a ten-fold value, seen there; and

the old tapestry, faded and worn, could be replaced by nothing so appropriate. It is thus that the great works of Raphael and his compeers have a double charm—beheld on the very spots where the immortal pencil was employed: thus the decaying sculptures of Greece and Rome gain by their surrounding ruins: thus the unformed strange stones of Druid worship are more awful on their desolate moors before modern utility had cultivated the waste near which they stand.

Every piece of ancient furniture, every decayed picture, every worn morsel of embroidery, is worthy of examination within those walls to which they legitimately belong, or to which they may with propriety be transported as to a home. Such effect have venerable buildings, that the great collection of the Hotel Cluny, at Paris, would lose half its charm if seen in a modern museum, even though little that is there stored belongs precisely to the spot; but the present taste for ancient furniture in *new* houses is far from admirable, for all the illusion is destroyed by the novel position into which those curious relics of a time gone by are thrust without a reason.

The exterior of new Hardwick Hall is extremely imposing. It stands a few hundred yards backwarder, on the summit of the hill on which both are erected, than the old Hall, whose ivy-covered ruins form a good object from its myriad windows. It is built with such exact proportion, and so

compactly, that, at first, its size does not appear so great as it is, and it is only on examination that the really gigantic dimensions become apparent.

On approaching through the beautifully undulating park, the eye is dazzled and almost confused by the singular ornaments which crown its numerous square towers, and seem to form a series of mazes on the top in all directions. This, together with the innumerable and enormous windows, give inexplicable lightness and singularity to the whole fabric. A low wall surrounds the front court, now a pretty flower-garden, such as probably existed there originally; along which runs a row of ornaments of strange form, while at each angle and over the gateway are shields and huge scrolls cut into more shapes than stone seems capable of allowing.

On a nearer approach, that which looked confused becomes harmonious, and the blue sky shines through a range of enormous "E. S." 's supported by bands of waving stone, forming an elegant parapet on each of the six towers which guard the majestic pile.

On the whole, the effect of this fine building is unsurpassed, and the design and execution give a vast idea of the mind of her who undertook and accomplished it.

But, unapproachable as Hardwick appears in grandeur, it seems that a neighbour of the countess presumed to attempt to rival her by erecting

a fine house on a hill at some little distance, then, and now, called Sutton Hall. Elizabeth, enraged at this daring infringement on her assumed rights, vowed that she would build a tenement *for owls* quite equal in splendour to the ambitious construction of her neighbour.

It is said that the result of her angry resolve was a mansion called Oldcotes, or *Owl-cots,* which, perhaps, was never finished, and is now a farm-house; while Sutton, once the residence of the Duke of Ormonde, is one of the finest houses of its size in the county.

The *furor* of the countess for building seemed insatiable, and there is no knowing how many more mansions she would have erected if a hard frost, in the year 1607, had not obliged her workmen to stop suddenly: the spell was broken, the charm was ended, the astrologer's prediction verified: "Elizabeth of Hardwick could build no longer, —and she died."

It is true that her years were verging on ninety, if, indeed, she had not passed that bourne; but still it was believed that, but for that fatal frost, her age would have extended beyond the usual days of man.

She died, however, in February, 1607, at Hardwick Hall, the scene of her latter years of triumph. In an old parchment roll, recording the events which occurred in the county of Derby, is the following record:—

"1607. The old Countess of Shrewsbury died about Candlemas this year, whose funeral was about Holy Thursday. *A great frost this year.* A hot fortnight about James's-tide. *The witches of Bakewell hanged.*" The latter clause is somewhat striking.

She was buried in the church of All Saints or All-Hallows, at Derby. The fine mural monument which is still to be seen there was erected during her life, and under her own inspection. In a recess, in the lower part, is her figure, in the costume of the time; her head reclining on a cushion, and her hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer.

Beneath is the following inscription, in Latin, which contains her history in little:

"To the memory of Elizabeth, the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, in the county of Derby, Esq. and, at length, co-heiress to her brother John. She was married first to Robert Barley, of Barley, in the said county of Derby, Esq., afterwards to William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, knight, treasurer of the chamber to the Kings Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and Queen Mary, to whom he was also privy counsellor. She then became the wife of Sir William St. Low, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth. Her last husband was the most noble George (Talbot), Earl of Shrewsbury.

"By Sir William Cavendish alone she had issue.

"This was three sons, namely: Henry Cavendish, of Tutbury, in the county of Stafford, Esq. who took to wife, Grace, the daughter of the said George, Earl of Shrewsbury, but died without legitimate issue. William, created Baron Cavendish of Hardwick, and Earl of Devonshire, by his late majesty, king James, and Charles Cavendish, of Welbeck, knight, father of the most honourable William Cavendish, on account of his great merit, created knight of the Bath, Baron Ogle, by right of his mother, and Viscount Mansfield, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Earl Ogle, of Ogle. She had also an equal number of daughters: namely, Frances, married to Sir Henry Pierrepoint, Elizabeth, to Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and Mary, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. This very celebrated Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, built the houses of Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes, highly distinguished for her magnificence, and finished her transitory life, on the 13th day of February, in the year 1607, and about the 87th year of her age; and, expecting a glorious resurrection, lies interred underneath."

Although there are, unfortunately, not many virtues to record as belonging to this remarkable woman, her magnificence seems to have directed itself towards charity and pious erections. She indulged her love of building in beautifying All-Hallows Church, in Derby, great part of

the aisle on the south east being built by her for a burying-place for herself and the Cavendish family, from whom she desired not to be separated, even in death.

She established a row of Almshouses in Full Street, near the church, for eight men and four women: leaving funds to support them. These poor people are allowed two shillings and sixpence a week, and twenty shillings a year for a blue gown, and silver badges, having the well-known and widely-disseminated "E. S." and a coronet above. They are obliged to come in order to church, to their seat behind the reading desk, every time there is divine service.

Additions have been made to this charity by others of her family. The men are named by the Dukes of Devonshire, and are either old disabled servants of the family, or old decayed burgesses of Derby recommended by the mayor and aldermen; three of the women are every other time nominated out of the several parishes of Derby, the duke chooses the remaining one. One of the men, who is a kind of governor in the house, reads prayers to the rest privately.

Her name is mentioned several times in accounts of donations to the poor of Derby.

When Elizabeth of Hardwick was at her last extremity, the little affection of all those who surrounded her becomes too apparent by their letters to each other. They were evidently on

the tiptoe of expectation to share her great wealth; and, while some professed anxiety for the other's welfare, it is clear their own was not lost sight of.

Thus Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, writes to the spendthrift, Henry Cavendish, his sister Grace's husband, and the eldest son of the countess, warning him of the intentions of his brother William, Baron Cavendish, his mother's favourite:

"When I was at Hardwick she did eat very little, and not able to walk the length of the chamber betwixt two, but grew so ill at it as you might plainly discern it. On New Year's Eve, when my wife sent her New Year's gift, the messenger told us she looked pretty well, and spake heartily; but my lady wrote that she was worse than when we last saw her, and Mrs. Digby sent a secret message that her ladyship was so ill that she could not be from her day nor night. I heard that direction is given to some at Wortley *to be in readiness to drive away all the sheep and cattle at Ewden instantly upon her ladyship's death.*

"These being the reasons that move me thus to advise you, consider how like it is that when she is thought to be in danger, your good brother will think it time to work with you to that effect, and, God forgive me if I judge amiss, I verily think that, till of late, he hath been in some hope

to have seen your end before hers, by reason of your sickliness and discontentment of mind. To conclude, I wish and advise you to take no hold of any offer that shall be made unto you, &c. &c.

" You have not been forgot to my lady, neither for yourself nor for Chatsworth, but we have foreborne to write you thereof, knowing that one of your brother's principallest means to keep us all so divided one from another, &c.

" 4th Jan. 1607."

Earl Gilbert begs that this letter may be burnt, nevertheless, it is still extant, which would argue that the sincerity of the writer was not altogether trusted in.

The death of the countess seems not to be deeply deplored by her *friends*, if we may judge by the following :—

FROM SIR HERBERT CROFT TO MY LORD.

" Though I profess not to rejoice in the death of any, yet seeing there is a time especially for old folks to pay the debt due to nature, I hope it will be allowed me to be glad that what others have enjoyed, as long as it pleased God, is now, in the just course of right, come unto your lordship ; for which, and all other good fortunes that your lordship shall be pleased with, I shall ever joy, as one that is," &c.

Sir John Bentley writes to Thomas Eltofts, Esq. thus :—

"Cousin,—Your news rid post where good news goes scarce a pace: it is neither news nor wonder, that the Countess Dowager is dead; but that she is dead to me, they who knew my respects of her, may justly marvel she took such empty leave, to *give me nothing*. Yesterday's experience hath bred this day's wisdom, and hath taught me whom to serve and whom to honour; for worldly hopes are idle and uncertain. * * * The late countess bequeathed me only one legacy, a *dirty journey to London to witness her last will*. * * *

"I have no more to say, but I have bought hopes and kindness at a dear rate.

"The Lord Cavendish, Mr. William, his sister, myself, John Clay, John Needham, and all the women but Mrs. Digby, and Cartwright, and all the men of note but Pudsey, attended the corpse to Derby on Tuesday. Multitudes came in to behold our coming. The Baylivs slept with us, and *presented wine and two sugar loaves* to his Lordship. Feb. 18, 1607."

Sir John Bentley loses no time in writing to the new countess, and professing his services, saying, he was better treated by her than by the *old lady*, whom he had served thirty years.

Probably, Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, "felt

or feigned" some sorrow on her mother's death; as the Earl of Salisbury thinks it necessary to condole with her on the decease of the "great and aged countess," as he calls her, in a letter to her husband, announcing the intended visit of Lady Arabella Stuart to them. He says, "I will not offer counsel to my lady, but good wishes; only I will remember her, that that noble lady's state is better than her own, and, therefore, in mourning she doth her wrong whom she so much loved. 17th Feb., 1607."

In a letter, immediately after, in which he laments the sickness of Lady Arabella, probably occasioned by sadness for the loss of one who really loved her, and to whom she was probably attached, Lord Salisbury says,—"I would be very glad your Lordship could send me any *rough draught* of Hardwick."

Unfortunately, there remains no picture of the mansion done at the period of its foundress; but, except in the arrangement of the grounds, it presents, probably, the very same aspect now as then. No doubt, the reason for Lord Salisbury's curiosity was that many persons, on the countess's death, were eager to gain information respecting a mansion she had spent so many years in building;—

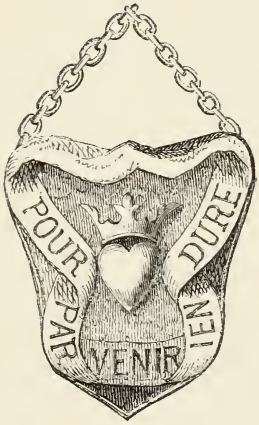
"Being, as it was, much talk'd of."

Thus closed the life of this remarkable woman, who, for nearly a century, exercised so great an

influence over some of the most distinguished characters of her period.

The fortunes of her grand-daughter are intimately connected with her own, though her proud spirit was spared the pain of witnessing the downfal of all her ambitious hopes, and the melancholy fate of one so dear to her.

ARABELLA STUART.



ARABELLA STUART.

The early years of the unfortunate grand-daughter of Elizabeth of Shrewsbury were passed under her care. Whatever might have been the harshness of character of the Lady of Hardwick, she seemed capable, on some occasions, of feeling strong affection; and, in her later years, the orphan child of her daughter was an object on which she fixed all her tenderness. Queen Elizabeth, although extremely indignant at the presumption of the family in allying themselves with the house of Stuart, and startled, at first, at the consequences which might result from the birth of another heir to the two crowns, was induced to forgive the dangerous step which Elizabeth Cavendish had taken, by the contrivance of her politic mother; who had, doubtless, many artful arguments to produce, proving to the Queen, that, instead of being likely to injure her interests, the circumstance would act as a check upon the aspiring hopes

of the adherents of James, or of his ill-starred mother. Certain it is that the Queen, although she caused all the parties concerned in the marriage to be placed for a time under arrest, soon moderated her anger; and, after the death of Arabella's parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant, took the child under her protection, and even allowed her to be considered as her probable heir—if we may judge by the Queen's remark to the French ambassadress, to whom she is reported to have observed, on one occasion, pointing to Arabella: "Do you see that little girl? simple as she looks, she is one day to sit in this very chair of state, and take my place."

It does not seem that she exercised any particular liberality in her behalf, to judge by the earnest entreaties, addressed by the old countess, that her mother's pension should be continued to the orphan; but the granting of a maintenance to either, is, of itself, a somewhat surprising act on the part of the Queen, who was by no means fond of loading her subjects with pensions and gifts.

The date of Arabella's birth is not clearly ascertained within a year or two; but it was, probably, in 1575 or 1576, as the young Countess of Lennox appears as a widow soon after that time.

It would be a curious mystery disclosed, could the conversations of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and her husband's captive, be brought to light. Then, perhaps, would be revealed, consultations relative

Arbella Stuart.

to the future, in which Queen Mary, in all the energy of hope, promised honours, dignities, and wealth—the darling object of the countess—to her and her family, if they would espouse her cause against her rival; and, but for the sleepless vigilance of Elizabeth, the scheme would not have been soon abandoned. Although the celebrated letter attributed to Mary, in which so much petty scandal is detailed, is unlikely to be written by her; yet she speaks, in her undoubted correspondence, of secret communications and vehement promises from the countess—who was then all-powerful with her husband—which, were they all repeated, would have told strange tales.

The letter alluded to was said to have been found in a stone chest, in the garden at Hatfield, two feet from the surface of the earth, rolled up in woollen. This was, no doubt, a fabrication, invented to injure Mary; nevertheless, there is little doubt that much that was never written or buried beneath the ground, but uttered secretly where stone walls were alone witness, passed between the captive and sanguine Queen and her ambitious companion.

The turret chambers of Wingfield, now open to the sky of heaven, and mantled with ivy—where huge shrubs flourish in the Queen's chambers, and the traveller marks, from the small loopholes, the way by which the unhappy captive saw her friends approach, and made them signals—those turrets, perhaps, heard the words of hope and triumph

spoken by the female confederates, as well as the wailings of despair uttered by the forsaken sovereign, when she "braste out in complainings of her estate!"

Perhaps, in the tower garden at Chatsworth, where the royal prisoner was permitted to take the air, in a confined space, surrounded by a deep lake, on whose steps stood armed guards, watching her movements through the iron bars of the gate which admitted her entrance: here, perhaps, accompanied by her hostess—the sentinels being placed on the bridge below—they held long colloquies, in which treason to Elizabeth, and loyalty to Mary, were discussed with deep and eager interest.

But the birth of Arabella opened to the scheming countess a new field. The powerless Mary sank gradually in the scale, and the triumphant and active, and well-served Elizabeth, prompt and bold, and every year more and more successful, as the friends of her rival fell off, shone forth in her eyes as a safer guide. The countess saw before her a long line of monarchs sprung from her daughter, and the sooner Fate disposed of the wretched Mary, the sooner might her own progeny reign over the two kingdoms, for whose sovereignty such a coil was made.

Then came the breach between the plotters, and the anger of the Earl, who had, perhaps, been betrayed into participation of their plans; and when he saw himself deserted by the prime mover, was overcome with fear and late remorse. Then

sank the spirits and health of poor Mary; and then began all the mortifications and vexations which harassed the unlucky earl to the end.

Meantime, a check was put to the aspiring visions of Elizabeth of Shrewsbury, in the premature death of her daughter, whose assumption of the fatal name of Stuart brought with it the attendant sorrows which waited upon that devoted family: and now on young Arabella alone rested the remaining chance of success in the great game in which monarchs held stakes.

The countess, at this time, addresses Lord Burghley, representing the situation of her orphan charge, and thus exerts her eloquence to obtain for her a sufficient income: however great might have been the property of the prudent grandmother, she, probably, considered it better to plead poverty, lest the Queen should suppose her capable of providing more money for her dependants than might be safe.

She writes—but without the date of the year—at the period when Arabella was seven years old.

"After my very hartye comendatyons to your good Lo: where yt pleased the Quene's Mat^{y} my most Gracyous Soufaryne, upon my humble suit, to graunte unto my late daughter Lennox foure hondryth pounds, and to her deare and only daughter Arbella towe hondryth poundes yerely, for ther better mayntennance, assyned out of parsyll of

the land of her inherytance; whereof the foure hondryth go now at her Ma^{tys} dysposytyon, by the death of my daughter Lennox, whom it pleased God (I doute not in mercye for her good, but to my no small grefe,) in her best tyme, to take out of this world, whom I can not yet remember but with a sorrowfull trobuled mynde. I am now, my good L. to be an humble suiter to the Quene's majesty, that yt may please her to confyrme that graunt of the whole six hondryth pounds yerely, for the educatyn of my dearest juyll Arbella, wherein I assuredly trust to her Majesty's most gracyous goodnes, who never denyed me any Sute; but by her most bountyfull and gracyous favors every way, hath so much bound me, as I can never thinke myselfe able to dyscharge my dutye in all faythful service to her Majesty. I wyshe not to live after I shall wyllyngly fayle in any parte therof to the best of my powar. And as I know your Lo. hath especyall care for the orderinge of her Majestie's revenewes and of her estate every way, so trust I you wyll conseder of the pore infant's case, who under her Ma^{ty} ys to appeale onely to your Lo. for succor in all har dystresses; who, I trust, can not dyslyke of this my sute in her behalfe, consedering the charges incydent to her brenging up. For altho she were ever wher her mother was during her lyfe, yet can I not now lyke she should be heare nor in any place else wher I may note sometymes see her and dayly heare of her, and

therfore charged with kepynge howse where she muste be with such as ys fyt for her cauling, of whom I have specyall care, not only such as a naturall mother hath of her best beloved chyld, but much more greatter *in respecte how she ys in bloude to her Majesty, albete one of the pooreste as depending wholly of her Majesty's Gracyous bountye and goodnes*, and being now upon vij yeres and very apte to learne and able to conseve what shalbe taught her. The charge wyll so increase as I doubt not her Ma^ty^ wyll well conseve the nyne hondryth poundes yerely to be lettele ynough, which as your L. knoweth ys but as so much in mony, for that the landes be in lease, and no further commodetye to be looked for during thes few yeares of the chylde's mynoritye. All which I trust your L. wyll consider and say to her Ma^ty^ what you shall thinke therof; and so most hartelye wyshe your good Lo. well to doe. Sheffeld this viith of May.

Your Lo. most assured loving frend,

E. Shrousbury.

"*To, &c.*"

From another letter of the Countess of Shrewsbury's to Lord Burghley, dated Chatsworth, Jan. 7th. 1582, it does not appear that Queen Elizabeth thought herself obliged to grant a conti-

nuance of the pension of the Countess of Lennox to her child; and the two hundred a year originally allowed, was alone permitted.

The child, when not altogether with her grandmother, resided under the care of Gilbert Talbot and his wife, her aunt, who thus write to Lord Burghley, on taking their leave of him to go into the country:

This letter is dated 1588.

It is accompanied by a P.S. from the Lady Arabella, then, probably, about thirteen.

"Right honorable and our espetiall good Lorde, on Thursday laste we attended reddy at your Lordship's house to have taken our leaves of your Lordship, but had answer by Mr. Cope that, at that tyme, your Lordship being somewhat touched with payne, we myghte not conveniently have accesse to you. Wherfore beyng now reddy agaynste Munday next to begyn our jorney into Nott. shyre, we now thynke good herby to present our humble dutyes to your Lordship, and if our attendance on your Lordship our selves yet before our goynge myght not be inconvenient or troblesom to your Lordship, we shalbe moste reddy and glad so to doe. Otherwyse we will by thes few lynes in humble manner take our leaves of yo^{r} Lordship, at whose commandment above any others we will ever remayne unfeynedly: and ever beseche the All-

myghty God to graunte unto your Lordship moste perfyte health, all honor and happynes. From our pore lodging in Collman Strete, this xiijth of July, 1588.

Your L. moste assuredly
at your commandement,
for ever,
GILB. TALBOT. MARY TALBOT.

" Je prierez Dieu Mons^{r} vous donner en parfaicte et entière santé, tout heureux, et bon succès, et serez preste à vous faire tout honneur et service.

ARBELLA STEWART.

" *To the, &c.*"

There is something very affecting in the simplicity of this little postscript, written in French, doubtless, to show the education of the young correspondent, and with a view of its being mentioned or shown to the Queen by the Lord Treasurer, with whom the great object of the family seems to be to keep in favour. They appear to have succeeded, and to have created an interest in his mind for the orphan, left in such interesting circumstances; for, immediately after this, he notices Arabella particularly, and forms plans for her establishment which, had they been carried into effect, might have changed the current of her life, and placed her in a safe position. But the

star of Stuart predominated, and its evil influence was cast upon her.

Few young persons had so many matches proposed for them as Arabella; in which particular she resembled Catherine, the sister of Henry the Fourth of France—always on the eve of marriage, and meeting with numerous disappointments. Catherine was separated from De Soissons, the object of her affection, and married at length to a man that was indifferent to her; it had been well for Arabella if her fate had been no worse. Little did her proud grandmother, when she heard of her successes at Court, imagine to what end they tended; little did she contemplate that all the accomplishments and grace which met with so much admiration, and of which she so delighted to read, were to be concealed for the greatest part of a life in prison!

Arabella's portrait at this period represents her as a handsome and interesting girl, well-grown and intelligent looking. There is a very good picture of her at Bolsover Castle, of which a copy, almost effaced, is at Hardwick. She is dressed in white, with a little black edging to her robe, which has jewels down the front, and a profusion of pearls round the neck, hanging to the waist; her auburn hair flows down her back and on her shoulders. Her eyes are rather large and clear, and her features good: a little dog is at her feet.

The picture which exists of her, in good preservation, at Hardwick, is at the age of twenty-three months only: this has been already described.*

It was probably at the promising age of thirteen that the following letter was written concerning her by Charles Cavendish, to whom she seems to have been confided on a visit to the Court. It is very curious; he writes from London to the country:—

TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

[No date of the year.]

Extracts from a Series of Letters in MS. at Hardwick Hall.

"* * For our Court there is none in that height as my Lord of Essex, and surely he is *mightily grown* and *can hardly be wanting half a day;* he † my Lord of Leicester marvellously. Sir Walter Rawley is in wonderful declination, yet labours to underprop himself by my Lord Treasurer and his friends. I see he is courteously used by my Lord and his friends, but I doubt the end, considering how he hath handled himself in his former pride, and surely now groweth so humble towards every one, as considering his former insolency he committeth over great baseness, and is thought he will never rise again. * * * * * *

* The ornament worn by her in this picture is represented in the wood-cut at the beginning of her life.

† The MS. is here defaced.

My Lady Arbell hath been once to Court. Her Majesty spoke twice to her but not long, *and examined her nothing touching her book.** She dined in the presence, but my Lord Treasurer had her to supper; and at dinner, I dining with her and sitting over against him, he asked me whether I came with my niece. I said I came with her: then he spake openly, and directed his speech to Sir Walter Rawley, greatly in her commendation, as that she had the French, the Italian, played of instruments, dances, and writ very fair: *wished she were fifteen* years old; and with that *rounded Mr. Rawley in the ear*, who answered *it would be a happy thing.* At supper he made exceeding much of her; so did he the afternoon in his great chamber publicly, and of Mall and Bess, George and † he hath asked when she shall come again to Court. * * *

"My Lady Arbelle and the rest are very well, *and it is wonderful how she profiteth in her book, and believe she will dance with exceeding good grace*, and can behave herself *with great proportion to every one in their degree.*

"But Alatheia is often wished with your Ladyship; she is so merry and talkative, and as *pretty atired* as any is. &c. &c.

* The young *débutantes* of that day, were, no doubt, in great fear of the female pedant, who, perhaps, to exhibit her own learning, often put their timidity to the blush. How happily they must have considered a drawing-room ended without having been questioned on the subject of their studies!

† MS. defaced.

"This messenger is in such haste as I have not time to read over my letter."

The Catholic party, to whom, while Mary Stuart lived, she had been a guiding star, had formed a new plot against Queen Elizabeth, and imagined that, if they could get young Arabella into their hands, they might be able to induce her to change her religion and lend herself to their views. Ever active and ready to lay hold of any means, however unpromising, in which they could fancy a shadow of success, they were continually hovering about the residences of the countess where Arabella was to be found.

It is not quite clear that the ambitious grandmother exerted all her vigilance to prevent their purpose, although the chances were but slight of raising her jewel to the throne while the Queen lived. Be this as it may, the Lord Chancellor seemed to have obtained accurate information as to some intention inimical to the interests of his mistress, and had written to the Lady of Hardwick, with the avowed object of putting her on her guard.

The life of poor Arabella must have been one little better than that of Mary Stuart herself, for her steps seemed watched, and her slightest action directed. The Queen found it necessary, throughout her whole reign, to keep up the same active *espionage*, lest the evil disposed should get the better; she herself can be looked upon as not

possessing or enjoying much more liberty than those she suspected, for every hour was occupied in guarding against treason and betrayal, of one kind or another.

The countess, alarmed at the Lord Treasurer's warning, writes to him as follows; and gives him particulars, which, perhaps, would have been suppressed, but for his urgent recommendation to her to be careful of her charge:

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY TO LORD BURGHLEY.*

"My honorable Good Lord,

"I reseyved your Lordship's Lettre on Wedensday towards night, being the 20th of this Sept$_r$ by a servant to M. John Talbotts of Ireland. My good lord, I was at the first much trobled to think that so wicked and mischievous practises shold be devysed to intrap my pore Arbell and me, but I put my trust in th' Almighty, and wyll use such dilaigent care as I dobt not but to prevent whatsoever shalbe attempted by any wycked persons ageinst the pore chyld. I am most bounde to hyr Majesty that yt pleased her to apoynt your Lordship to give me knowledge of this wycked practyse, and I humbly thanke y^r L. for advertysing yt; yf any such lyke hereafter be discovered I besech your L^p I may be forewarned. I wyll not have

* Lansdowne MS. 71, Art. Orig.

any unknowen or suspected person to come to my howse. Uppon the least suspicion that may happen here, any way, I shall give advertisement to your lord^sp. I have little resort to me; my house is furnished with sufficient company: Arbell walks not late; at such tyme as she shall take the ayre yt shallbe near the howse and well attended on: she goeth not to any body's howse at all; I se hyr almost every howre in the day; she lyeth in my bedchamber. If I can be more presise than I have been I wylbe. I am bound in nature to be careful for Arbell; I find her loving and dutyfull to me; yet hyr owne good and safety is not dearer to me, nor more by me regarded then to accomplish her M^ys pleasure and that which I think may be for her service. I wold rayther wyshe many deaths than to se this or any such like wycked attempt to prevayle.

"About a yere since there was on (one) Harrison, a *seminary* that lay at his brother's howse about a myle from Hardwycke whome I thought then to have caused to be apprehended and to have sent him up; but found he had licence for a tyme.

Notwithstanding, the seminary sone after went from his brother's, finding how much I was discontented with his lyinge so near me. Since my coming now into the country I had some intelligence that the same seminary was come again to his brother's house; my sonn W^m Cavendyshe went thither of a sudden to make search for him but cold not fynd

him. I wryte thus much to your Lord^sp that if any such trayterous and noughty persons, (thorough her M^ys clemency) be suffered to go abroad that they may not harbor nere my howses, Wyngfeld, Hardwik nor Chattesworthe in Derbyshyre; they are the likest instruments to put a bad matter in execution.

"On (one) Morley, who hath attended on Arbell, and red to her for the space of thre yere and a half, shoed to be much discontented since my retorne into the country, in saying he had lived in hope to have some annuitie granted him by Arbell out of hyr land duryng his life or some lease of ground to the value of forty pounds a yere, alledging that he was so much *damnified* by leving the university, and now saw that if she were wylling, yet not of abilitie to make hym any such assurance. I understanding by dyvers that Morley was so much discontented, and withall of late having some cause to be dobtfull of his forwardness in religion (though I cannot charge him with papistree), toke occasion to part with him. After he was gone from my howse and all hys stuff caried from hence, the next day he returned ageyn, very importunate to serve without standinge upon any recompence, which made me more suspicious, and the wyllinge to part with hym. I have an other in my howse who will supply Morley's place very well for the tyme. I wyll have those that shalbe sufficient in lerninge, honest and well disposed, so nere as I can.

"I am inforced to use the hand of my sone William Cavendysshe, not beinge able to wryte so much myself for feare of bringing greate payne to my hed. He only is pryvy to your L^ps^ letter, and neyther Arbell nor any other lyvinge, nor shallbe.

"I besech y^r^ L. I may be directed from you as occasion shall fall out. To the uttermost of my understanding I have and wylbe carefull. I besech th' Almighty to send y^r^ L. a longe and happy lyfe, and so I will committ y^r^ L. to his protection. From my howse at Hardwyck the 21st Sep. 1592.

Y^r^ L. as I am bound,
E. Shrouesbury.

"*To the R^t^. Hon. my very good Lord the L. Burghley, L^d^ Tresorer of Eng^d^.*"

It is singular, how, with the facts before them, historians fall into error respecting the persons whose lives they are recording. Lodge, following others, mentions that the first years of Arabella's life were passed under the superintendence of the Dowager Countess of Lennox, her father's mother. This lady, as has been already related, died when Arabella was about a year old; the grandmother, who should have been named, is, as has been seen, Elizabeth of Shrewsbury. Nor was the young

orphan brought up in London, as Lodge asserts; she evidently passed her time principally in Derbyshire, at the different residences of her grandmother; and, it appears, was very frequently at Hardwick, as the preceding letter of the countess proves.

She is sometimes in the keeping of Earl Gilbert and his lady, and sometimes with the Cavendishes; but the great object of Lady Shrewsbury seems to be to induce the Queen to adopt her altogether, doubtless with the view of her eventually declaring her her heir. It would have been infinitely more natural, and more agreeable to the country, if the Queen had done so; but her pride and vanity interfered with her policy to the very last moment of her life, and prevented her doing that to which, perhaps, she had an inclination.

She must, necessarily, have had little regard for James, the son of a woman she hated and put to death; an alien, unknown to the English, with habits, manners, and a character little likely to please either her or her subjects. If she had had the good sense and feeling to adopt Arabella, and bring her up in the eyes of the people of England, who are prone to like those with whom they are acquainted, it is probable that all parties would have been ready, at her death, to acknowledge her as their sovereign. As it was by no means justice or patriotism which guided Elizabeth, this would have been a natural course; and, although some would have blamed

her for excluding the stranger, James, it would have redeemed her character from unfeminine harshness, if she had declared herself towards an orphan of her own sex, a Protestant, and a child of the country. Instead of which she made use of Arabella, as she did of all others, rendering her a tool for her own purposes; holding her up *in terrorem* against the friends of James, when it suited her, and not only not effectually upholding her claims, or placing her in a position to assert them herself after her death; but, dying without a word which should indicate her own wish, as to who should be her successor: thus leaving the unfortunate Arabella to be a mark for all the hatred and suspicion of the mean-spirited and vindictive James.

No doubt she fed the old countess with promises and professions, in order to bind her to her party; while, in secret, she resolved to allow things to take their course; the interests of the country and her own being the same in her eyes, and, when she ceased to exist, what was the rest to her? Let chance dispose of all.

When one reflects on the manifold injustice and cruelties of Queen Elizabeth, during her long reign of struggling tyranny and suspicion, one cannot be surprised at the perturbation of her mind as the close drew on. Camden, who labours to prove that she was highly religious—a supposition in which he is nowhere borne out — as an evidence of that important fact thus remarks :—

"The truth is, that she was overtaken and possessed, for some time before her death, with a very deep melancholy; insomuch, as she would sometimes sit, *sometimes stand, for divers hours together, in profound silence. What her thoughts were who can judge?* Rather it may be judged that her meditations were fixed on God, and her thoughts lifted up to Heaven, the joys whereof she was then shortly to possess; and to this purpose she let fall some words to an honourable lady of her bedchamber, (the Lady Newton), who, taking her opportunity to say to her, 'Madam, I trust your Majesty, in all this long silence, doth think on God:' she answered, 'I warrant you, madam, I think on nothing else:' and this, there are those yet living that can justify."

Whether the testy and sharp answer of the Queen be really a sufficient proof of the nature of her reflections, it is difficult to say. Solemn and fearful must have been these long silences of the absolute Queen. *Standing for hours,* in moody abstraction, perhaps all the past events of her stormy life passing in review before her mind—her persecuted youth, her mortified womanhood, her success and triumph in middle life, the joys of her flattered vanity, her surfeited pride, her grandeur, the terrors of her name, the glories of her reign, the adulation of her courtiers, the admiration of her people, the vengeance of her jealousy, the fury of her hate, the

desertion of her friends, the falsehood of her favourite, the cold void in her heart, and the consciousness that she had lived too long—all might crowd together in her mind, and, as she had no friend in whom to confide her secret musings, she was forced to bear their weight in silence and alone. Yet, with all this torture, could not her proud spirit resolve to subdue the fearful pride which had supported her in all her trials; and, to the last, she endeavoured to persuade herself that she was indeed the Phœnix, which her flatterers had called her in her palmy days.

She has left a name which startles those who hear it; and, though her great policy has gained her many supporters and admirers, no solitary act of virtue ever secured her a friend in life or after death.

It seems that Arabella's appearance, manners, accomplishments and character, while they excited general esteem and admiration wherever she appeared, began to create in the bosom of the jealous Queen uneasy sensations, and the restless plotting of adverse parties made her regard, with some anxiety, a young and interesting person, who was exactly fitted to be made an object round which the disaffected might rally, as in the case with the equally innocent victim Jane Grey.

It was in 1594 that a great sensation was caused by the sudden appearance of Father Parsons' pamphlet, in which that fanatical and ill-judging

partisan, out of hatred to Queen Elizabeth, collected together and brought forward all the arguments in favour of the succession of Arabella, which had been adduced by those who were inimical to the Queen. Parsons dedicated his work to the Earl of Essex, and printed it under the assumed name of Richard Dolman.

He did not venture in this to assert Arabella's right to the Crown, during the lifetime of the reigning sovereign, but showed her claim, and rendered her conspicuous, by so doing, in every Court of Europe, where the merits of the case were freely discussed. The innocent subject of all this conversation, although known to be ignorant of every particular, was yet, in consequence, looked upon with an evil eye at home; and some circumstances at the time rendered her still more distasteful to the sensitive Queen.

James of Scotland, who appeared desirous of making Arabella a plaything, as well as the Queen of England, had, at one time, a project of uniting her to his favourite, Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lennox, and who, before the birth of his own children, he had considered as his heir. This match, Elizabeth would by no means agree to; objecting that Esme was a Papist—which was an argument without foundation. She, probably, with her usual envy, disliked the idea of her young kinswoman marrying at all; and when a proposal made by a son of the Earl of Northumberland for

Arabella's hand, was favourably received by her friends, her anger broke forth in violence, and one of her latest acts was the confinement of the unfortunate young girl; the project being, however, abandoned, she contented herself without punishing her further.

Alternately severe and gracious, Elizabeth contrived to excite and destroy hopes, so as to keep the old Countess of Shrewsbury her friend, by appearing to be espousing the cause and welfare of her grand-daughter, for whom, with increasing years, she must have felt extreme anxiety.

Lady Dorothy Stafford writes by her desire, to the countess, in the following strain of confidence:

LADY DOROTHY STAFFORD TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.*

"Righte honorable and my verie Good Ladie. I have, according to the purporte of your hon^ble^ Letters, presented your La^ps^ New-Yeres gifte, togeather w^th^ my Ladie Arbella's, to the Queene's Ma^tie^, whoe hath verie graciously accepted thereof, and taken an especiall liking to that of my La. Arbella's. It pleased her Ma^tie^ to tell mee, that whereas in certaine former letters of your La^ps^, your desire was that her Ma^tie^ would have that respecte of my La. Arbella that she mighte be

* From Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. XI. p. 543.

carefullie bestowed to her Ma^ties^ good liking, that, according to the contents of those letters, her Ma^tie^ tould mee that shee would be carefull of her, and w^h^all hathe retorned a token to my La. Arbella, w^ch^ is not so good as I could wish it, nor so good as her La^p^ deserveth, in respect of the rareness of that w^che^ she sente unto her Ma^tie^. But I beseeche you, good Maddam, seeing it pleased her Ma^tie^ to saie so muche unto mee touching her care of my La. Arbella, that your La^p^ will vouchesafe mee so muche favor as to keepe it to yourselfe, not makeing anie other acquainted w^th^ it, but rather repose the truste in mee for to take my opportunitie for the putting her Ma^tie^ in mynde thereof, w^ch^ I will doe as carefullie as I can. And thus being alwaies bownd to your La^p^ for your hon^ble^ kindnesses toward mee, I humbly cômett your La^p^ to the safe protection of Almightie God.

From Westminster this xiii^th^ of Januarie, 1600-1.

Dorothie Stafford.*

" *To the right honorable and my verie Good Ladie the Countesse of Shrewsburie, Dowager.*

* There is a good account of this lady on her monument in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

" Here lyeth the Lady Dorothy Stafford, wife and widow of Sir W^m^. Stafford, Knight, d^r^. to Henry Lord Stafford, the only son of Edw^d^. the last D. of Buckingh^m^. Her mother was Ursula, d. to the C^tss^. of Salisbury, the only d. to George D. of Clarence, brother to K. Edw^d^. 4. She continued a true widow from the age of 27 to her death. She served Q. Eliz. 40 years, lying in her bedchamber; esteemed of her, loved of all, doing good all she

Whatever might have been Queen Elizabeth's meaning in professing her intention to "*be careful of her*," it did not become manifest. She avoided so carefully answering, even to her own mind, the disagreeable question of succession, that she could hardly permit herself to dwell on the possibility of Arabella being the favoured heir; yet such, of course, was understood by the anxious relatives, who looked to her aggrandisement for their own.

It may reasonably be imagined that Elizabeth, when it came to the last, would have roused her spirit with the necessity of the moment, and proclaimed her wishes—which never could have been in favour of James, whom she had always treated with contempt, and whose name must have been a knell to her ears, recalling events she would fain have forgotten; but the fatal catastrophe of Essex entirely banished from her thoughts all but her desolating grief, caused by mortification, insulted pride, and the loss of one dear to her beyond all beside, who had repaid her weak indulgence by rebellion and ingratitude of the deepest die.

To "*sit in the dark*, and bewail" the untimely

could to every body, never hurted any, a continual remembrancer of the suits of the poor. As she lived a religious life in great reputation of honor and virtue in the world, so she ended in continual fervent meditations and hearty prayer to God: at which instant (as all her life, so after her death), she gave liberally to the poor, and died, aged 78, Sept. 22, 1604. In whose memory Sir Ed. Stafford, her son, hath caused this memorial of her to be in the same form and place as she herself long since required him."—*Hunter's Hallamshire*, p. 92.

fate of her favourite, was now the occupation of the greatest sovereign of Europe, as the French ambassador, De Beaumont, recounts to his correspondent De Villeroy. In the same letters he mentions a rumour, which is passed over by most historians, but which Birch, in his memoirs, records: this was, that part of the Queen's uneasiness of mind arose from her reflections respecting the Lady Arabella Stuart, who she was said to have discovered had written a letter to the Earl of Hertford, making a proposition of allying herself with his grandson, William Seymour; who, in effect, became her husband subsequently.

Birch adds a curious note on this subject, which is as follows:—

"Besides which, the death of her chaplain and preceptor, *who hanged himself*, and a paper which he left behind him, full of her praises, increased the suspicion which had been, for a long time, entertained of them."

Perhaps the imprisonment of Arabella was but postponed by the death of the Queen; for, had she recovered, as she evidently expected herself, there is little doubt but that she would have examined severely into the proceedings attributed to the Lady Arabella. It was left, however, to James to find out, or imagine, the treason against his sacred privilege, and to punish as severely as his jealous predecessor could have done.

Be this as it may; whoever the Queen intended by vowing that her kingdom "should not fall into the hands of *rascals*"—she died, and Arabella was not named. Her ministers had resolved for her; and the very term she used, which might be interpreted to mean James of Scotland and his race, for whom she had always shown aversion, was forced into a signification in his favour. No time was lost by his friends to secure the inheritance for him; and the old Countess of Shrewsbury saw the regal circlet, with which, in imagination, she decked the brow of Arabella, snatched from her grasp, and given to another.

Notwithstanding this great blow to the ambitious views of Elizabeth of Hardwick, she saw hope still in the future. James's manners and habits were so unpopular; the minds of the people were scarcely prepared for so sudden a change as his arrival would create; all connected with him were looked upon as strangers and aliens; while Arabella was born amongst them, and of an age to govern, as their Queen had been, at her accession, in troublous times; the future might yet serve them, and, for the present, there was nothing to fear.

If it was true that Arabella did really write the letter to Lord Hertford imputed to her, she can scarcely be supposed ignorant of the designs in her favour entertained by the party who opposed James. The latter had been carefully pointed out to the new sovereign, by his agents in England,

during Elizabeth's last illness, as the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh—whom Lord Henry Howard, the informer on the occasion, calls "People without either morals or religion, *a triplicity that deny the Trinity.*" In one letter, Howard mentions a curious dialogue between the Earl of Northumberland and his lady, the sister of Essex. The Earl exclaimed, "that he would rather the King of Scots were buried than crowned, and that he and his friends would end their lives before her brother's *Great god* should reign in this element."

The countess's answer was suitable to her violent character, and her passionate attachment to the brother she had so recently lost, and is one of many instances to show how vehement was the language used by the ladies of the Queen's Court—of which, that of Beatrice was a type—

"I w^{d} eat his heart in the market-place!"

She cried out that, "rather than any other than that King should ever reign in England, *she would eat their hearts in salt*, though she were brought to the gallows immediately." The earl replied, "that the secretary, Cecil, had too much wit ever to live under a man who had a foreign stroke, having been so fortunate under a woman *who was tractable, and to be counselled.*" This is the first time the Queen was ever suspected of gentleness! The countess then told him that he

need not long triumph upon her poor brother's mishap, for if he kept in this mind she could expect no better end of him than the same, or a worse destiny.*

James treasured in his memory *those passages*, to be revenged when occasion served. Although there was nothing to criminate Arabella, she was, evidently, always considered by him with uneasiness; as Elizabeth desired she should be, in order to keep him in subjection.

Arabella did not seem at first to have reason to complain of her treatment from the new Court. She was considered as one of the family, entertained at Woodstock, and Anne of Denmark appears to have been kind towards her. She thus writes to her uncle, in a strain of gaiety which seemed natural to her, and which makes her subsequent fate the more distressing.

This letter is dated 1603, and shows her ready observation, sarcastic wit, and cheerfulness:

ARABELLA STUART TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

"At my return from Oxford, where I have spent this day whilst my Lord Cecill, amongst many more weighty affairs, was dispatching some of mine, I found my cousin Lacy had disburthened himself at my chamber of the charge he had from you, and

* Birch's Memoirs.

I straight fell to prepare his freight back, in order not to hinder his return to-morrow morning as he intendeth.

"I wrote you the reason of the delay of Taxis'* of the audience; it remains to tell how jovially he behaved himself in the interim. He has brought great store of Spanish gloves, hawks' hoods, leather for jerkins, and, moreover, a perfumer: these delicacies he bestows amongst our ladies and lords, I will not say with a hope to effeminate the one sex, but certainly with a hope to grow gracious with the other, as he already is.

"The curiosity of our sex drew many ladies and gentlemen to gaze at him betwixt his landing-place and Oxford, his abiding place; which he, desirous to satisfy—I will not say nourish that vice—made his coach stay, and took occasion, with petty gifts and courtesies to win soon-won affections, who, comparing his manner with M. de Rosny's, hold him their far welcomer guest. At Oxford he took some distaste about his lodging, and would needs lodge at an inn, because he had not all Christ's College to himself, and was not received into the town by the vice-chancellor *in pontificalibus*, which they never use to do but to the King or Queen, or Chancellor of the University, as they say; but these scruples were soon digested, and he vouchsafed to lodge in

* Don Juan de Taxis, the Spanish Ambassador.

a part of the college till his repair to the King at Winchester.

"Count Aremberg was here within a few days, and presented to the Queen the Archduke and the Infanta's pictures most excellently drawn.* Yesterday the King and Queen dined at a lodge of Sir Henry Lee's, three miles hence, and were accompanied by the French ambassador and a Dutch duke.

"I will not say we were merry at the *Dutchkin*, lest you complain of me for telling tales out of the Queen's coach: but I could find in my heart to write unto you some of our yesterday's adventures, but that it grows late, and by the shortness of your letter, I conjecture you would not have this honest gentleman overladen with such superfluous relations.

"My Lord Admiral is returned from the Prince and Princess, and either is or will be my cousin,

* Count Aremberg (Jean de Ligne, Prince of Brabançon) was ambassador from the Archduke of Austria. The most unfavourable opinions were formed of his abilities on his first arrival in England. He was very gouty, and a bad speaker. James remarked to Sully, then ambassador from France, that the Archduke had sent an ambassador who could neither walk nor talk; and who had demanded an audience in a garden because he could not come up stairs into a room. His audience was from time to time delayed at his own request; at length Cecil waited on him in order to confer; and, after having received his compliment on the King's accession, endeavoured to bring him to some conversation on matters of state; but he answered that he was a soldier, and had no skill in negotiation: that he only came to hear what the King of England had to say to him, and that after him his master would send a man of business.

in spite of the incredulous. You will believe such incongruities in a councellor, as love maketh no miracles in his subjects, of what degree or age soever.*

"His daughter of Kildare is discharged of her office, and as near a free woman as may be and have a bad husband.†

"The Dutch lady, my Lord Wotton spoke of at Basing, proved a lady sent by the Duchess of Holstein to learn the English fashions: she lodges at Oxford, and has been here twice, and thinks every day long till she be at home, so well she likes her entertainment or loves her own country.

"In truth she is civil, and therefore cannot but look for the like which she brings out of a ruder country. But if ever there were such a virtue at Court I marvel what is become of it, for I protest I see little or none of it but in the Queen, who, ever

* The Admiral married in his sixty-eighth year, and had two sons, the younger of whom, Charles, succeeded his half-brother in the earldom of Nottingham many years afterwards. The marriage seems to have caused much mirth at the time. Sir Thomas Edmonds, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, thus observes:—

"I suppose your lordship is no less entertained with the pleasure of your hunting than we are here, so as you do not care nor expect to hear any novelties from us during this time. Since the time that your Lordship left us we have wholly spent our time in that exercise; but the Queen remained at Basing till the King's coming hither, and she hath as well entertained herself with good dancing, which hath brought forth the effects of a marriage between my lord Admiral and the Lady Margaret Stuart."

† Frances Howard, second daughter to the Lord Admiral, widow of Henry Fitzgerald, twelfth Earl of Kildare, and lately married to the wretched Henry Brook, Lord Cobham.

since her coming to Newbury, hath spoken to the people as she passes, and received their prayers with thanks and thankful countenance, barefaced, to the great contentment of native and foreign people: for I would not let you think the French ambassador would leave that attractive virtue of our late Queen Elizabeth unremembered or uncommended, when he saw it imitated by our most gracious Queen, lest you should think we infect even our neighbours with incivility.

"But what a theme have I gotten unawares! It is your own virtue I commend by the foil of the contrary vice, and so, thinking on you, my pen accused myself before I was aware. Therefore, I will put it to silence for this time, only adding a short but most hearty prayer for your prosperity in all kinds, and so humbly take my leave.

"From Woodstock, 16th Sept^r. 1603.

Your Lordship's niece,

ARABELLA STUART."

Scarcely was James seated on the throne, than danger to Arabella appeared in the unfortunate conspiracy into which Raleigh was accused of having entered with the Brooks; of which, as Lodge remarks—

"Little is known but that the main object was to place her on a throne, to which she had neither

inclination nor pretentions, and by a means unknown to herself. During his trial, at which she was present, on the first mention of her name in evidence, Cecil rose and said, 'Here hath been a touch of the Lady Arabella Stuart, a near kinswoman of the King's. Let us not scandal the innocent by confusion of speech. She is as innocent of all these things as I, or any man here, only she received a letter from my Lord Cobham to prepare her, which she laughed at, and immediately sent it to the King.' The old Earl of Nottingham, who stood by her, added, 'The lady here doth protest upon her salvation that she never dealt in any of those things, and so she wills me to tell the Court;' and Cecil proceeded—'The Lord Cobham wrote to my Lady Arabella, to know if he might come and speak with her, and gave her to understand that there were some about the King that laboured to disgrace her: she doubted it was but a trick; but Brook, Lord Cobham's brother, saith that my Lord moved him to procure the Lady Arabella to write to the King of Spain; but he affirms, he never did move her as his brother devised.' Whether these noblemen seriously meant to exculpate her, may, perhaps, be doubtful; but we have abundant reason to know that they spoke the truth, since no trace of historical intelligence is to be found that tends to implicate her as an active party in this most obscure and even ridiculous design."

Some reflections, however, had been cast on her by one of the witnesses, for Michael Hickes, reciting some particulars of Raleigh's trial, in a letter to her uncle, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, of 6th December, 1603, writes:—'They say the La. Arabella's name came to be mentioned in the evidence against him; but she was cleared in the opinion of all; and, as I hard, my L^d^ C. spake very honourably in her behalf; but one that gave in evydence, as it is said, spake very grossly and rudely concerninge her La. as I think y^r^ Lp. hath hard, or shall heare."

It is worthy of remark, that the passages alluded to by Mr. Hickes, do not appear in the printed accounts of Raleigh's trial, in which her name is mentioned only in the indictment; and it should seem that the notes of those parts of the evidence had been suppressed, while the apologetic addresses of the two lords, to which they had given occasion, were inadvertently suffered to be published. It must be inferred, then, that James and his government, not only believed her to be innocent, but were inclined even to favour her, for the trial could not have been published but with sanction.

That Arabella had not fallen under the suspicion of the king, or been an object of his anger, would appear by the grant, just at this time made to her by him, of eight hundred pounds yearly, and two hundred in advance, to pay some of her debts;

besides this, certain allowances of "dishes of meat" are mentioned by Lord Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury), for her people; and she seems to be gay, happy, and admired, and to indulge her lively humour in playful remarks about the strangers at Court. Amongst them there was a fantastic knight, —another Malvolio,—whose pedantic and formal letters describe him sufficiently. What reason Lodge had to imagine that Arabella encouraged him as a suitor, it is difficult to say; that he admired her, and was probably flattered at her condescending to notice him, there can be no doubt; and it is even extremely probable that she enjoyed the amusement of observing his affectation and *Euphuistic* devotion.

It is very unlikely that such a mind as hers evidently was should have, for a moment, stooped to anything more than mere pleasantry with so silly a personage, who held the office of Secretary and Master of the Requests to Anne of Denmark.

A few of his letters, and a specimen of his poetry, of which he seems very proud, will show what manner of man this supposed lover was; he might have gone cross-gartered, or have committed some such absurdity, to gain the attention of the lady of his love; but that she knew more of it than Olivia of her steward's preposterous attachment, is surely quite out of the question. His style is by no means unlike that of Polonius.

WILLIAM FOWLER TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

"May it please your honours to pardon the delay I have used in deferring to answer your L.' most courteous letters, which, growing from no other occasion but from great desire to give your honours complete contentment and satisfaction, I trust you will afford me a gracious and courteous remission.

"True it is that I did, with all respect, present your honours' humble duties accompanied with your fervent prayers for and to her majesty, who not only lovingly accepted of the same, but did demand me if I had not letters from your honours; which being excused by me, through your reverend regard towards her, *avoiding always presumption and importunity,* answered, that in the case your honours had written to her she should have returned you answer in the same manner: and with these I had commission to assure both your honours of her constant affection towards you both now in absence, as also in time coming; so that your lordship shall do well to continue her *purchased affection* by such *officious insinuations,* which will be *thankfully embraced:* to the which, if I may give or bring any increase, I shall think me happy in such occasion or occurrences to serve and honour you.

"But I fear I am too saucy and overbold to trouble your honours; yet I cannot forbear from

giving you advertisement of my *great and good fortune in obtaining the acquaintance of my Lady Arbella, who may be to the first seven justly the eighth wonder of the world.*

"If I durst I would write more plainly my opinion of things that fall out here amongst us, but I dare not, without your Lordship's warrant, deal so.

"I send two sonnets unto my most virtuous and honourable lady—the *expressers of my humour*, and the honour of her whose *sufficiency and perfections* merit more regard than this ungrateful and depressing age will afford or suffer.

"The one *is a conceit of mine*, drawn from *a horologe*, the other is of that most worthy and most virtuous lady, your niece. I trust they shall find favour in your sight; and in this hope, humbly taking my leave of both your honours, I commit your lordship to the protection of God.

"From Woodstock, 11th Sepr. 1603.

"Your Honours' most willing to do you service,

"Fowler."

Can one not imagine in this gentleman the very original of Master Holofernes' "Fantastical Phantasm"?

"His humour lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, *his eye ambitious*, his gait majes-

tical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were too *peregrinate*, as I may call it."

But let us hear the verses of the man thought worthy by an historian to be the lover of a Rosalind.

"UPPON A HOROLOGE OF THE CLOCK AT SIR GEORGE MOORE'S AT HIS PLACE OF LOSELEY, 1603.*

" Court hath me now transformed into a clock,
And in my braynes her restles wheeles doth place,
Which makes my thoughts the tack ther to knock,
And by ay-turning courses them to chase:
" Yea, in the circuite of that restles space
Tyme takes the stage to see them turne alwaies,
Whilest careles fates doth just desires disgrace,
And brings me shades of nights for shines of dayes.
My hart her bell, on which disdaine assaies
Ingratefully to hamber on the same,
And, beating on the edge of truth, bewraies
Distempered happe to be her proper name.
But here I stay—I fear supernall powers,
Unpois'd hambers strikes untymelie howers."

This miserable no-meaning nonsense, not unlike much of the *poetry* inflicted on the world at the present day, is followed by *the sonnet*, which was expected, no doubt, by the author, to do great execution on Arabella's heart.

* It would be unjust to *the Poet* not to allow him the benefit of his own orthography.

"TO THE MOST VERTEOUS AND TREWLYE HONORABLE LADYE—LADYE ARBELLA STEWART.

"Whilest organs of vaine sence transportes the minde,
Embracing objectes both of sight and eare,
Toutch, smell, and tast, to which frail flesh inclinde
Preferrs such trash to thinges which are more deare.
Thou, godlie nymphe, possest with heavenlie feare,
Divine in soule, devote in life, and grave,
Rapt from thy sence and sex, thy spirits doth steire
Tries to avoyd which reason doth bereave.
O graces rare! which time from shame shall save,
Wherein thou breath'st (as in the seas doth fish
In salt not saltish*) exempt from the grave
Of sad remorse, the lott of worldlinge's wish.
O ornament both of thyself, and sex!
And mirrour bright, wher virtues doth reflex."

Alas! poor Arabella "sprighted with a fool;" —it was hard on her that she should be reproached with having smiled on such a lover. Although she could not but laugh at him, his devotion, when she had so few friends, naturally excited some gratitude in her mind; for he seems never weary of sounding her praises, when expressing his "conding thanks" to Lord Shrewsbury, her uncle, for some real or imagined favours, and takes occasion always to bring in the name of his "most gracious and virtuous niece, the Lady Arbelle."

Although the conspiracy in which Raleigh was involved was still a matter of conversation, and the trials of those suspected were going on, the Lady

* In salo sine sale.

Arabella was not affected by it; but continued at Court, in close attendance on the Queen, whose gentle manners and kind disposition seemed to conciliate those around her. The plague at this time was making fearful ravages; so that the Court was continually moving from one place to another. In different letters, from courtiers long accustomed to the elegancies of a female reign, particulars sufficiently amusing, in spite of the subject, occur, of the shifts they were obliged to make to escape contagion. Lord Cecil talks of the "*camp volant*, which every week dislodgeth;" —they were, in fact, obliged to lodge their attendants in tents pitched in the neighbourhood of the houses chosen for the temporary residence of royalty. Wilton, Woodstock, Basing, Winchester, Hampton Court, Richmond,—all were tried; but, as the plague pursued, the Court continued fugitive, or, as Lord Cecil observes, "drove them up and down so round as I think we shall come to York. God bless the King, for once a week one or other dies in our tents."

Of the ancient palace of Woodstock, where King James took refuge, he complains sadly:—

"This place is unwholesome; all the house standing upon springs. It is unsavoury; for there is no savour but of cows and pigs. It is uneasful; for only the King and Queen, with the privy chamber ladies, and some three or four of the Scottish counsel, are

lodged in the house; and neither Chamberlain nor one English councellor have a room, which will be a sour sauce to some of your old friends that have been merry with you in a winter's night, from whence they have not removed to their bed in a snowy storm."

Independently of the necessity of moving, to escape the plague, King James seemed naturally restless, though he disliked Lord Cranbourn's allusion to his ambulatory proceedings under his new dignities and unwonted wealth; which he squandered in the most silly, childish, and thoughtless manner, on his needy Scotch favourites, until it became necessary that a violent stop should be put to his proceedings.

Entertainments of great cost and splendour were carried on in the midst of the raging sickness, and the new sovereign's expenses were exactly double those of his predecessor, Elizabeth.

In a letter from the Earl of Worcester to Lord Shrewsbury, he describes the gaieties going on.

"It is," says the gossiping correspondent of Arabella's uncle, "likewise resolved that every man shall wear what apparel himself listeth, and we here resolve to ride upon footcloths, some of one colour some of another, as they like; but the most that I hear are of purple velvet embroidered, as fair as their purse will afford means. The great ladies are appointed to ride in chariots,

the baronesses on horseback, and they that have no saddles from the King must provide their own; the number provided are twenty, which were provided against the coronation, of crimson velvet; and this is all I can advertise you for that matter.

"As you say you were never particularly advertised of the mask (given by the Queen to the Prince) I have *been at sixpence charge to send you the book*, which will inform you better than I can, having noted the names of the ladies applied to each goddess; and for the other I would have likewise sent you the ballet if I could have got it for money; but these books, as I hear, are all called in, and, in truth, I will not take upon myself to set that down which wiser men than myself do not understand. This day the King dined abroad with the Florentine ambassador, who taketh now his leave very shortly. He was with the *King at the play* at night, and supped with my lady Rich in her chamber.

"The French Queen, as it is reported, has sent to our Queen a very fine present, but not yet delivered, in regard she was not well these two days, and came not abroad, therefore I cannot advertise the particulars; but, as I hear, one part is a cabinet, very cunningly wrought, and inlayed all over with musk and amber grease, which makes a sweet savor; and in every box a several present of flowers, for head tyring, and jewels. She hath likewise sent to divers councellors fair presents

of jewels, and to many ladies, some to those about the King, &c. &c. What the meaning is I cannot conceive as yet; but time will discover that which rareness maketh a wonder.

"Now, having done with *matters of state*, I must a little touch the feminine commonwealth, that against your coming you be not altogether like an ignorant country fellow. First, you must know we have ladies of divers degrees of favour; some for the private chamber, some for the drawing chamber, some for bed chamber, and some for neither certain; and of this number is only my Lady Arbella and my wife.

"My lady of Bedford holdeth fast to the bed chamber; *my lady of Hertford would fain, but her husband hath called her home.* My Lady of Derby, the younger, the Lady Suffolk, Rich, Nottingham, Susan Walsingham, and of late the lady Sothwell, for the drawing chamber; all the rest for the private chamber, when they are not shut out, for many times the doors are locked: *but the plotting and malice amongst them is such that I think that envy hath tied an invisible snake about most of their necks, to sting one another to death.* For the present there are now five maids: Cary, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrave, Roper; the sixth is determined, but not come: God send them good fortune, for as yet they have no mother."

A grand masque at Christmas, 1604, is talked

of, that was to cost the exchequer three thousand pounds, to be performed by the "Court of Ladies." There was no want of entertainments, or of "marrying and giving in marriage," at the Court; as if every one was anxious to change the scene from what had formerly taken place in the time of the maiden Queen, when a wedding was usually followed by arraignment and a prison.

The following confidential letter to Lady Shrewsbury seems to allude to Arabella, who might not then be altogether aware that in her case alone the customs of the former reign were to be kept up.

Lady Lumley writes,—

"Presently after your ladyship's departure, and since my coming to the town, *I heard some speech of that match*, whereto I wish all happiness, for the young man is my near kinsman and the young lady I honour and love with all my heart: *but assure your ladyship it shall no way be spoken of by me.*"

If this passage alluded to the marriage of Mary Talbot with Lord Pembroke, there would have been no occasion for secrecy.

Soon after this, however, the faithful William Fowler—that *point-device* gentleman, in whose and Don Ariani's phrase, "Arbella" was "more fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,"—writing to Lord Shrewsbury, in his usual vein, says, amongst such passages as—"I am not

mine, afore God, more than I am yours. Since my last there are no other *novells:* that letter I did write with my servant's hand, my *former finger* of the right hand being *riffled verye vyldlie* with a pin," &c.—"My Lady Arbella spends her time in lecture, reading, hearing of service and preaching, and visiting all the princesses. *She will not hear of marriage.* Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretendeth to be Duke of Gueldres. *I dare not attempt her.*" This last remark, no doubt, alludes to some wish her uncle might have expressed that Fowler should have spoken in favour of some one, but argues not that he presumed to think of addressing her himself, or asking a glance from her "*sun-beamed eyes;*" for at this very moment he must have been aware of that which was a matter of conversation at Court, namely, that the hand of Arabella was sought by the king of Poland, who had sent over an ambassador to make the proposal.

Poland was singularly unlucky in its proffers, for the country found it as difficult to obtain a king, as its king to gain a wife. It is probable that Arabella's inclinations were but little consulted in the matter of "*the Polack;*" but those of King James were against the match, and a refusal was given. It is not likely that one accustomed to the brilliancy of the English Court, and who did not foresee her future fate, would have willingly consented to renounce all

the splendours she had been accustomed to, to become the queen of a race then considered little better than savages, in a country situated

"Seven leagues beyond man's life."

Sir Philip Sidney has been commended for refusing the crown of Poland; but he had little merit in doing so—if, indeed, it was not his royal mistress who decided for him—as it was tantamount to banishment to accept it. The Duke of Anjou, who did so, uttered execrations against his stars and his brother, who had contrived it to remove him from Court; and his mother, and Catherine de Medici herself, is suspected of having poisoned her elder son, in order to restore her favourite, Henry, from the oblivion into which he had been cast; nor did he lose a single moment in flying from his detested government as soon as the throne of France was vacant.

It would appear that, after James had proposed his favourite Esme Stuart for Arabella, and been refused by Queen Elizabeth, he had taken the same resolve as the jealous Queen, and would not permit her to marry at all. He was very indignant at the time, and thought himself aggrieved by Elizabeth's detaining his uncle's daughter from him, and accompanying her refusal to do so with hard and contemptuous words.*

* While a mere infant several matches were proposed for her. Queen Mary alludes in her letter (see Life of the Countess of Shrewsbury, in this volume) to the son of Leicester.

Another match proposed for Arabella, and always without her own consent or knowledge, was no other than *a cardinal*, the brother of the Duke of Parma, whom the Pope was to secularize, and the Catholic party to make King of England, after they had stolen away the young bride elect, and made her a convert to the Church of Rome. No blame could be imputed to her in either of these cases, as they occurred entirely without her being aware of the "coil" made for her. Nor had she more to do with the project of a union between her and the son of the Earl of Northumberland, although the fury of the marriage-hating Queen was greatly roused upon this occasion, and she altogether forbade the connexion.

There is nothing extraordinary in the supposition, or degrading to Arabella in the fact, of her desiring, in after days, when she found herself oppressed and neglected, to be, by marriage, placed in a position of security; but there seems very little ground for reproach to her modesty on this head; although some persons, of course friends to her ill-wishers, have made severe remarks on her supposed conduct in this particular; for instance, a frequently-quoted paragraph in the letter of a courtier of the time, is thought to cast an imputation on her which she could not have deserved:

"These affectations of marriage in her do give some advantage to the world of impairing the

reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition."*

But this ill agrees with Fowler's account of the grave and studious manner in which her time was employed.

Some disagreement seems to have arisen, the year before her death, between the old Countess of Shrewsbury and her grand-daughter, Arabella; but it does not appear to have been very serious; and King James himself interfered to reconcile them. Edmund Lascelles names it, in that letter to her uncle, in which he speaks of his Majesty having "commanded two stately tombs to be begun at Westminster; one for Queen Elizabeth, and one for his mother." There is a passage in this epistle which is rather remarkable, as a proof of how little delicacy or honourable feeling existed between persons of rank when their own interest was concerned. The writer, who recommends the meanness of opening a seal to get at the secrets it guards, was no better served himself; for he entreats that the record of his baseness may be destroyed; yet it remains to show how little one in office was to be trusted.

* Letter of Mr. John Beaulieu to Mr. Trumbull. He was secretary to Sir Thos. Edmondes, ambassador to the Archduke, and King of France.

EDWARD LASCELLES TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

1605.

"Mr. Deane hath writ to the old countess by this bearer, which letter I send your lordship here enclosed; *that if you please to open it you may, so that it be sealed up handsomely again not to be perceived;* and that your lordship will seal it up, with this letter of mine, to my Lady Wortley, in this other paper; for which purpose *I send your lordship my seal,* that it may not differ from the other seal of my letter. I hope I need not intreat your lordship *to dispose so of this letter that it shall not be extant hereafter.*"

For what *honourable* service the Earl bribed this honest gentleman does not appear; and he cunningly pretends to be in ignorance himself why he had lately received *forty pound in gold* from his lordship.

"Some such squire it was," doubtless, who had sown division between the old countess and her lord for years, and who now endeavoured to do the same for Arabella.

Mr. Lascelles adds,—

"Mr. Deane told me that the special matter contained in his letter to the old countess, was to advise her to entreat of his Majesty, that, in regard of her service to him, it would please

his Majesty to make her son Candish a Baron, which she would think a sufficient honour and reward for all. That he thought the King might be wrought to do it *at the christening of this child;* and if it pleased her to use him as a solicitor in it, he would use his means to further.

"I have writ to my lady the news of her Majesty's safe delivery, the day, the hour; therefore I trouble not your lordship with the recital of that news."

To this infant of King James's, a daughter, the Lady Arabella was godmother; and it appears that, on that occasion, at her instance, Sir William Cavendish, the beloved son of her grandmother, was created a baron. Great rejoicings took place at the time; and, amongst other marriages looked upon as auspicious, that of the afterwards infamous, but beautiful, Frances Howard, took place, with the much-injured Earl of Essex, "to the great contentment of my Lady Leicester," and, perhaps, to the secret sorrow of the then enamoured Prince Henry, who had been fascinated by her dangerous beauty. So little reason have weak mortals for either their exultation or regret!

Mr. Edmund Lascelles's information does not appear very correct; perhaps, however, he was purposely deceiving his friend, Lord Shrewsbury; for he informs him, in a letter from court, at this time, that Sir William Cavendish had no chance of his barony,

though he *waited* hard on Lady Arabella for it: he represents her as very cold in the business, though she had the King's promise for *one of her uncles* to be a baron.

By this it would seem she was in high favour: the end proved Mr. Lascelles wrong, as Sir William obtained the honour he sought, whether he was right in his estimate of the candidate's character or not. He says, "it is not likely to be Mr. William, for he is very sparing *in his gratuity*, as I hear; would be glad it were done, but would be sorry to part with anything for the doing of it; and I think he will find in this place an equal proportion betwixt his liberality and our courtesy. His chief solicitor to my Lady Arbella, is Sir William Bagot. I was with Mr. Candish at my Lady Arbella's chamber, and he entreated me to speak to my Lady Bedford to further him, and to solicit my Lady Arbella in his behalf; *but spoke nothing of anything that might move her to spend her breath for him;* so that, by the grace of God, he is likely to come good speed, and I need not write to your lordship that there will be earls and barons made at the christening, because your lordship sees Mr. William Cavendish is come up to be one; but I will not omit to let your lordship know who they are," &c.*

* It seems that bribery was carried to a great pitch at this time; men unblushingly offering sums of money for places, pensions, and titles, which were as readily accepted, and regular nego-

Gaieties and rejoicings still were the order of the day;—

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

The churching of the Queen was attended with much ceremony, and tilts and games abounded. The Earl of Montgomery is spoken of as distinguishing himself in these fêtes, and

"The Herberts every cockepitt day
Doe carry away
The gold and glory of the day." *

Prince Henry, the hope and admiration of the English nation,—the example of all the young men of rank of the Court, severe in early virtue, firm in principle, and unshaken in piety; the living contrast to his father, whose meannesses and vices distracted him; the friend of Raleigh, and the supporter of all the learning, wisdom, and honour; the object of his father's fear and envy, and the terror of his chastised favourite, Carr—was a kind cousin to the desolate Arabella, a proof, if any were wanting, that she by no means leant to the side of the Catholics. It has been hinted

tiations carried on almost openly, and with the king's knowledge. One lady writes to Lady Shrewsbury, asking her interference with the Lords of the Privy Council, especially Lord Cranborne and the Lord Treasurer; and she says, "I make sure of the King's consent if I can get their's; therefore, once again, good madam, I humbly beseech you to write again to them in my behalf, whereby I may be soon dispatched, *and what consideration they will deem fitting for me to make for such favour I will.*"

* See Life of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in this volume.

that his opinion of her was altered after her unfortunate marriage, but there is nothing to warrant that belief. The following letter shows the terms they were on at the time it was written :—

"Sir,—My intention to attend Your Highness to-morrow, God willing, cannot stay me from acknowledging, by these few lines, how infinitely I am bound to your Highness for that gracious disposition towards me, which faileth not to show itself upon every occasion, whether accidental or begged by me, as this late high favour and grace it hath pleased your Highness to do my kinsman at my humble suit.

"I trust to-morrow to let your Highness understand such motives of that my presumption as shall make it excusable. For your highness shall perceive I both understand with what extraordinary respect suits are to be presented to your Highness, and withall, that your goodness doth so temper your greatness as it encourageth both me and many others to hope that we may taste the fruits of the one by means of the other.

"The Almighty make your Highness every way such as I, Mr. Newton,* and Sir David Murray (the only intercessors I have used in my suit, or will, in any I shall present to your Highness) wish you, and then shall you be ever such as you are,

* His tutor.

and your growth, and virtue, and grace with God and men, shall be the only alteration we will pray for,

And so in all humility I cease.

Your Highness's,

Most humble and dutiful,

ARBELLA STUART.

"From London the 18. of October, 1605."

In 1607 Arabella lost her grandmother, "the old and great countess," and her loss appears to have had a great effect on her spirits and health, for a time. It has been already recounted how, immediately on her death, her sons and sons-in-law began disputing about her possessions. William Baron Cavendish, lost no opportunity of overreaching his careless and indolent elder brother, Henry, who, feeble in body and worn in mind, was unable to cope with his art and management. The following letter shows the character of the two brothers, and exhibits the Lady Arabella gay, lively, and full of enjoyment; dancing at a wedding, and planning and arranging bridal parties. She was, at this moment, probably, at the height of that cheerfulness which coming events were soon to efface for ever. Till now, probably, she had passed on amidst the crowd of her admirers,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free;"

but, having once met, which she evidently did about this period, the being whose affection was to influence her future life, her mind had no longer room for aught but anxiety, terror, and care.

For this brief moment we may see her in all the bloom of youth and beauty, full of life and liveliness, and rejoicing in the pleasure of others.

Henry Cavendish relates to his supposed friend, Earl Gilbert, the adventure of the wedding of Lord Cavendish's son, and the almost infant daughter of Lord Kinloss.*

MR. HENRY CAVENDISH TO GILBERT, EARL OF SHREWSBURY.† 1608.

"My most honoured Lord,

"On Sunday last I wished I could have sent your good Lordship a dove with a letter under her wing, to have advertised your Lordship of such news as came very strange to me. About the hour of nine in the morning, at which time my Lord Cavendish sent to me by his man, Smith, to excuse him that he had not made me privy to his son's marriage to the Lord of Kinloss's daughter. The reason was, he had great enemies, and, if it had been made public, he might have been crossed; and the chief cause he so married him was, to strengthen himself against

* See the Life of Christian, Countess of Devonshire, in this work.

† MS. Johnstone.

his adversaries. I wished all might prove to their comforts.

"My Lady Arbella was there at dinner, and my Lady Cavendish, the baroness, and so were they at supper, *and both danced* in rejoicing and honour of the wedding.

"The bride is meetly handsome, as they say, of a red hair and *about twelve years of age.* Alas! poor Wylkin! he desired and deserved a woman already grown, and may evil stay twelve weeks for a wife, much less twelve months. * * *

"The next day I waited on my Lady Arbella, at Whitehall, and told her honour I thought it was she that made the match, which her ladyship denied, but not very earnestly, affirming she knew nothing of it till that morning the marriage was, and that she was invited to the wedding-dinner. I told her ladyship *much my betters would think so,* and ten thousand beside."

Henry Cavendish goes on to relate the treachery of his brother, who having by this apparent confidence thrown him off his guard, that very night sent an officer who served him with "*a subpœna into the Chancery,*" to appear within fourteen days.

The object of Lord Cavendish was to overreach him about the entail of his estates, to which he desired to be named heir, as Henry had no children: the averseness of Henry to business favoured his designs. "I am," he says, "so unfit

and unapt for these law matters, as this only matter drives me into such agony, discontent, and perturbation of mind, as will lessen my time. God revenge my wrongs upon them be causers of it. I hope in Jesus my cruel brother shall not have his will altogether to his liking."

Notwithstanding his bad state of health, Henry lived eight years after he had been worried by Lord William into agreeing to all his demands, and leaving him heir to all his possessions, which by his carelessness were greatly involved.

The spirit of the old countess seemed to animate her favourite son, who thus overreached his less acute brother.

There is even a suspicion attaching to the impatient and unnatural brother, of having administered poison to his victim, in order the sooner to become the owner of his wealth.

Henry died in 1616; and, after all the struggle to gain his possessions, the then Earl of Devonshire lived only nine years after him. Both are buried in the church at the pretty, fancifully-built village of Edensor, close to the gates of Chatsworth Park—a little fairy place which, under its present aspect, is not one of the least attractive of the many singular beauties in that charmed region.

The "poor Wylkin," whose lot in marrying a mere child his uncle so feelingly deplores, was afterwards the second Earl of Devonshire; he had for

his tutor the famous Hobbs, the philosopher of Malmesbury; from whom it is said, though he derived great advantages on the score of learning, he did not adopt the religious or political opinions which gave so much offence to many.

The young bridegroom had just returned from his travels through France and Italy, when the match with Christian, the daughter of Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, was made for him; and, though his own choice had nothing to do in the matter, one more judicious, as time proved it, could hardly have been made. His father, however, had none but views of ambition and utility in thus giving his son a wife from a powerful family, descended from the royal house of Bruce, of Scotland. The young nobleman lived in great hospitality, and seemed, with more talent, to be not unlike his uncle, Henry, in profusion and carelessness, for his estate, at his death, which happened only three years after that of his father, was greatly encumbered.

His young wife and a son eleven years of age were left, therefore, in a somewhat difficult position; but, by the wisdom and management of the Lady Christian—who seemed a pattern of female excellence—by the time the young earl came of age, all the debts were paid off, and he found himself master of a magnificent fortune. Hobbes, who had been his father's tutor, was continued as his preceptor, and his pupil did him all the honour imaginable. They seem to have lived much at

Hardwick, where Hobbes, whose picture may be seen in the gallery there, died at a very advanced age, and is buried in the parish church of Halt-Hucknall, in the neighbourhood.

If one might judge of characters by records on tombstones, that of William, the first Earl of Devonshire, the favourite son of the old Countess of Shrewsbury, would be believed more perfect than his actions warrant. His son, "poor Wylkin," bestowed on him the following epitaph, in Latin, thus rendered,—probably Hobbes had some hand in its composition :

"Sacred to William Cavendish, second son of the same parents, who has left here all his mortal parts : a man born to execute every laudable enterprize, and, in the simplicity of virtue, rather deserving than courting glory. When James, King of Great Britain, distinguished him with the title of Baron of Hardwick, and afterwards of Earl of Devonshire, he seemed not so much to dignify the man as the honours. With what address, integrity and applause, he maintained his character, *ask common fame, which seldom lies.* And, of this man, who was amongst the best men of his age, and would have been so had he lived in any other, *we ought to be cautious how we speak or are silent.* He was laborious and faithful to the highest degree. While most active, he seemed to be doing nothing; and succeeded in everything, while to

himself he arrogated nothing. As he has left it in charge to be buried without pomp or parade, his sorrowful son has erected this monument with greater affection than expense."*

Another letter on the same subject, from the Earl and Countess of Arundel to their parents, more particularly names Arabella as having a hand in this marriage; which, it has been said, was made by the King; this letter contradicts that assertion; on the contrary, James was annoyed at it at first, though shortly after he excused it, and even went so far as to make up the bride's fortune ten thousand pounds.

"April 10, 1608.

"We could not omit to advertise your lordship of *an accident* that will be so welcome to you as that our cousin Cavendish hath gotten a good wife, who was this Sunday, in the morning, married to my Lord of Kinloss's daughter. The matter hath been so secretly carried, that it was never heard of till it was done, and, for me, I think I was the last;

* The tomb may still be seen in Edensor church, with the recumbent figure of William Cavendish, evidently done from a model taken after death; the face attenuated and worn, but with beautiful features. A skeleton, extremely well executed in marble, lies by it. In niches above hang his armour and his state robes, and two figures, representing Mars and Minerva or Wisdom and Valour, support the whole.

for, at my going to Whitehall after dinner, the Queen told me of it, and says, that in the morning John Elveston asked her leave to go to the wedding, which she could not believe till she heard it confirmed by more certainty.

"The Queen hears that Elveston, and, it is thought, my Lady Arbella, were the match-makers, and that Elveston hath five or six hundred pounds; that the wench is a *pretty red-headed* wench,* and that her portion is seven thousand pounds: and she hears the *youth at first refused her*, ('Poor Wylkin!')

"And my Lord Cavendish told his son that Kinloss was well favoured by the Queen, and, if he refused, he would make him the worse by a hundred thousand pounds: but I am sure the Queen is far from being pleased withal now it is done. &c. &c.

"Your Lordship's affectionate son and daughter to command,

"ARUNDEL-ARUNDEL."

John Hercy, who seems a useful spy for his master, has the same news to tell the earl, who was not likely to have taken any very *affectionate*

* "A red-haired wench" seemed a favourite term of the time; and Macbeth's witches followed the fashion in preparing their cauldron.

interest in the proceedings of a person of whom he had long been so jealous. These correspondents give but a mean opinion of those who could employ them in so pitiful a traffic!

"Right Hon[l].—This morning, about eight of the clock, in the Chapel of the Rolls, Mr. William Cavendishe, the Lord Cavendishe's son, was married to the Master of the Rolls's daughter, a young gentlewoman of thirteen years of age or thereabouts. Yesterday about noon, as I am informed, it was not concluded between their Lordships, whether it should be a match; albeit they had spent most part of the forenoon about the same, and likewise some conference two or three days before. I *daily endeavoured*, according to my former letters to your lordship, *to find out what* the Lady Cavendish's suit might be with the Master of the Rolls's lady: and yesterday, about five in the afternoon, *I sorted myself near where Mr. S[t]. Loo, and some other of Mr. Cavendish's councel*, were in very earnest and private conference about something for this business, as it now seemeth. *And albeit I could not then fitly come so near* to hear the matter at large yet so near *unseen*, that I heard something to this purpose, for I then perceived, both by the gesture and also by some speech used by Mr. St. Loo to the other councel, that the Lord Cavendish was exceedingly earnest to have the business which they had in hand presently dispatched."

He goes on with many trifling particulars, proving his own paltry character, as well as that of his employer, doubtless keeping closely to the wise policy of Shakspeare's courtier, who boasts :

> "Thus do we of wisdom and of truth
> With windlaces and with assays of bias,
> By indirections find directions out."

"Also," he continues, "many times I heard them name the sum of five hundred pounds for the present maintenance (which sum I then conceived to mean £500 per an.) to be assured to some party which *I could not come so near to hear named*, for Mr. St. Loo most commonly did pronounce his words, much like to his name, *low*.

"I hear that the Lord Cavendish presently after the marriage went to Whitehall, to entreat my Lady Arbella to come to the Rolls to the wedding-dinner, and that her ladyship came accordingly. I also hear that his Lordship sent in like sort to invite Mr. Henry Cavendish, but *it is said he went not*."

In the latter particular, the trusty Hercy was misinformed, as Henry Cavendish's letter proves.

Whether the pension granted to Lady Arabella by the King was not correctly paid, or that she found it insufficient for the maintenance of her state, it seems she was continually annoyed by her inability to meet her expenses. It is somewhat singular, that the Countess of Shrewsbury, with her

enormous wealth and ambitious views, should not have provided adequately for her grand-daughter: perhaps in the later part of her life, the differences said to have existed between them influenced her in the disposition of her property, for certain it is that poor Arabella was dependent on the royal bounty; which was but sparingly extended to her, though distributed with so profuse a hand to others. The Queen's allowance was greater than that of any Queen consort ever known, and the expenditure of James doubled that of Queen Elizabeth; the inconsiderate gifts he lavished on his unworthy favourites reduced his ministers to despair; unused to wealth, he thought the treasure he found on his accession to the throne inexhaustible, and cast about his gold with both hands, into the midst of the hungry crowd of Scotch followers who pressed around him.

Anecdotes are told by his friends to prove his generosity; but they rather show his thoughtlessness, and ignorance of the value of what he gave away so lightly. It is said that, on one occasion, as he was standing in the midst of his courtiers, a porter passed along, loaded with money which he was carrying to the treasury. The eyes of one of his favourites, Rich, afterwards Earl of Holland, followed the man with an anxious expression, as he whispered something to a companion. The King observed the gesture, and inquired its meaning,

which he discovered to be, that Rich had remarked that if so much money belonged to him it would make him perfectly happy. James, without a moment's hesitation, bestowed the coveted treasure on him, although it amounted to three thousand pounds; accompanying the gift with this gracious remark:—"You consider yourself fortunate in obtaining so large a sum; but I am more so in finding an opportunity of obliging a worthy man whom I esteem."

This fine phrase is put into the King's mouth by the historian, Hume, who professes to think that the generosity of James arose "rather from a *benign humour* or light fancy;" somewhat different attributes, it must be confessed, "than reason or judgment."

There are few instances of his exhibiting this liberality, except to favourites and dependants, generally as unworthy and selfish as himself; yet, even towards them, his native meanness sometimes burst forth, when he found to what an extent his open-handedness had been betrayed by his ignorance.

Carr, his first favourite after he came to England —a man probably rendered wicked and worthless by the strange position into which fortune had thrust him—having obtained from his weak and doating master a peremptory warrant to the treasurer for twenty thousand pounds, that minister, foreseeing

the future inability of the exchequer to answer demands so enormous, and, says Osborn, who relates the story, "apprehending that the King was as ignorant of the worth of what was demanded as of the desert of the person who begged it, and knowing that *a pound*, upon the Scottish account, would not pay for the shoeing of a horse, by which his master might be farther led out of the way of thrift than in his nature he was willing to go, made as much parade as possible in preparing the money for payment; for he had the gold placed in heaps on the floor of the apartment through which the King must necessarily pass."

The contrivance succeeded; for it was impossible that James could fail to observe so conspicuous an object. He paused in astonishment; and, gazing on the glittering treasure in amazement, begged the Lord Treasurer to inform him to whom so large a sum belonged; the answer filled him with consternation, for Cecil hastened to say that it was his own *until he gave it away*. James, seized with astonishment and anger, gave way to a burst of passion, and, with many exclamations, threw himself upon the heap, vowing that Carr should have no more than he then grasped in his hands. The Treasurer then, thinking it politic to steer a middle course between the King and his favourite, represented that his royal promise being given, he was not at liberty to break it altogether; and the affair ended in the disappointed minion getting an

inconsiderable part of the original sum, which, however, could ill enough be spared at such a time.

That James knew well the value of money when destined to his own use, appears from the "*pleasant conceit*" with which he indulged the Commons, when they were deliberating on fixing a revenue to be allowed him.

"As concerning," says Winwood, "the number of nine-score thousand pounds, which was our number, he could not affect, because nine was the number of the poets, who were always beggars, though they served so many muses; and eleven was the number of the apostles when the traitor, Judas, was away, and therefore might best be affected by his Majesty; but there was a mean number which might accord us both, and *that was ten;* which, says my Lord Treasurer, is a sacred number; for so many were God's commandments, which tend to virtue and edification." "If the Commons really voted twenty thousand pounds a year more on account of this *pleasant conceit* of the King's," says Hume, "it was certainly the best paid wit, for its goodness, that ever was in the world."

It is rather a *pleasant* reflection, however, that, after all, the witty monarch never *received* the money; his Commons, apparently, not being sufficiently sensible of the worth of his wise saws.

Osborn, who writes very bitterly against the

Scotch followers of the Court, amongst other gossipping remarks, says—

"Now by this time the nation grew feeble and overpressed with *impositions, monopolies, aids, privy-seals, concealments, pretermitted customs*, &c. besides all forfeitures upon penal statutes, with a multitude of tricks more to cheat the English subject (the most, if not all, unheard of in Queen Elizabeth's days) which were spent upon the Scots, by whom nothing was unasked, and to whom nothing was denied; who, for want of honest traffic, did extract gold out of the faults of the English, whose pardons they begged, and sold at intolerable rates, murder itself not being exempted. Nay, I dare boldly say, one man might with more safety have killed another than a raskal-deer; but if a stag had been known to have miscarried and the author fled, a proclamation with the description of the party had been presently penned by the Attorney-General, and the penalty of his Majesty's high displeasure (by which was understood the Star Chamber) threatened against all that did abet, comfort, or relieve him. Thus *satyrical*, or, if you please, *tragical*, was this Sylvan prince against deer-killers, and indulgent to man-slayers. But, least this impression should be thought too poetical for an historian, I shall leave him dressed to posterity in the colours I saw him in the next progress after his inauguration, which was as green as the grass he trod on,

with a feather in his cap, and a horn, *instead of a sword*, by his side; how suitable to his age, calling, or person, I leave others to judge from his pictures, he owning a countenance not in the least regard semblable to any my eyes ever met with, besides an host dwelling in Anthill, formerly a shepherd, and so, metaphorically, of the same profession.

"He that evening parted from his Queen, and to show himself more *uxorious before the people** at his first coming *than in private he was*, he did at her coach side take leave by kissing her sufficiently to the middle of her shoulders, for so low she went bare all the days I had the fortune to know her, having a skin far more amiable than the features it covered, though not the disposition, in which report rendered her very debonaire."

There is a paper preserved by Lodge, drawn up by some of Arabella's friends, and indorsed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, her uncle:

"A copy of that which the King's Majesty *is to be moved to sign* touching *oats*. July, 1608."

It does not appear certain that she did ever really derive the benefit proposed; probably the discovery of her attachment to Seymour, about this

* It is this passage to which D'Israeli alludes when he says, endeavouring to vindicate the character of James, "Francis Osborne, indeed, has censured James for giving marks of his *uxoriousness*." It was for feigning a fondness in public which his private conduct did not confirm, that Osborn censures the king,

time, rendered it unnecessary, in King James's opinion, for him to furnish his well-beloved cousin with the means of living, as her future abode in the Tower would be at his charge.

"Our will and pleasure is, that there be given and granted unto our trusty and well-beloved cousin, the Lady Arbella Stuart, and unto her deputy or deputies, for and during the whole term of one and twenty years next after the date of our letters patent, sufficient power and authority, under our great seal of England, for us, and in our name and right, and to our use in all places within our realm of England and Wales, to take yearly a bond or recognizance of five pounds of every inn-holder or hostler, wherein the said inn-holder or hostler shall be bound not to take any more than sixpence gain, over and above the common price in the market, for and in every bushel of oats which he or they shall vent or sell, in gross or by retail, unto any passengers or travellers. The said bushel also or any other measure to be according to the ancient measure or standard of England, commonly called Winchester measure.

"And we will also that our said well-beloved cousin, the Lady Arbella, or her deputy or deputies, shall take for every such bond or recognizance of every inn-holder or hostler the sum of 2*s.* & 6*d.*, whereof one full fifth part our will is that she or her deputy or deputies shall retain to her or their own

use in consideration of pains and charges. And our further pleasure is, that our said cousin shall have full power and authority to depute any person or persons, during the said term, for the execution of the foresaid power so given and granted unto her.

"*To our trusty and well-beloved Sergeant at the Law our Attorney General, and to any of them.*"

"REASONS WHEREFORE HIS MAJESTY MAY GRANT THIS SUIT:—

"1. Your Majesty's revenues shall be increased a 1000li. per annum, without any charge to your Majesty.

"2. The inn-holder or hostler shall receive ten times more than ever any law heretofore allowed them.

"3. The travelling subject of all sorts, as noblemen, judges, lawyers, gentlemen, *linnen-men*, *woolen-men*, *hardwaremen*, and carriers, who are the upholders of all trades within this land, shall in their travel be much eased; and thereby wares may be sold in the country the cheaper.

"4. The common measure of this land shall then be used which now is not; for the inn-holder and hostler doth by his hostry measure make six pecks at the least of every bushel, and so thereby every one only quarter of oats so by them retailed

weekly, amounteth at the least to forty-five pounds in the year or thereabouts, and they buy the same generally at ten shillings at the most.

"5. In the last dear years the inn-holders did raise the price of oats to sixpence their peck which they sold before for threepence or fourpence at the most; since which time they never abated the price of sixpence their peck."*

This was probably about the time when "*Robin ostler died:*"—"Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose—it was the death of him."

The inn-keepers must have trembled at the chance of this impost passing, however advantageous the change might be for those whom a late historian† denominates "*gig men.*"

Probably, Lady Arabella never derived the advantage sought; and about this period her situation at Court appeared to become very irksome; she saw that her favour with her cousin, the King, rested on a very insecure basis: the friendship of Prince Henry was rather an injury than a benefit to her; for, wedded to his favourite Carr, James looked on his son with suspicious jealousy, exclaiming, when the Prince's Court was well attended and kept up with great magnificence—"What, do they mean to bury me before I am dead?"

* This paper was followed by a petition from Francis Rodes, Esq. and Benjamin Fisher, Gentleman, praying that the impost may be granted to them instead of to the Lady Arabella.—*Lodge.*

† Carlisle.

He could not hide from himself that his son disapproved of his manners and habits, and he saw his superiority with envy and malignity, instead of pride. As long as he thought Arabella remained unnoticed and insignificant, he was content to allow of her presence; but when he found her an object of admiration for her accomplishments, beauty, and manners, he began to reflect that she was also a dangerous rival in his way; he was well aware of her innocence as regarded any of the plots which had disturbed his reign, but he felt that she was a fit person around whom the disaffected might rally: she was too interesting, however faultless, and the sight of her began daily to cause him more and more uneasiness. Above all, he dreaded her marrying, and he observed with annoyance, that she was much admired and sought.

He, however, dissembled his feelings so that she should not altogether lose her confidence in him, and apparently he succeeded too well in all his designs. Although unconscious how far, Arabella could not but feel that she was unjustly suspected, and could look to no one for protection. Young, full of feeling and tenderness, with a heart capable of receiving lively impressions, trembling beneath the frown of a despot, the mark of designing persons, the object of dislike to many, and of real regard to few, nothing could be more natural than that she should desire to meet with one who, by adopting her interests as his own, sharing her

hopes and partaking her difficulties, should render her life less painful, if not open for her a new career of happiness and tranquillity.

Whether a touch of compassion illumined for a brief space the night of selfishness in the heart of King James, or by what imagined policy or caprice he was directed, does not appear; but he suddenly took his desolate cousin into an unwonted degree of favour, allowing her a thousand marks to pay her debts, and making her a present of plate to the value of two hundred pounds. Encouraged by this apparent kindness, Arabella, who had lately become aware of the affection, which she felt she could return, of Sir William Seymour, second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the Earl of Hertford, ventured to hint to the King the possibility of her receiving a suitable offer of marriage. This communication was listened to very graciously; and James, somewhat, no doubt, to her surprise, let her know that he should not object, provided her choice fell on one of his subjects whose addresses he could approve.

However satisfied with the permission, there was a reservation in the last clause which rendered the timid Arabella distrustful: she revolved in her mind the danger of her attachment being looked upon with disfavour, and she dared not proclaim at once the fact of her election being made.

How many fearful consultations might she and her lover have had on the subject so fraught with

interest to them both, before they mutually resolved to conceal their affection, yet decided to unite their fate in secret! In a happy hour for their love, but a fatal one for their future happiness, they took this dangerous step, and, from that moment, the doom of Arabella was sealed.*

The suspicions of King James, once aroused, slept no more; and, for the future, his unprotected cousin was but a mark for his cruelty and injustice. All the sorrows and oppressions of his mother, caused by the hard-hearted selfishness of her rival, instead of leading his mind to compassion and indulgence, had but awakened within him all the bitter feelings which they should have suppressed. Without the popular qualities of Elizabeth, without her genius for governing, her wisdom, or her sense, he possessed the same failings and weaknesses, the same craft and cruelty, the same vindictiveness and pride. Self was his idol, as it had been hers; but

* By a singular fatality this Sir William Seymour exactly followed the steps of his grandfather, the Earl of Hertford, who married clandestinely the sister of Jane Grey, that hapless Catherine, who suffered, under Queen Elizabeth, the same persecution, for the same cause, with one of the same family as Arabella.

When the aged Hertford was forced to appear before the Council, on the occasion of his grandson's misdemeanour in having married one of the royal race, how strange must have been his feelings, and all the old wounds of his youth must have been re-opened! It is no wonder that, as he read the paper ordering him to appear, and recounting the circumstances of the flight of the lovers, his hand should tremble in such a manner that the scroll he held was half consumed by the taper he read it by: such is the account given by an historian of the time.

he cared not that any should benefit in his gratification, and sacrificed everything to his own safety: he abandoned Raleigh to his cowardice, and Arabella to his mean fears; and, if report say true, his eldest son to his jealousy.

The first mention of Arabella's name and Seymour's coupled, occurs in the letter, already alluded to, of John Beaulieu's, dated 15th Feb. 1609.

"The Lady Arabella, who, as you know, was not long ago censured for having, without the King's privaty, entertained a motion of marriage, was again, within these few days, *deprehended* in the like treaty with my Lord of Beauchamp's second son, and both were called and examined yesterday at the court about it. What the matter will prove I know not."

The positive fact of the marriage having taken place did not appear to be known; but there is no doubt that they were married in 1609, in the early part of the year. For awhile they contrived to carry on their meetings with such privacy as to give no alarm; but their manner towards each other betrayed them, and the suspicious eyes of James began to be opened. He did not, however, wish to know, or to acknowledge that he knew, too much, and, therefore, feigned to be highly scandalized at what he pretended to think presumption on the part of Seymour, and levity on that of Arabella. Terrified at the outburst of his indig-

nation, the unfortunate pair had no power to declare the truth, and could only rely on future events to extricate them from the position into which they were thrown. Arabella now, with a heavy heart, was obliged to perform her part in the pageants at Court, and appear as if she and Seymour were nothing to each other: probably, for some time, they did not even meet; for, on the occasion of Prince Henry's creation as Prince of Wales, June 4, 1610, she is included amongst the princesses who assisted at the ceremony. The account is interesting, both as concerning the amiable person who was the chief actor, and also to show the weakness and vanity of all earthly hopes and expectations. Little did those who then hailed the promising young man, just entering into life, full of joyousness, tempered with native dignity, graceful, gracious, accomplished, and noble, imagine that in little more than two years they should have to bewail his loss! Of those who bore their parts in the solemnity, the chief personages were destined to a fate such as, then predicted, would have blanched every cheek with fear and sorrow. The Prince—

"Poison'd!—hard fare;"

or, if not, carried off so suddenly as to leave the cause of his death a mystery; his beautiful sister—then attended, courted, admired, and beloved—a desolate Queen deprived of dominion, power, happiness, and hope; a bereaved mother,

and a ruined sovereign. His young brother, Charles, a victim, hunted, persecuted, imprisoned, ending his days on a scaffold erected by his own subjects; and his fair cousin, Arabella, a mark of scorn, cruelty, and injustice, deprived of all, crushed in her aspirations and affections, and dying in a dungeon an unpitied maniac! It would be too sad a task, and, alas! a useless one, if permitted, to examine the future on every similar occasion of pomp, revelry, and rejoicing; the veil withdrawn, a grinning skeleton would be seen behind the back of every guest, watching the moment to claim its destined prey.

There is, however, something very graceful and pleasing in the pageant of young people, so simply described by the narrator, far surpassing all the magnificence of that played by those of a larger growth on this eventful day, when the grandchildren of Mary Stuart—she the imprisoned and immolated victim—were advancing, with dancing steps, from their cradles to the tomb which was gaping for the youthful hero of the moment, and his innocent and unconscious brother!

The letter giving these details is supposed to be written to Mr. Trumbull by Mr. John Finnett, afterwards master of the ceremonies, 4 June, 1610.

"You shall now receive a letter which is not short, and yet no more than only the report of three

days' work. The Prince's creation was upon Monday last, whereof a special place was provided within the palace of Westminster. Where both the houses of Parliament being for that time assembled, his Majesty, entering in his royal robes, his crown upon his head, did first take his place of state; his train was supported by the Viscount Cranbourne and the Lord Burleigh. After a good space of time, the Prince entered at the lower end of the great chamber, having a surcoat of purple velvet close girt unto him. The order of his coming was in this fashion:

"The trumpets sounding, in the first place came the Earls of Worcester and Suffolk, the one chamberlain, the other marshal.

"In the next place followed twenty-five Knights of the Bath: all these were in their robes of purple satin. Next unto these followed Garter-King-at-Arms, and after him these great lords:

"The Earl of Sussex carried the Prince's robe; the Earl of Huntingdon, the train; Cumberland, the sword; Derby, the staff of gold; Rutland, the ring; and *Shrewsbury, the crown*. The Earls of Nottingham and Northampton did lead up the Prince, who, presenting himself before his father, with very submissive reverence kneeled upon the uppermost step leading to the state, while his patent was read by the Earl of Salisbury, until he came to the putting on of his robes, sword, and the rest performed by the lords who carried them; but the

crown, the staff, the ring, and the patent, were delivered unto him with the King's own hands. Which done, and the Prince, with a low reverence, offering to depart, the King stepped to him, and, as it were by the way of a welcome into that degree of greatness, took him by the hand, and then kissed him.

"Which done, the Prince did take his place, sitting there in his royal robes, the crown upon his head, the staff in one hand, and the patent in the other, while a public act was read, testifying how, in the presence of such and such, he had been declared Prince of Great Britain and of Wales. This done, the King, the Prince, and all the rest, *in a most well-ordered and stately manner*, returned by water to Whitehall.

"The King dined privately in his privy chamber; but the Prince was served in the great hall, and that in such state as greater could not be done unto the King. The table, being very long, was served with two *messes of meat*,* and he that sat nearest the Prince was the full distance of half the board from him. The Earl of Pembroke served the Prince as server; the Lord Southampton was his carver; the Earl of Montgomery his cup-bearer; and the Lord Walden brought the glass with water.

* The terms used in description at that period convey no very gorgeous idea to the reader of the present day: *messes of meat* would rather seem to apply to a dinner given by a farmer to his men on occasion of a wake or harvest-home, than the entertainment of royalty.

"The noblemen who did sit at the board, all in their robes, as the Prince was likewise, were these: the Marquess of Winchester, Earls of Salisbury, Northampton, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Derby, Cumberland, Huntingdon, and Sussex.

"At a long sideboard did all the Knights of the Bath dine, and none other. During the whole time of dinner the hall resounded with all kinds of most exquisite music.

"The next day was graced with a most glorious mask, which was double. In the first, came first in the *little Duke of York*, between two great *sea slaves*, the chiefest of Neptune's servants, attended upon by *twelve little ladies*, all of them the daughters of Earls or Barons.

"By one of the slaves a speech was made unto the King and Prince, expressing the conceit of the mask; by the other, a sword, worth twenty thousand crowns, at the least, was put into the Duke of York's hands, who presented the same unto the Prince his brother, from the first of those ladies who were to follow in the next mask: this done, the Duke returned into his former place, in midst of the stage; and the *little ladies* performed their dance, to the amazement of all the beholders, considering the tenderness of their years, and the many intricate changes of the dance, which was so disposed that, which way soever the changes went, the *little Duke* was still found in the midst of *these little dancers*.

"These slight skirmishers having done their devoir, in came the Princesses.

"First the Queen; then the Lady Elizabeth's Grace; *then the Lady Arbella;* the Countesses of Arundel, Derby, *Essex*, Dorset, and Montgomery; the Lady Haddington, Lady Elizabeth Grey, Lady Windsor, Lady Catherine Petre, Elizabeth Guilford, and Mary Wintour. By that time these had done, it was high time to go to bed, for it was within half an hour of the sun's, not setting, but rising. Howbeit, a further time was to be spent in viewing and *scrambling* at one of the most magnificent banquets that ever I have seen.

"The ambassadors of Spain, of Venice, and the Low Countries, were present at this, and all the rest of these *glorious sights; and, in truth, so they were.*

"The third, and last day, did not give place unto any of the former, either in stateliness of show or sumptuousness in performance.

"First, we had the runners of the tilt; afterwards, in the evening, a gallant sea-fight; and, lastly, many rare and excellent fireworks, which were seen by almost half a million of people.

"The Earl of Pembroke, at the tilt, brought in two caparisons of *peach-coloured velvet, embroidered all over with fair oriental pearls;* and yet the Lord Walden carried away the reputation of bravery for that day.

"But, to speak generally of the Court, I must

truly confess unto you, that in all my life I have not seen once so much *riches in bravery* as at this time. Embroidered suits were so common, as the richest lace which was to be gotten, seemed but a mean grace to the wearer; and now, as the friar preached to the Herr Van Swartzenbourg—*this is past.*"

Arabella, in the midst of all this pomp and feast and revelry, where she formed one of the most prominent persons in the state drama, although expected never to step out of the part allotted to her, but merely to remain at Court '*one of the Princesses,*' to be made use of when a pageant was toward, and to have neither wish nor feeling beyond —must have thought of her stolen marriage with sad repinings: not only did no mask or ceremony accompany the solemnity at which she gave her hand to Seymour, but she dared not avow her union, and trembled lest the least imprudence should betray her secret. She saw the wily eyes of James bent on her face, with jealous scrutiny, and she turned away, afraid to meet them.

She would have hid her fears in retirement, and she was forced to witness gaieties foreign to her heart; perhaps she now sighed for her once quiet home at Hardwick, and wished

"For even its sorrows back again."

There is a sarcastic bitterness running through the following singular letter, which shows that

unmerited severity had had its effect on the character of the too sensitive and outraged relative, who looked to James for support and indulgence, and who found only coldness and suspicion.

Her mention of the mechanical music is curious, proving that *exhibitions* were not unknown at that period.

LETTER FROM ARABELLA STUART TO THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.*

"Because I know not that y^r^ Lordship hath forsaken one recreation that you have liked heretofore, I presume to send you a few idle lines to read in your chair, after you have tired yourself either with affairs, or any sport that bringeth weariness; and, knowing you well advertised of all occurrents in serious manner, I make it my end only to make you merry, and shew my desire to please you even in playing the fool; for no folly is greater, I trow, than to laugh when one smarteth; but that my aunt's divinity can tell you, S^t^ Lawrence, deriding his tormenters, even upon the gridiron, bade them turn him on the other side, for that he lay on was sufficiently broiled, I should not know how to excuse myself from either insensibleness or contempt of injuries. I find, if one rob a house, and build a church with the money, the wronged party may go to pipe in an ivy leaf for redress; for money so well bestowed must not be taken from

* From Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii. pp. 257, 8. Howard Papers, No. CIX.

that holy work, though the right owner go a begging. Unto you it is given to understand parables, or to command the comment; but if you be of this opinion of the Scribes and Pharisees, I condemn your Lordship for an heretic, by the authority of Pope Joan; for there is a text saith, you must not do evil that good may come thereof.

"But now, from doctrines to miracles; I assure you, within these few days, I saw a pair of virginals make good music without the help of any hand but of one that did nothing but warm, not move, a glass some five or six feet from them. And, if I thought these great folks, invisibly and far off, work in matters to tune them as they please, I pray your Lordship forgive me, and I hope God will, to whose holy protection I humbly recommend your Lordship.

"I humbly pray your Lordship to bestow two of the next good parsonages that shall fall on me; not that I mean to convert them to my own benefit, for, though I go rather for a good clerk, than a worldly-wise woman, I aspire to no degree of Pope Joan, but some good ends, whereof this bearer will tell y^{r} Lordship one. My boldness shews how honourably I believe of your disposing such livings.

Your Lordship's niece,

ARABELLA STUART.

From Broad Street,
June 17th, 1609.

To the right hon^{ble} my very good uncle, the Earl of Shrewsbury."

Arabella was watched with all the vigilance of hatred and suspicion; and, alas! it was not long before the real state of things was known, and James could not longer doubt that he had been treated with contumely by the imprudent lovers.

The bride was hurried off to the safe keeping of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and the bower of the lately happy bridegroom was prepared for him in the Tower. When Seymour entered that gloomy abode, he was complimented by a fellow captive, Melvin, a nonconformist minister, then confined there, with a distich, "the pretty quaintness of which," says Lodge, in his account, "may furnish an excuse for the momentary interruption of the narrative:—

> 'Communis tuum mihi causa est carceris; Ara-
> Bella tibi causa est; araque sacra mihi.'

"The cause of my imprisonment is the same as thine; thy cause is Ara-bella (the beautiful altar); mine the sacred altar (*Ara* is altar)."

It was probably at this precise period that Arabella addressed to the King the following petition, or letter, which has been preserved in the Harleian collection, together with some others of less moment, relating to her marriage; among which is a declaration to the Privy Council by Sir Edward Rodney, that it was solemnised in his presence, in her chamber, at Greenwich:

" May itt please your most excellent Ma^tie.

" I doe most hartily lament my hard fortune, that I should offend your Ma^tie, especiallie in that whereby I have longe desired to meritt of yo^r Ma^tie, as appeared before yo^r Ma^tie was my Soveraigne; and though yo^r Ma^ties neglect of me, my good liking of this Gent. that is my husband and my fortune, drewe me to a contracte before I acquainted yo^r Ma^tie, I humbly beseech yo^r Ma^tie to consider how impossible itt was for me to ymagine itt could be offensive unto yo^r Ma^tie having fewe days before geven me your royall consent, to bestowe myselfe on anie subject of yo^r Ma^ties, w^ch likewise y^or Ma^tie had done long since. Besides never havinge ben either prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land by yo^r Ma^tie these 7 yeares that I have lived in yo^r Ma^ties house, I could not conceave that yo^r Ma^tie regarded my marriage att all; whereas if yo^r Ma^tie had vouchsafed to tell me yo^r mynd and accept the free-will offering of my obedience, I would not have offended yo^r Ma^tie, of whose gratious goodnes I presume so much that, if itt weare as convenient in a worldly respect as mallice may make itt seame, to separate us whom God hath joyned, yo^r Ma^tie would not doe evill that good might come thereof; nor make me, that have the honor to be so neare yo^r Ma^tie in bloud, the first presedent that ever was, though our Princes maie have left some as little imitable for so good and gratious a Kinge as yo^r Ma^tie as David's dealinge with Uriah. But I assure

myself if itt please yo^{r} Ma^{tie} in your own wisdome to consider throughlie of my cause, there will noe solide reason appeare to debarre me of justice, and yo^{r} princelie favor, w^{ch} I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe, and, never ceasinge to praye for yo^{r} Ma^{ties} felicitie in all thinges, remain

Yo^{r} Ma^{ties}, &c."

Seymour, when summoned before the Privy Council to answer for his *crime*, in his defence, speaks only the truth, and his candid admission of his original motives in seeking the alliance which had given so much offence, ought to have obtained for him more indulgence than he found; he addressed the Privy Council in a humble manner, and stated, that "Being but a younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to chalenge any thing by my birthright, and, therefore, my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour; and she a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage."

Those who heard this *prudent* account of his motives were not, probably, satisfied, and saw beneath this veil of cold calculation, sentiments of a much tenderer nature, which there can be no doubt really existed in his heart for his unfortunate and attached wife. He went on to say that he imagined Arabella was at liberty to marry any of his Majesty's

subjects, whom it was her pleasure to select, "which belief," he continues, "was begotten in me upon a general report, *after her ladyship's being last called before your lordships*, that it might be."

Mr. D'Israeli imagines that this phrase alludes to the lady having encouraged the addresses of *another gentleman* very lately, immediately before her acquaintance with him; but it was probably not so, and might merely mean to refer to the proceedings in the case of Sir Walter Raleigh's supposed conspiracy, and the King's recent gracious consent that a husband might be chosen by his royal dependant. The story of Seymour's courtship is told with great simplicity, and by this it seems to have been entirely his own act, and not that the lady "was half the wooer;" he adds—

"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the Court, on Candlemas day last, at which time I imparted my desire to her, which was entertained, but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his Majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting. After that we had a second meeting, at Brigg's house in Fleet Street, and then a third, at Mr. Baynton's; at both which we had the like conference and resolution as before."

It would have been well for the lovers if they had kept this prudent resolve, and perhaps time

and the intercession of others, might have induced James to give his consent to their marriage; but it has been before explained, how the timidity of Arabella, and the little cause she saw for confidence, got the better of her caution; and they most likely nursed themselves into a belief, that their fault, when irrevocable, would be forgiven: they were, however, fatally deceived; there was no mercy in the heart of the offended monarch for them.

King James, however, not willing to appear too harsh, and as no one could discover treason in this marriage, although he continued to hold them captive, permitted them more liberty than they, at first, enjoyed. The bride was allowed to walk in the gardens and grounds belonging to her jailer, Sir Thomas Parry, who, perhaps, was not sorry to remain in ignorance of all her proceedings, and did not make too strict enquiries as to her wanderings and musings. She was, however, removed from his keeping, and another gentleman was made her guardian, Sir James Crofts, who was to keep watch over her movements, while she remained in the house of Mr. Conyers at Highgate.

Seymour, meantime, was almost in the position of a prisoner on parole, but it was scarcely to be expected that he would allow the opportunity to escape of affording comfort to his wife by letter, although to meet might be impossible. One of Arabella's letters to him is characteristic; she, probably, having the means more in her power,

began the correspondence, and carried it on more boldly than her husband, who, no doubt, trembled for her safety, if their intercourse should be discovered.

LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

" Sir,

" I am exceedingly sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives: but, if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy between us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake let not your grief of mind work upon your body: you may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to: and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself: for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourselves with his majesty's favour."

The lively humour of poor Arabella shows itself even under her afflictions, and the buoyancy of her spirits leads her to hope in spite of all chances. She quotes Marot, then a poet in high esteem, with whose verses Seymour was familiar as well as

herself. These lines of his would have been applicable to their case :—

" Incontenint que je te voy venue," &c.

" When thou art near to me, it seems
As if the sun along the sky,
Though he awhile withheld his beams,
Burst forth in glowing majesty ;
But, like a storm that low'rs on high,
Thy absence clouds the scene again.
Alas! that from so sweet a joy
Should spring regret so full of pain!"

The bereaved wife continues her letter thus :

" But, if we be not able to live to gain his majesty's favour, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune in enjoying so great a blessing as you so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you; for wheresoever you be, or in what state soever, it sufficeth me you are mine. Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more : and that indeed is the remediless sorrow, and none else : and, therefore, God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, as have done well after, even in this world.

" I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth, and you see when I am troubled I trouble you too with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself

not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

Your faithful loving wife,

"Arb. S."*

The hopes that Arabella tried to inspire her husband with were not shared by her friends, as appears by a letter from Lady Jane Drummond, who had, it appears, undertaken to forward a petition to the king, which the Queen, with her accustomed kindness to Arabella, presented: but rough, coarse answers, in the usual style of this unmannerly prince, were all the result. The Queen, in sending word of the ill success of her endeavours to move her husband in favour of the ill-fated pair, desires Lady Jane to express her sorrow, and to remember her kindly, at the same time sending some little friendly token to show her sympathy. But she has no expectations for the future to give, and these ominous words conclude her letter:

"Now, when your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose, but to the Queen: but the wisdom

* Harl. MSS. 7003.

of this state, *with the example how some of your quality in the like case have been used*, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish."

This was cold comfort, but still, while life remained, the captives looked forward to a brighter day; and, in her lonely retreat, Arabella, like her hapless prototype, Mary Stuart, busied herself with works which distracted her thoughts from her immediate sorrows, and were destined as offerings to her friends to keep herself in their minds. How many tears must have dropped upon her embroidery as she reflected that "her case," as she expresses it, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other!"—"This piece of my work," she says, writing with some gloves,—"I beg her majesty to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow." Again she sends a present to the Queen, and thanks Sir Andrew Sinclair for presenting the work, and for "vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices, to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

Arabella seems to have had a particular talent for letter-writing, which, though in some instances it did not serve her, yet gained her admiration even

from the harsh pedant who, praising her style, refused her requests.

Dr. Montford thus speaks of one of her letters:

"This letter was penned by her, as she can do right well: it was often read without offence, nay, it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council."

The impunity with which the correspondence of the married lovers was carried on, probably made them incautious, and the whole affair was discovered. Then came the fury of that cruel relative who had treated all Arabella's entreaties with contempt. He instantly resolved to place her under stricter imprisonment, and, for that purpose, proposed sending her to Durham, to the Bishop.

When she found that she was to be so far separated from her husband, Arabella's hopes gave way, and despair succeeded: she was seized with a sudden illness, the consequence of her anxiety of mind, if, indeed, the delirium of her grief had not betrayed her into an attempt on her own life—a surmise which might be borne out by many passages in her letters, in which she acknowledges the temptations she had at times had to commit so great a sin.

King James, however, was inexorable, and ordered her journey to begin, notwithstanding the state in which she was; but her illness increased in so alarming a manner, when they

had not reached more than the first stage, that the physician who accompanied the litter in which she was placed, did not dare to go on, and repaired to London to report her inability to proceed.*

* The following letter, addressed to a physician in attendance on Arabella Stuart during her sickness, is from Frances Bridges, Lady Chandos, and is pleasing, as showing the sympathy felt for her:—

"Doctor Mounford,

"I desire the widow's prayer, with my humble service, may, by you, be presented to the Lady Arabella, who I hope God will so fortify her mind, as she will take this cross with such patience as may be to His pleasing, who, as this day signifies, took upon him a great deal more for us, and when he seeth time, he will send comfort to the afflicted. I pray you, if you want for the honourable lady what is in this house, you will send for it; for most willingly the master and mistress of the house would have her ladyship command it.

"If the drink do like my lady, spare not to send.

"The knight and my daughter remember their kind commendations unto yourself. So I commit you to God, and rest

Your Friend,

FRANCES CHANDOS.

"*To my friend, Dr. Mounford, at Barnet.*"

The daughter alluded to in this letter, was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, whose beauty attracted the admiration of Essex, and the consequent displeasure of the Queen fell on her; it is even said that her majesty made her *feel* her anger on more than one occasion. When James came to the Crown, her fortune—for she had sixteen thousand pounds—allured one of the hungry Scotch followers of the Court to offer her his addresses; she accepted him, and became Lady Kennedy. It was not till some time afterwards that she discovered the truth of the old ballad, which asserts that:—

"Scots never were true, nor ever will be,
To Lord or Lady of fair England."

For

This news was received with great harshness by James, who remarked, "It is enough to make any sound man sick, to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her, whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have."

For the false knight had already a wife in Scotland. This startling intelligence caused a violent breach between them; and, afterwards, although the former wife was dead, Elizabeth Bridges was driven to dispute, in the ecclesiastical court, the validity of her own marriage. By the expenses of law, and Sir John's conduct, she was reduced almost to poverty, and the circumstances of her death were such as to lead to the supposition that she had put an end to her existence. She died in 1617.

There is a curious picture of this lady at Woburn, by Jerome Custodis, in which she appears with jewels in her hair, forming the monogram "H. W.," and a singular piece of jewelry on her right shoulder, representing a *toad vert riding on a dragon*.

Of Queen Elizabeth's jealous severity to this unfortunate beauty, Walpole, quoting from Rowland White's letters, says:—

"The Queen hath of late used *the fair Mrs. Bridges* with words and *blows of anger*."* In a subsequent letter he says, "The Earl (Essex) is *again* in love with his *fairest B.;* it cannot choose but come to the Queen's ears, and then he is undone. The countess hears of it, or rather suspects it, and is greatly unquiet."

In the old house of Sir Nicolas Carew, at Beddington, was extant, on a pane of glass, this kind of rebus, which Walpole seems to imply had reference to the fair Bridges, and her gallant admirer: "ICSXOQPU."

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* Miss Elizabeth Bridges, and Miss Russell, are mentioned as being in disgrace, and "were put out of the coffee-chamber, lying three nights at Lady Stafford's, before they could return to their wonted waiting," for the *offence of taking medicine*, and going through the private galleries to see the lords and gentlemen play at the *ballon*.

No representations would induce him to revoke his sentence of her being taken to Durham; and he protested that, "if he were king, she should go on!" The physician meekly replied, that he entertained no doubt of her obedience. "Obedience is that required," replied the unfeeling and deceitful monarch, "which being performed I will do more for her than she expected."

This phrase he had probably learnt from Queen Elizabeth, who loved thus to raise mysterious hopes which she never meant to realize. It being found that Arabella's sickness was not feigned, as he, no doubt, believed, James was obliged to consent to her staying at Highgate a month longer before she should proceed to Durham.

Prince Henry now seemed to have exerted himself to obtain a respite for her, and, as she still continued to suffer, the King was induced to extend the permission, and her friends began to be relieved of their anxiety, imagining that she would still remain within their reach: but, the second month expired, there was no symptom of a change in the King's resolution, and preparations were accordingly made to recommence her journey. Arabella seemed too much subdued to exhibit any of the violent despair which had brought on her illness, and submitted, with apparent resignation, to her fate; but the true cause of her calmness, was the knowledge she secretly possessed that measurse were being taken for her escape.

The day before her intended departure, she represented to her female attendant, the "wife of a minister," with all the eloquence lent her by affection, the misery of leaving the spot near which her husband hovered, without the possibility of bidding him an eternal farewell. She wrought so much upon the feelings of this person, that she at length consented to allow her to meet the expectant Seymour at an appointed spot, and agreed to await her return at a certain hour, when she would receive her, having taken every precaution to avoid any suspicion of her temporary absence. On the other hand, the servant who attended on Mr. Seymour, Thomas Barber, whom, it would seem, he had effectually deceived,—for it does not appear that he was at all aware of his master's real intention,—kept guard on his chamber, giving out, as an answer to all inquiries, the report that "he was newly betaken to his rest, being troubled with the tooth-ache." This he did, having assisted Seymour to disguise himself in a "peruque and beard of black hair, and a tawney cloth suit," believing that he would return, as he professed to intend, after having paid a visit to his wife.

It was on the third of June, 1611, that the unfortunate Arabella set her life upon that cast, and lost all! The circumstances of her escape cannot be better told than by the writer who recounts it to Sir Ralph Winwood.

MR. JOHN MORE TO SIR RALPH WINWOOD.

"On Monday last, in the afternoon, my Lady Arabella, lying at Mr. Conyer's house, near Highgate, having induced her keepers and attendants into security by the fair show of conformity and willingness to go on her journey towards Durham, which the next day she must have done, and in the meantime disguising herself, by drawing a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, pulling on a man's doublet, a manlike peruke, with long locks, over her hair, a black hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side, walked forth, between 3 & 4 of the clock, with Markham. After they had gone a mile and a half to a sorry inn, where Crompton attended with horses, she grew very sick and faint, so as the ostler that held the stirrups said, that gentleman would hardly hold out to London; yet, being set on a good gelding astride, in an unwonted fashion, the stirring of the horse brought blood enough into her face; and so she rode on towards Blackwall, where arriving about 6 of the clock, finding there in a readiness two men, a gentlewoman, and a chambermaid, with one boat full of Mr. Seymour's and her trunks, and another boat for their persons, they hasted from thence towards Woolwich. Being come so far, they bade the watermen row on to Gravesend; there the water-

men were desirous to land; but for a double freight were contented to go to Leigh, and by that time the day appeared, and they discovered a ship at anchor a mile beyond them, which was the French bark that waited for them. Here the Lady would have lain at anchor, expecting Mr. Seymour, but, through the importunity of her followers, they forthwith hoisted sail seaward. In the meanwhile Mr. Seymour, with a peruke and beard of black hair, and in a tawny cloth suit, walked alone without suspicion from his lodging, out of the front west door of the Tower, following a cart that had brought him billets. From thence he walked along by the Tower wharf, by the warders of the south gate, and so to the iron gate, where Rodney was ready with oars to receive him. When they came to Leigh, and found that the French ship was gone, the billows rising high, they hired a fisherman for 20$^{s.}$ to set them aboard a certain ship that they saw under sail. That ship they found not to be it they looked for; so they made forward to the next under sail, which was a ship of Newcastle. This, with much ado, they hired for forty pounds to carry them to Calais, but whether the collier did perform his bargain or no is not as yet here known. On Tuesday in the afternoon, my Lord Treasurer, being advertized that the Lady Arabella had made an escape, sent forthwith to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to set strait guard over Mr. Seymour; but coming to the prisoner's lodgings, he found to his

great amazement, that he was gone from thence one whole day before.

"Now the King and the lords, being much disturbed with this unexpected accident, my Lord Treasurer sent orders to a pinnace that lay at the Downs, to put presently to sea, first to Calais road, and then to scour up the coast towards Dunkirk. This pinnace, spying the aforesaid bark which lay lingering for Mr. Seymour, made to her, which thereupon offered to fly toward Calais, and endured 13 shot of the pinnace before she would strike. In their bark is the lady taken, with her followers, and brought back towards the Tower, not so sorry for her own restraint as she would be glad if Mr. Seymour might escape, whose welfare she protesteth to affect much more than her own."

He did, in fact, arrive safely in Flanders, where he remained for many years a voluntary exile.

More adds—

"In this passionate hurry here was a proclamation first conceived in very bitter terms, but by my Lord Treasurer's moderation seasoned at the print as now here you find it.

'DE PROCLAMATIONE TANGENTE DOMINAM ARBELLAM ET WILLIELMUM SEYMOR. A. D. 1611.

'Whereas We are geven to understand that the Lady Arbella and William Seymore, second Sone

to the Lord Beauchamp, being for divers great and haynous offences committed, the one to our Tower of London, and the other to a speciall guard, have found the means, by the wicked practises of divers lewd persons, as namely, Markham, Crompton, Rodney and others, to break prison and make escape on Monday the 3d of June, with an intent to transport themselves into forreyne pârts, Wee doe hereby straightly charge and commaund all Persons whatsoever upon their allegiance and dutie, not onlie to forbeare to receave, harbor or assist them in their passage in anie way as they will answer it at their Parilles; but upon the like charge and paine to use the best meanes they can for theire apprehension and keeping them in safe custody, which wee will take as an acceptable service.

'Gevin at Greenwich, the fowerth daie of June,

'Per ipsum Regem.' *

"There are, likewise, three letters dispatched in haste, written by Sir Thomas Luke to the King and Q. Regent of France, and to the Archdukes, all written with harsher *ink* than now if they were to do (I presume) they should be, especially that to the Archdukes, which did seem to presuppose their course to tend that way; and all three describing the offence in black colours, and pressing their sending them back without delay. Indeed, the general belief was, that they intended

* Rymer's Fœdera.

to settle themselves in Brabant, and that under the favour of the Popish faction; but now I rather think they will be most pitied by the Puritans, and that their course did wholly tend to France. And though for the former I have my incorrigible imagination, yet for the latter many pregnant reasons do concur:—as that the ship that did attend them was French; the place that Mr. Seymour made for was Calais; the man that did make their perruques was a French clockmaker, who is fled with them; and in the ship is said to be found a French post, with letters for the Ambassador."

The following is from the Lord Treasurer Salisbury to Mr. Trumbull, and shows the state of agitation into which the King was thrown on discovering the flight of the lovers; some passages he evidently dictated as the minister wrote, the involved sophistical style betraying his mind:—

"The copy of this, inclosed to the Archduke, will fully acquaint you with the strange occasion of this sudden dispatch. It only remains for me to let you know, that his Majesty's pleasure is, you should presently demand audience of the Archduke, and, having delivered the letter, to represent unto him how sensible his Majesty shall be of the proceedings that be used towards them in a matter of this nature, wherein friendship ought

not to be guided by that which is only visible but by entering into judgment how far circumstances of persons and pretences may make things dangerous in consequence, tho' in other examples wanting some such considerations, that may be refused which ought now to be granted.

"Upon which ground you shall do well to make this further instance: that the Archdukes will not suffer the world to conceive that their friendship with his Majesty is so weakly grounded, as not to demonstrate on such an occasion *somewhat more than the ordinary rules of amity or treaty may directly tie them to.* And there his Majesty doth now require of them that both the persons and their company, if they come within their dominions, may be stayed until upon advertisement of it they may further hear from his Majesty: though you may conclude that *excepting the scorn and example of so great pride and animosity where his Majesty's only clemency hath bred his own offence, there is nothing in these persons relative to themselves to hold them other than contemptible creatures.*

"This being the effect which his Majesty doth desire, the time admitting no particular relation to the fact, nor any long discourse, the rest must depend upon your own discretion *to amplify and enforce* the same as you shall see cause.

"They had so good correspondency, and plotted their escape with such cunning and secresy as,

though they were under several custodies, Mr. Seymour being in the Tower, but had the liberty of the prison, and the Lady Arabella committed to Sir James Crofts, who was to conduct her to Durham, yet they found means to escape much about one time, the lady putting herself into man's apparel, and the other disguising himself with a false hair and beard, and mean apparel.

"They embarked themselves at Lee yesterday, about nine o'clock in the morning, so that if they make not the more haste than I think they can, and this messenger be not too slow, you shall have time enough to demand audience and know the Archduke's answer before they come to Brussells."

What must have been the agony of mind of the unfortunate Arabella, when, all her fondest hopes defeated, she was brought back to London, and the gloomy portals of the Tower unclosed to let her in—another victim whose doom was sealed!

He whom she adored a fugitive, whose fate she could not know, but the dreadful certainty that they were separated for *ever* too apparent to her mind. All in whom she had any interest—all to whom she was attached—reproached, suspected, and imprisoned for her sake. Her husband's grandfather—the infirm and almost superannuated Earl of Hertford—whose participation in their offence could not for an instant be believed, was

dragged from his retirement to be interrogated; and Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, her aunt, was seized and placed in the Tower in strict confinement, as an aider and abettor of her flight. Earl Gilbert was also ordered to keep himself a prisoner in his own house.

A long examination immediately took place before the Privy Council, of those persons concerned in the "great and heinous offence" of a love-match without the consent of a tyrant. A great parade was made of the enormity of Arabella's crime, which proceeding, indeed, was necessary to excuse the severity of her punishment, and give colour to the accusations which no one could understand.

Both the aunt and niece seem to have conducted themselves on the occasion according to their respective characters, but agreeing in insisting on a public trial, and professing their readiness to answer their accusers in a proper place, but declining to do so privately. One or two authors, who could not have taken the trouble to read More's letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, have misrepresented Arabella, and attributed to her the words of her choleric aunt; there is no difficulty in understanding the following passage, which has been, nevertheless, misread:—

"18th June 1611.

"On Saturday last the Countess of Shrewsbury

was lodged in the Tower, where she is like long to rest, as well as the Lady Arabella. The last-named Lady answered the Lords at her examination with good judgment and discretion; but *the other* is said to be utterly without reason, crying out that all is *but tricks and giggs:* that she will answer nothing in private: and if she have offended the law she will answer it in public. She is said to have amassed a great sum of money *to some ill use;* twenty thousand pounds are known to be in her cash, and that she made provision for more bills of exchange to her niece's use than *she had knowledge of;* and though the Lady Arabella hath not, *as yet*, been found inclinable to Popery, yet her aunt made account, belike, that being beyond the seas, in the hands of Jesuits and Priests, either the stroke of their arguments, or *the pinch of poverty*, *might force her* to the other side."

It is evident, by this, that the innocence of Arabella of any political design was manifest, whatever the intriguing daughter of Elizabeth of Hardwick might have projected. Yet she found no more favour in the sight of her persecutor. Perhaps, James had formed some design of marrying her to forward his own interest, which project her clandestine union with Seymour frustrated: she seems to allude to something of the kind in a passage of a letter to the King.

"If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do something not pleasing to your Majesty, let it be all covered with the shadow of your royal benignity.

"Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your Majesty in your most princely wisdom and judgment to consider in *what a miserable state I had been if I had taken any other course than I did*, for my own conscience witnessing before God *that I was then the wife of him that now I am I could never have matched with any other man.*"

At first, the imprisonment of Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, was somewhat severe, as appears by the following letter from Sir Charles Cavendish to Henry Butler:—

"Good Henry Butler,

"I cannot blame you to be greatly grieved at this case, knowing how much she values you for your trust and love to her; but my lord putteth me in hope that her abode there will not be long, and that shortly she shall have the liberty of friends and servants to come to her. She is appointed the Queen's lodgings, and hath three or four fair rooms to walk in. God send her well out of them, as I hope in God she shall.

"Commend me to Mr. Wingfield, and be you both of good cheer, for I understand she had not

gone thither if she had answered the lords, so for that contempt she suffereth.

Your very loving friend,

CHARLES CAVENDISH.

"*Welbeck*, 19 *June*, 1611."

Her brother's hope that she would not be long in the Tower was fallacious; for the captivity of the Countess lasted *two years*, although there was no sufficient ground of accusation found against her. This punishment, however, was the least that the malignant James could devise for her attachment to one who was an object of anger to him.

Earl Gilbert seems also very sanguine: in his expectation of the speedy release of his wife, he says, in a letter to the same person:—

"For my wife, as I wrote to you in the postscript of my second letter, so, I assure you, it is the worst of her estate. God grant her health and patience for a time, and then it will pass over, with God's help, as many greater things have done."

Charles Cavendish adds:—

"The King hath granted six of my lord's servants to repair to her at all convenient time, and Mistress Anne to attend her continually there. Mr. Coniers is in Fox's place, belike he hath not his health there. The six be, *Mr. Hercy*, Mr. Coke, Mr. Boult, Mr. Hamond, Mr. Nevill, Mr. Fox.

The lords that signed this warrant be my Lord Treasurer, my Lord Privy Seal, my Lord Chamberlain, my Lord of Worcester, my Lord Fenton, my Lord Knowles. I hope this good beginning will have a speedy end, which God grant.

"28 *June*, 1611."

Opinions respecting the guilt or innocence of Arabella, and the danger or otherwise to the Crown, were very various, and great contentions arose between the English and Scotch parties; the one averring that all fear was absurd of peril to the throne, from pretensions so remote as those of Arabella, and others holding the event up as a terror not inferior, in its threatened consequences, to the Gunpowder plot. Of course, there were not wanting persons who would indulge the King in his extravagant imaginings, and foster his suspicions, for their own ends, until the weak and unfeeling monarch, against his own conviction, became a prey to fancied evils, and looked upon himself as a rescued victim from a great conspiracy. The saddest reflection is, that the Prince, hitherto a firm friend of his cousin, is said to have been influenced against her; at least, this passage from More would seem to argue as much.

"It is said to fill his Majesty with fearful imaginations, and, with him, *the Prince, who cannot so easily be removed from any settled opinion*." In this, Henry seems to have resembled his brother Charles.

The letter-writer goes on to remark, "As for Mr. Seymour, we only hear that he went from Ostend to Bruges, and from thence sent a messenger along the coast to Gravelines, *to hearken after the arrival of his lady*. Which, methinks, doth not well cohere with my Lady Arabella's protestation, that the intent of them both was absolutely for France, and for no other place."

Probably, in those days of superstition, the tremendous hurricane, which visited England immediately after the discovery of this *fearful plot*, was considered a sign of the wrath of Heaven. Trees were torn up in and round London; houses in the country entirely destroyed, and all nature in confusion.

The archduke did not enter into the alarmed feelings of King James, nor show that sympathy which he seemed to expect; in fact, he evidently considered that there was nothing heinous in the matter; and his cold answer to the terrified letter he received, gave great offence; at the same time it made James ashamed of his vehemence against the unhappy pair, more particularly as one of them was now in his power.

The Lord Treasurer thus writes on the subject to the minister at Brussels:—

"I have acquainted his Majesty with your proceedings in the business concerning Mr. Seymour, who was pleased, in perusing your letter, to take

notice of the diligence and cautions which you have used therein, although the success hath not been answerable; which he imputeth to the coldness of those ministers who do lend but a *sourde oreille* to motions of this nature, and pretend a want of authority, when, in truth, it is merely a want of will and correspondency. For the letter from the Archduke to his Majesty, *it was only an answer of formality*, declaring, in the general, his willingness to give his Majesty such satisfaction, in case *those persons* should come within his territories, as should agree with the treaty and with their mutual amity.

"Whereupon, seeing Mr. Seymour is come thither, and that the Archduke, both by his Majesty's letter and your relation, doth sufficiently understand what is now expected on his part, his Majesty's pleasure is *you forbear to urge and press this matter any further*, but leave them to do therein what themselves shall best advise; *this being a thing of no such consequence*, as that his Majesty will make any *extraordinary contestation for it*."

Nevertheless, his bitterness towards Arabella breaks out again in reproaches and threats to her husband.

"In the meantime, so long as he doth remain a *proselyte* of that country, casting away that duty and obedience with which he was born, and betaking himself to protection in those parts, *sit tibi*

tanquam ethnicus, forbearing both his conversation and his confidence; saving only, according to the instructions in my last, *to carry always a watchful eye to observe what entertainment he doth find there; how he is respected; to whom he most applies himself, who especially resort unto him*, and what course he purposeth to take, either for his stay or his remove.

"And as you can have means to let him know this much, that he will deceive himself if ever he thinks to find favour, whilst he liveth under any of the territories of Spain, Rome, or of the Archdukes; in all which places, all that are ill-affected only find residence and favour."

With selfish harshness Salisbury adds,—

"Whereas it seems he had some speech with you of his purpose to write to me his excuse: you may let him understand this much, that howsoever myself, with other of the lords, were contented heretofore, *in his first falling*, to extenuate his fact and to appeal in his favour; upon a confidence that, *seeing his error*, the honesty and truth of his heart, *encouraged by the goodness of his Majesty towards him*, would not suffer him to fall again; yet, having since deluded our expectation, and therein violated his own faith, so far as to abuse his Majesty's lenity, I am now neither willing to remember that I have done him any courtesies, nor mean to entertain any acknowledgment of them. And, therefore,

if he hath any purpose to write hither to make his peace by the mediation of his friends, let him address his letters, either to the lords in general, or else to those in whom he hath a particular interest; for you may assure him, that for mine own part, I am resolved not to receive any letters from him that are directed to me in particular."

Salisbury seems to have worked himself into as great a state of anger and terror as his master, as if he really thought the crime imputed to Seymour of so black a die.

Could any of them suppose that either he, or Arabella, would be content to linger on in the miserable state in which they were placed, submitting to cruelty and injustice so undeserved, and satisfied to be shut up in prison, and separated, with more and more rigour, from each other, being, as they were, man and wife? Nevertheless, all those who looked on seemed overawed by the displeasure of the Court, and saw nothing natural, but something passing strange in their part being taken by the Archduke.

More writes thus:—

"The Archduke's ambassador hath carried himself *very strangely* ever since his arrival. He hath had but one audience of his Majesty, and that was in private. He hath brought a letter from the Archduke, in favour of Mr. Seymour, *no less strange*

than the rest, that his Majesty would be pleased to pardon *so small a fault as a clandestine marriage, and to suffer his wife and him to live together.*"

This *monstrous* request seems to have excited the utmost surprise, and, probably, only determined King James to show still more severity to the ill-starred Arabella, who was now a prisoner *in the Tower*, without a friend!

She had clung so long to hope; she had indulged so many visions while Seymour was yet near her! But they were violently parted: his fate was unknown to her: her enemies had triumphed. Accusations, from which, although there was no foundation for them, she had no means of clearing herself, pressed frightfully upon her; the past had been all uncertainty, the future was darkness, and the present utter despair. Her mind became confused with the magnitude of her afflictions; her body was wasted and worn with unwonted exertion; her nerves destroyed by continued irritation. Like Tasso, in his dungeon, strange shapes and sights appalled her, and she saw some hideous phantom in every shadow that fell upon her prison floor. In vain she exerted all the powers that nature and education had given her; in vain she tried to busy herself as before in her confinement; in vain she wrote petitions in the most moving language, poured out her sorrows in numbers—all was without effect. The blow had been struck, and fate was as

remorseless as the King, who refused her offerings and contemned her prayers.

"Good, my lord," she exclaims, in a letter to Viscount Fenton, "consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission."

There yet remain fragments of her papers found scattered in her prison; some written and crossed out, some begun and never ended; they are incoherent ravings or pathetic complaints. One letter is thus concluded:

"Help will come too late; and be assured that neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live, till I have his Majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And, *if you remember of old, I dare die*—so I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, *if there be no other way*, as God forbid, to whom I commit you.

"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. *Consider what the world would conceive if I should* be violently enforced to do it."

And she thus writes in the agony of her spirit:

"In all humility the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived prostrates itself at the feet of *the most merciful king that ever was*, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being

more afflicted for anything than for the loss of that which hath been this long time the only comfort it had in the world; and which, if it were to do again, I would not adventure the loss of for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake."

That mercy came not, and was looked for in vain, till hope deferred made her heart sick even to death:

"Where London's towre its turrets show
So stately by the Thames's side,
Faire Arabella, child of woe!
For many a day had sat and sigh'd:
And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the bleake windes roare,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighes,
And still so fast her teares did poure."

She had been a prisoner a considerable time when it was suddenly reported to the Court that she had professed her willingness to make disclosures of great importance, and once more she was brought before the Council; but it was only to show that severity and unmerited harshness had done its work upon their victim. Strange and incoherent accusations fell from her lips; but, desirous as her hearers were to find matter of punishment in her words, although she named, as guilty of treason, many suspected persons, and amongst them the still imprisoned Countess of Shrewsbury, her aunt,*

* In a letter from Mr. John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, occurs this passage:—

"29 Jan.

nothing could be made of her statements; and her judges were convinced, at length, that they were listening to the ravings of insanity. Awe-struck at this catastrophe, neither the King nor his ministers dared prosecute enquiry further; but at once closed the book in which the *crimes* of Arabella and Seymour were written.

> "A greater Power than they could contradict
> Had thwarted their intents."

The *Pazza per Amore* was taken back to her cell; humanity might have suggested her being delivered over to her relations; but, even in madness, she inspired jealousy in the heart of James, and he kept her still captive.

The sudden and dreadful death of her friend and former supporter, Prince Henry, doubtless made a fearful impression on her mind, harassed and wounded as it already was. She must have felt, that in him her last stay was broken; and she had no intercessor of power to be moved by her prayers and sorrows.

"29 Jan. 1612.

"The lady of Shrewsbury that hath been long in the Tower, and hath the liberty of the place, and sometimes to attend her lord in his sickness, is now of late restrained, and kept more close, upon somewhat discovered against her, as they say, by her niece, the Lady Arabella."

In another letter, dated 10th March, the same year, the writer alludes thus mysteriously to Arabella's state, with but little sympathy, it would seem, for her sufferings:—

"The Lady Arabella is *said to be distracted*, which, if it be so, *comes well to pass with somebody whom they say she hath nearly touched*."

The blow which reached every heart in the nation, crushed hers as it descended. Perhaps she had still an advocate in the young and fair sister of the ill-starred Prince Henry, who, being most affectionately attached to her brother, would, of course, take a lively interest in all that had once awakened his sympathy; for it seems that the gallant and amiable bridegroom, who had been chosen for her, attempted to move his obdurate father-in-law, in favour of some of her friends. The gossiping Mr. John Chamberlain, in a passage in one of his letters, tells us that—"The Prince Palatine, before his leaving England with his bride, made a suit to the King for the enlargement of Lord Grey. The King told him, 'he marvelled how he should become suitor for a man whom he neither knew nor ever saw.'"

James was too cunning not to perceive that the Prince was moved to his request by some person who did not appear, and when, in reply, he was informed by his son-in-law that he had been urged to the petition by his uncles, the Duke of Bouillon, and Prince Maurice, and Count Henry, by whom Lord Grey was known and esteemed, James jeeringly answered, "Son, when I come into Germany, I will promise you not to importune you for any of your prisoners."

"Since that time," he continues, "the Lord Grey hath been restrained, and kept *more straight*, for having had conference with one of the lady Arabella's women."

This attendant was strictly examined, and was obliged to offer, as an excuse for the conference of the prisoner and herself, a confession of certain passages of love which she pretended had passed between them; but the King was not to be deceived, and this circumstance seemed to cause his doubts of her mistress to be revived. Perhaps he believed that she feigned madness, as Sir Walter Raleigh had done, to escape punishment, or excite compassion; for the letter goes on to state, that she, Arabella, was "likewise restrained of late, *though they say her brain continues still distracted*, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, more close than at any time before, and *not without cause, as the voice goes.* It is thought the Prince Palatine went not away so well satisfied, *being refused* in *divers suits and requests.*"

Mr. D'Israeli,* in his interesting account of her, by a strange oversight, represents poor Arabella at this time as appearing in splendid robes, worth fifteen hundred pounds, at the Count Palatine's marriage. Alas! the distracted prisoner in the Tower, for whom the bridegroom pleaded in vain, was not in a situation to "ruin herself" or others, by the extravagance of her apparel!

While the Court was glittering in gorgeous array, and thousands were cast away on a single entertainment; while the journey alone of the Queen to *the Bath* cost the King, or rather the nation, *thirty*

* See his paper entitled "Whether Allowable to Ruin Oneself."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

thousand pounds, Arabella was raving in her dismal cell, a maniac and unpitied!

The close of her wretched life was now drawing slowly on, but, that it might conclude with all the melancholy circumstances fitting to such a tragedy, her mind gave way, more and more, until she sunk into a state of helpless idiocy.

The once fair, gay, admired, cherished, and, for a brief space, happy Arabella, lingered on in this living death several years, till—

> "Heaven gave that mercy man denied her here;"

and on the 27th of September, 1615, she expired.

The King, who had denied her all else, accorded her a tomb, as he had done the mother, to whom his filial affection had no better service to render; and Arabella sleeps in Westminster Abbey, near her cousin Henry, the hope of England, who had beckoned her to the grave.

The unfortunate husband, Seymour—though he afterwards married again—preserved inviolably his tender affection for his first love, and gave her name to his daughter, who was called Arabella Stuart, in memory of his attachment and misfortunes. The character given of him by Clarendon is that of a brave and excellent man, worthy of a happier lot.

Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, wrote the following lines, dedicated to the memory of

Arabella, which would be a fitting epitaph for her tomb:

"How do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power
That I have passed the guard and scaped the Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poor carcass hath;
For at thy charge both soul and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and fear:
That amongst Saints,—*this* amongst Kings, is laid;
And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid."*

PARALLEL BETWEEN ARABELLA STUART AND CATHERINE GREY.

The family of Hertford were peculiarly unfortunate, and the story of William Seymour and Arabella is so similar to that of their immediate ancestors, Edward Seymour and Catherine Grey, that it would seem to have been but the same sad drama acted formerly as a warning to their

* In consequence of the assertion of the elder D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," that letters of Arabella and Seymour existed in MS. at Longleat, I visited that place, and, by permission of the Marchioness of Bath, who, in the kindest manner, afforded me every assistance and facility, examined a great collection of the papers of the family, but entirely without success; nor is there any record of such having been preserved there. Amongst other portraits of little value of the period of Elizabeth and James, occurs one of Arabella, badly painted, and far from handsome, about the age of thirty; but it is impossible to form any judgment of her appearance from such a picture, as the finest face—for instance, that of Mary Stuart, which exists at Longleat likewise, and is curious for the costume—may be disfigured by a mean artist; and there is here no master hand to do justice to poor Arabella, injured alike in this as in other ways.

descendants to avoid the snare into which a dangerous affection had led them. As is usual, however, in these cases, the warning was overlooked, and the tragedy renewed; the same persecutions attended Catherine,—who had the misfortune to possess a remote claim to the crown, and whose sister had perished on a scaffold,—as those which overtook Arabella, and the same vengeance pursued the one Seymour as that which visited the other.

After the immolation of the young, innocent, and amiable victim, Lady Jane, her sisters, Catherine and Mary, were permitted to remain in obscurity and neglect—the safest state in which they could exist. On the accession of Elizabeth, although her fears were chiefly directed against those of the Scottish descent, of whose claims she was most tenacious, yet she did not overlook the possibility of a party being formed in favour of the daughters of the house of Suffolk, who, from being English and Protestant, might find friends as powerful as those which upheld the rights of Mary Stuart.

The Ladies Catherine and Mary Grey were then to be kept under a strict watch, in order to prevent their being made the tools of a party as their ill-fated elder sister had been. The early marriage of Catherine to the son of the Earl of Pembroke, which had taken place on the same fatal day as that of Lady Jane and Guildford Dudley, had been, as hastily as possible after the catastrophe, dissolved through the politic care of her father-in-law, who

married the bridegroom afterwards to Sir Philip Sidney's charming sister. The Queen resolved that no other marriage should be contracted by the repudiated lady, and, in the same manner as King James acted afterwards towards Arabella, kept her little better than a state prisoner; who, though considered allied to the Crown, was to remain content with that honour, and have no aspirations for the future.

But there was a Hertford then, as afterwards, who was destined to thwart the royal plans; and the jealous and envious Queen, by whom marriage was at all times considered a crime against herself, learnt, with indignation, that the son of the Protector Somerset, he to whom she had shown herself a benefactress, whose honour and estates she restored, and on whom she had bestowed the titles of Baron Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford,—had dared to forget his allegiance to that *beauty* which she expected should eclipse all others, and had become the husband of her captive cousin.

At first, as in the case of Arabella, the terrified pair were afraid to confess the extent of their misdemeanor; but the fact could not be concealed, and the vengeance of the tyrant awoke. All the fears of the Queen were roused; for it was found that the unhappy young wife was about to become a mother, and visions of a long line of rivals filled the uneasy mind of the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

Catherine Grey was instantly arrested, and taken off prisoner to the Tower, and, as if to furnish a

precedent to King James, the legitimacy of the marriage was disputed. Hertford was commanded instantly to produce proofs of his union: so early a day was named, that he found it impossible to gather them so as to convince the special commissioners appointed by her Majesty, from whose decision there was to be no appeal. He was, at the time of the summons, in France, and, although he used every exertion to satisfy the demands urged on him, as was anticipated, he could not do so, and returned to England only to be seized and thrown into the same durance as his wife, though his enemies were careful that their imprisonment should not be shared. He was accused of seduction, and reproach and contumely heaped on him and the partner of his fault. Their portion now was the harshest severity, and every means was taken to discover who had been their friends in their clandestine marriage.

Elizabeth of Hardwick, whose restless spirit seems always to have led her into scenes of daring, from which, however, she generally contrived to escape without danger to herself, fell at this time under the Queen's suspicion, as appears by the following extract from a warrant addressed, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, to Warner, Lieutenant of the Tower:

"Our pleasure is, that ye shall, as by our commandment, examine the Lady Catherine very straightly, how many hath been privy to the love

between her and the Lord of Hertford from the beginning; and let her certainly understand that she shall have no manner of favour except she will show the truth, not only what ladies or gentlewomen of this Court were thereto privy, but also what lords and gentlemen; for it doth now appear that sundry personages have dealt herein, and when it shall appear more manifestly, it shall increase our indignation against her if she will forbear to utter it. We earnestly require you to use your diligence in this. Ye shall also send to Alderman Lodge, secretly, for *St. Low*, and shall put her in awe of divers matters confessed by the Lady Catherine; and so also deal with her that she may confess to you all her knowledge in the same matters. It is certain that there hath been great practices and purposes; and since the death of the Lady Jane she hath been most privy. And as ye shall see occasion, so ye may keep St. Low two or three nights, more or less, and let her be returned to Lodge's or kept still with you, as ye shall think meet."*

In that gloomy abode, the destined sojourn of misfortune, where few could say they "slept in quiet;" in that fatal building,—so feared by the pretty Prince of Wales, who had reason to exclaim to his uncle Gloster,

"I do not like the Tower of any place,"

—was poor Catherine Seymour delivered of a son,

* Haynes's Burleigh State Papers.

pronounced by her enemies illegitimate, in spite of her assertions to the contrary. And, as one unworthy of the notice of the maiden Queen, she was kept a prisoner, condemned to expiate in tears the error which those around her pretended to believe she had committed.

But, watched as they were, the married pair found friends who compassionated their sufferings, and, in spite of the vigilance of the Queen, they occasionally met.

What was the fury of Elizabeth when she became aware that the Countess of Hertford was again about to add to the claimants of the crown of England! —this second offence was not to be pardoned; the lieutenant of the tower was instantly superseded, and stronger coercion than ever was the fate of Catherine. Her husband was now prosecuted for his contempt of the royal authority, and the vindictive sovereign indulged herself in the delight of stripping him of great part of the property which her hand had restored. A fine of fifteen thousand pounds was levied on his estate, and when he insisted on the legality of his marriage, and put on record the legitimacy of his children, he was again arrested and put in prison, where he was kept for nine years, without a shadow of justice.

The unfortunate Catherine was doomed to see him no more. Elizabeth was as unmoved as James, to whom she taught the cruel example; and, in spite of the murmurs of many of her indignant

subjects, who did not hesitate to demand under what plea she ventured to divide those whom God had joined, she continued to keep her in confinement, till death released her from her sufferings, in January, 1567, seven years after her ill-omened marriage.

Elizabeth cast away no mercy on her unfortunate relative, save in one instance, when, probably, necessity, not compassion, induced her to remove the object of her anger from the influence of infection. The plague was then raging, and the inhabitants of the Tower were threatened with its ravages; she, therefore, consented to allow the Lady Catherine a chance of escaping from its deadly reach, although, of course, her death would have been news she would have more willingly heard than her well-being. The following is a proof of the tender care she had for her captive:

"WARRANT FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE LADY CATHERINE GREY FROM THE TOWER, TO THE CUSTODY OF HER UNCLE, THE LORD JOHN GREY.*

"*The Lords of the Council, to the Lord John Grey.*

"After our harty commendations to your good Lordships, although it may seem strange unto yow

* Haynes's Burghley State Papers, Vol. I. p. 404.

that without any former knowledg gyven you, the lady Catharn, your Lordship's nessce, is appointed to be removed out of the Towre, to your howse; yet we dout not but ye will thynk the cause reasonable, when ye shall understand it to be thus: The Quene's Majesty having consideration that the Towre of London is envyroned with infection of the Plage, for the danger that might ensue to your nece ther, hath been pleased of hir compassion, to grant that she shuld be removed from thence, as uppon much humble suyte hir Majesty hath granted the like to the Erle of Hartford; and meaning not that she shuld be at any other liberty; but to be free from that place of danger, thought best, in respect your Lordship is a nobleman, and of grave consideration, to regard any trust committed to yow by hir Majesty, to committ the custody of the said lady to yow, hir onely uncle and next coosyn. And thus hir Majesty willed us to shew yow the occasion of her sending to yow, and hath commanded us also to wryte furder unto your Lordship, that hir pleasure is, the said Lady shall remayn with yow and your Wiffe, as in custody; not to depart from yow until hir Majesty's pleasure shall be furder knowen, nether to have any conference with any person being not of your Howshold, without knowledg of yowr Lords[p] or yowr Wiff. Which hir Majesty meaneth she should understand of yowr Lordship, and observe, as some part of hir punishment; and therin hir Majesty meaneth

herin to trye hir disposition how she will obey that which she shall have in commandement. And suerly of our owne parts, for that we wish she should not long lack Hir Majesty's favor, but recover it by all good meanes; we hartely pray yowr Lordship to have regard, that she use hir self there in yowr Houss with no other demeanor, than as though she were in the Towre, untill she may atteyne more favor of hir Majesty; for we must lett yow know that which is trew, hir Majesty hath at this present ment no more by this Liberty, but that she be out of the Towre from danger of the Plage. And so we pray yowr Lordship let hir playnly understand."*

* Perhaps it was on this occasion the Queen gave her cousin the robe mentioned in the following paper:—

"ORIGINAL ORDER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, IN HER OWN HAND, IN POSSESSION OF MR. JOSEPH INGRAM, LINENDRAPER, IN CHEAPSIDE. (The Paper is signed P. C.)

". . . . . that our trusty and well-beloved servants John Roynor and Ralphe Hoope yeomen of our guardarobe of roobes hath delivered by our commandment oute of thir custody and charge at sundry times all such parcel of stuff as by us gevon to sundry p^rsons &c.

"Gevon to the lady Katheryn Grey, oone open gowne of black vellat layon on with 3 passamayne lases, faced with unshorne vellat and edged with a fringe, lyned throughout with black sarcenet.

"Gevon to the Lady Cobham oone loose gowne of black satin rased along and with a guard of black vellat styched, byas cutt and ravelid and edged with a fringe lined with sarcenet and fustian, and oone round kirtle of blak wrought vellat edged with a fringe and lyned with sarcenet, and also one petycoate of crimson vellat with a styched garde lined with cotton and fustian.

"Gevon to Lady Carew one French kirtle of purple wrougt vellat with a satin ground, lined with taphata.

It remained now that the tyranny of the Queen should exhibit itself on another of the unlucky race, who had the misfortune to claim kindred with her

"Taken by the said John Roynor and R. Hoope oone night gown, *past our wearing*, of black vellat welted with a midhank welte of vellat styched with silk furred with callaber and edged with luzerne.

"Gevon to Catherin Carey a gown of russet satin welted downeright with blak vellat with ruffe of russet taphata round, all about.

"Gevon to Dorothy Brodebelte one open gown of russet wrought vellat, the ground satin with brode welts, whiped over with a sattin wrethe edged with a fringe and lined with sarcenet and faced with pinked taphata, and oone petycoat of vellat stryped with gold the skirts lyned with purple sarcenet.

"Gevon to Eliz. Sands oone open gown of printed satin garded with vellat and lyned with taphata, and oone Spanish gown of unshorne vellat ruffed with taphata set with buttons and lowpes lyned with taphata.

"Gevon to Eliz. Sloo oone gowne of black pinked vellat bordered about with three swelling welts cutt and raved, lyned with taphata and edged with a fringe.

"Gevon to a *Tartarian woman* one loose gown of blak taphata welted byas with blak vellat on either side of the welt a purled lase of silk lyned with taphata: oone French kyrtle of russet satin lyned with russet taphata: oone loose gown of blak taphata with a brode garde of vellat layed on with whyped lase and Brussels work lase lyned with blak taphata, and one French kyrtle of black satin welted with vellat and lyned with taphata.

"Delivered to Katheryn Asheteley by her to be employed in panying of cushions, oone French gowne of purple vellat lyned with purple taphata with a peire of wide sleeves to the same.

"Taken by the said John Royner and R. H. one night gown past our wearing of black satin with two gards of vellat with a fringe lase layed upon the edge of the garde, furred with lybards and faced with luzerne.

"All wh. stuff and every part and parcel thereof we do knowledge to have been delyverd since the last of Jan. an° seccond° regni mihi, &c. &c.

"Geven under our signett at our manor of Greenwich, 16th May the 3d yere of our reign 1560."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1764.

on her father's side. Mary Grey, witness to all the sorrows of her sisters, living in a state of miserable restraint, forbidden to share in any of the pleasures or pomps of royalty, yet kept in state confinement as a royal personage, became weary of her irksome position, and, probably, reckless of giving offence, was imprudent enough to contract a marriage with a person in an inferior class of life; condescending to become the wife of the sergeant-porter of the Queen—a circumstance which, at the time, is spoken of as "an unhappy chance and *monstrous*."

Fuller thus records the event with becoming contempt:—

"Mary Grey, frighted with the infelicity of her two elder sisters, Jane and this Catherine, forgot her honor to remember her safety; and married one whom she could love, and none need fear, Martin Kays, of Kent, esquire; who was a judge at court (but only at doubtful casts at dice, being sergeant-porter); and died without issue, the 28 of April, 1578."—*Worthies in Leicestershire.*

Mary vainly imagined that the obscurity of her husband would protect her; but she forgot that the Queen dreaded the heirs who might spring from *herself;* and she expiated her imprudence by imprisonment for the remainder of her life! Her husband's fate, beyond his being also

incarcerated, is left in doubt; but mention is made of her by Sir Thomas Gresham, the great merchant, in a letter to Lord Burghley, dated April, 1572, complaining that she had been kept in his house nearly three years, and entreating his lordship to make interest that she may be removed from his custody.

MARY SIDNEY,

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

" The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day,
And most resembling both in shape and spirit
Her brother dear."—*Spenser.*

The chain that has connected each of the characters whose history has been sketched in these pages, has yet a link added to them in the name of '*Sidney's sister;*'—she who is familiar to every one through Jonson's famous epitaph—for the two first wives of the man she married, were Catherine Grey and Anne Talbot, daughter of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, and her son was united to the grand-daughter of Bess of Hardwick and the Earl.

Mary Sidney was the daughter of parents eminent for their private worth, patterns of domestic virtue, and distinguished for their example. Sir

William Sidney, knight, her grandfather, was chamberlain and steward of the household to Henry VIII., and, both for valour and prudence, was remarkable in his time; gaining laurels at Flodden field, and being always highly honoured by his sovereign. Henry, his son, was brought up with, and was the chosen friend of, young Edward VI., who was snatched away too soon for the nation's hopes: he married Mary, eldest daughter of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, one of the victims of ambition so frequently offered up in those days on that fatal altar. The brothers of this amiable woman were the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, and her *sister-in-law*, that innocent martyr, Lady Jane Grey.

The children of this marriage were the illustrious hero and favourite of his age, Sir Philip Sidney, and she whom his affection, added to her own deserts, rendered little less famous, Mary, the wife of the Earl of Pembroke.

Her marriage was arranged by her uncle, the Earl of Leicester, her mother's brother, and the gratitude and delight of her father on the proposal being made to him is almost comic in its humility. He appears to have held in infinite reverence and awe the illustrious race with whom his benign stars had allied him, although, their turbulence, ambition, and misfortunes considered, it would have been happier and safer, one might imagine, to avoid than to court their dangerous eminence. But Leicester was in his power at that time little less

than a king, and though they had seen the fate of innocent young women allied to greatness in the murdered Jane, and her imprisoned sisters, yet the letters of the apparently simple-minded Sir Henry Sidney, show that he can scarcely contain himself for joy when he sees the coronet of Pembroke glittering above his daughter's head. This is part of his letter to his brother-in-law, whom he addresses with the deepest veneration :—

"Your Lordshyppys later wrytten Letter I receved, the same day I dyd the first, together with one from my Lord of Pembrooke to your Lordshyp; by both whych I fynd, to my exceedyng great comfort, the lykleod of a maryage betwyne his Lordshyp and my Doghter, which great honor to me, my mean lynnage and kyn, I attrybute to my match in your noble House, for whych I acknoleg myself bound to honor and sarve the same, to the uttermost of my pouer; yea, so joyfully have I at hart, that my dere Chyldys so happy an advancement as thys ys, as, in troth, I would bide a year in close pryson, rather than yt shuld breake. But alas! my derest Lord, myne abylytie answereth not my harty desyer. I am poore; myne estate, as well in lyvelod and moveable, is not unknown to your Lordshyp, whych wantyth much to make me able to equall that, whych I know my Lord of Pembrook may have. Twoo thousand *l*, I confes have bequeathed her, whych your Lordshyp knowyth

I myght better spare her when I wear dead, than one thousand lyvyng; and, in troth, my Lord, I have yt not, but borrough I must and so I wyll: And if your Lordshyp wyll get me leave, that I may feede my eyes wyth that joyfull syght of thear couplyng, I wyll gyve her a cup worth fyve hundryth *l.* Good, my Lord, bear wyth my poverty, for if I had it, lyttell would I regard any sum of money, but wyllyngly would gyve it, protestyng before the Almyghty God, that if he, and all the powers on earth, would geve me my choyse of a husband for her, I would choose the Earl of Pembrooke.

"*Dundalk*, 4 *Feb.* 1576."

As it was Leicester's pleasure that the marriage should take place, it was not likely, knowing as he did the circumstances of his brother-in-law, that he would allow it to fall to the ground for the want of a dower for the bride. He accordingly increased the father's gratitude by presenting his daughter with a sum of money equal to the expectations of the bridegroom's family, and, no further obstacle existing, Mary Sidney was married to Henry, Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke.

It appears that the greatest care had been taken by the mother of Mary Sidney with her children's education, and the result was her ample reward, both as regarded her celebrated son and her amiable and accomplished daughter, who excelled in

beauty, grace, and worth—a fact which must have contributed in no small degree to comfort the heart of her mother, rendered peculiarly sensitive by the misfortunes of her family.

The brother and sister were as inseparable in their studies as united in their minds, and throughout their lives appeared to be undivided in affection for each other, and for literature. Both were celebrated by all the poets of their time, whom they caressed and encouraged; and the great work which established the fame of the one conferred equal lustre on the other. The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia has handed down the names of Mary and Philip together to admiring posterity.

Of her Spenser thus enthusiastically speaks, in his Colin Clout:

> "Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
> In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
> All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
> More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,
> And in her sex more wonderful and rare."

And Thomas Churchyard, taking up the strain, exclaims:

> "Pembroke, a pearl that orient is of kind,
> A Sidney right, shall not in silence sit;
> A gem more worth than all the gold of Ind,
> For she enjoys the wise Minerva's wit,
> And sets to school our poets everywhere
> That do presume the laurel crown to wear;
> The Muses nine and eke the Graces three
> In Pembroke's books and verses you shall see."

One of the chief works of the countess was a version which she gave of the Psalms in English,—a task then peculiarly popular, and first undertaken more, perhaps, from admiration of the poetical beauties of the sacred pieces than from a religious feeling of the excellence—by the celebrated poet, Clement Marot; who had, by their introduction, caused a complete revolution in taste in his own country, and had, it may be inadvertently, supplied the enemies of the Catholic Church with a means of spreading their opinions.

The version of Clement was, naturally, very much read in England long after the awakened terrors of the Court of France had banished his Psalms from every drawing-room, and silenced them on every lute. Imprisoned and punished, their once cherished author had leisure to muse on the changes and chances of a popular poet's life, and, at the same time, to launch forth into sarcasm against his late adorers, who had entered so fully into his prayer that, all love-songs forgotten, these sacred melodies should occupy the thoughts of every lady in the land:

"Quand n'aurons plus de cours ne lieu
Les chansons de ce petit Dieu
A qui les peintres font des aisles.
O vous, dames et demoiselles,
Que Dieu fait pour estre son temple
Et faites sous mauvais exemple
Retentir et chambres et sales
De chansons mondaines ou sales."

At length there shall no haunt be found
Where idle lays may more resound,
Such as his little godship brings,
Whom silly painters deck with wings.
Oh gentle dames!—the Temple made
Where God would have his worship paid,
No more shall your example teach
In bow'rs and halls, by music's speech,
Those songs that may to evil move
Or raise vain thoughts of worldly love.

The ladies, in France, excited by their poet, had, as is usual with that volatile race, when a new fashion is produced, abandoned all that they had loved before, and "Cupid, prince of gods and men," was treated with scorn and silence, while every palace rang with lays from

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept."

At last, it was found that the poet had betrayed them all into heresy; the lutes were dashed aside in dismay; the voices were hushed throughout the kingdom; the witching rhymes were left to Huguenots and rebels; and to Clement went forth the word—

"Prenez-le!—il a mangé du lard!" *

Perhaps the Protestant feeling, more than their merit, made the version of the Psalms by Lady Pembroke, occasionally assisted by her brother, popular: there is certainly more that claims attention and admiration in her original compositions,

* This line occurs in a satirical poem of Marot's, which he composed in ridicule of his former patroness, Diane de Poitiers.

in some of which, as in those of Sir Philip Sidney, there is originality and considerable beauty.

That the "Arcadia" deserved all the praise bestowed on it so lavishly by all the contemporaries of its author, can scarcely be thought at the present day. It is not the antiquity of its language—although far more difficult than that of Shakspeare—that causes that much talked-of prose poem to be so dull and dry in the perusal; but it is the want of interest in the plot and characters, the total absence of nature and natural situations. It is true that it possesses, in its weary length, some beautiful passages, although, taken in general, these are adapted from classical poets; but they do not reward the reader for wading through the interminable dialogues between imaginary knights, damsels, shepherds, and princesses, who never, in any of their stories, awaken a momentary interest for their sorrows or successes.

Southey, in some lately-published letters, says, that "the prose of Sir Philip Sidney is full of poetry, and there are some fine passages amongst his poems." It appears to me necessary to make extracts from both—to be read apart—in order to feel their beauty, that, when separated from the dulness which surrounds them, their real worth may be appreciated; but to read the "Arcadia" as a whole and not be wearied beyond the power of admiration, is nearly impossible. I have never seen Mrs. Stanley's modernization of this celebrated

work, alluded to by Dr. Southey; but, of course, it could gain nothing by a modern hand profaning its secrets, and covering the roughness of its original gold with a coat of varnish.

Sir Philip himself says, "It is not rhyming and versing that maketh poetry;" but yet few more than himself ran into the unprofitable fashion of *word sorting* in his poems; some of which have not, as Southey justly remarks, "a redeeming line, thought, or expression." Yet Sir Philip could lecture well on poetry, and the vices of his time which injured it, defining it justly as being "the considering each word not only, as a man may say by his forcible quality, but his best measured quantity;"* and he could also be severe on one whose compositions have kept their youth for more than two centuries, and are still, as they will ever be, unrivalled, not only for the musical beauty and grace of the poetry, but for every quality requisite to touch the heart. He could see faults in the style of Shakspeare's popular dramas, without discerning the true poetry, which was the *beau ideal* he was labouring to describe. One can scarcely be surprised, on reading the "Arcadia," that its author did not feel the genius of the great master, immortal through all time; but thus it was with almost all the poets and dramatists of the day, whom it has been the labour of some to endeavour to place in

* Coleridge has the same idea more clearly expressed. See his "Table Talk."

the same rank with Shakspeare, to whose light their glimmer is as a glow-worm to the moon.

Sir Philip Sidney's *sonnets*—a style of writing altogether too cramped for English verse, a borrowed form, belonging to the Italian language, which it suits—have, nevertheless, merit; and some of these—the least encumbered with conceits—may be compared with those *attributed* to Shakspeare; as, for instance, the following:—

"Stella! think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee?
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
Not so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree:
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Grav'd on my epitaph a Poet's name:
Ne, if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow;
Without my plumes from others wings I take:
For nothing from my wit, or will, doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write."

That Petrarch was the poet's model in this composition is very plain; but whether Shakspeare suggested this which follows, by his speech of Cleopatra, cannot be so readily decided; perhaps Nature was the mistress of both.

"*Cleopatra*—

"Where thinkest thou he is now?—*stands he, or sits he,*
Or does he walk, or is he on his horse—

He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'—
For so he calls me.
What! was he sad or merry?"

SHAKSPEARE.

SONNET OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Be your words made, good sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you courted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you *so* total are?
When I demand of Phœnix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
Oh God! think you, that satisfies my care?
I would know *whether she do sit or walk*—
How cloth'd, how waited on? Sigh'd she, or smiled?
Whereof? With whom? how often did she talk?
With what pastime, time's journey she beguiled?
If her lips deign'd to sweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well said, still say the same."

The subject of Anthony and Cleopatra was a favourite one at the period, and the Countess of Pembroke did not neglect it. Often, doubtless, did the brother and sister, seated in the bowers of Wilton, impart to each other their mutual compositions, and the theme, now pastoral now heroic, inspired them both. Sidney's partial eye rested with delight on the page where his sister had traced the struggles of the enamoured Roman, while her tears were flowing for the sorrows of Philoclea.

She might delight to dwell on the moving tenderness of passages like these, then so much esteemed, but now rather suggestive of a smile, though they are not without a certain grace :—

" He hears thee not, simple Philoclea! he hears thee not, or, if he did, some hearts grow harder the more they find their advantage. O ye deaf Heavens! I would either his injury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his injury!—with that she gave a *pitiful but sweet shriek*," &c.

It may even be that she, whom her brother addresses as " most dear, and most worthy to be most dear," herself added speeches and scenes of a like nature, which were afterwards read with weeping eyes by all the ladies of the sentimental Court, Queen Elizabeth included, who could feel for fictitious woes.

The male and female poet seem occasionally to have changed characters; for some of the soliloquies in the countess's poem of " Antonius " are worthy of a masculine pen, and equal to anything her brother ever wrote.

PASSAGES FROM THE " ANTONIUS " OF MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Opening :—

" Since cruell Heaven's against me obstinate,
Since all mishappes of the round engine doo
Conspire my harme : since men, since powers divine,
Aire, earth and Sea are all injurious :
And that my Queene herself in whom I liv'd

The Idoll of my harte, doth me pursue;
It's meete I dye. For her have I forgone
My Country, Cæsar unto war provok'd,
(For just revenge of Sister's wrongs, my wife,
Who mov'de my Queene (ay me!) to jealousie)
For love of her, in her allurements caught,
Abandon'd life, I honour have despisde,
Disdain'd my friends, and of the statelye Rome
Despoilde the Empire of her best attire,
Contemn'd that power that made me so much fear'd
A slave become unto her feeble face.
O cruell, traitres! woman most unkinde!
Thou dost, forsworne, my love and life betraie;
And giv'st me up to ragefull enemie,
Which soone (O foole!) will plague thy perjurye."

ANTONY REPROACHES HIMSELF FOR THE RECOLLECTION OF CLEOPATRA.

"Then willing to besiege
The great Phraates, head of Media,
Thou campedst at her walles with vaine assault,
Thy engins fit (mishap!) not thither brought,
So long thy love with such things nourished
Reframes, reformes itself and stealingly
Retakes his force and re-becomes more great.
For of thy Queene the lookes, the grace, the words,
Sweetnes, allurements, amorous delights,
Entred again thy soule, and day and night,
In watch, in sleepe, her Image follow'd thee:
Not dreaming but of her, repenting still
That thou for warre hadst such a goddes left.
Thou car'st no more for Parth, nor Parthian bow,
Sallies, assaults, encounters, shocks, alarmes,
For ditches, rampiers, wards, entrenched grounds:
Thy only care is sight of Nilus' streames,
Sight of that face whose gilefull semblant doth
(Wand'ring in thee) infest thy tainted hart.
Her absence thee berothes: each hower, each hower
Of staie, to the impatient seemes an age.

Enough of conquest, praise thou deem'st enough,
If soon enough the bristled fields thou see
Of fruitfull Ægipt, *another stranger floud*
Thy Queene's faire eyes (another Pharos) lights.

Returned loe, dishonoured, despisde,
In wanton love a woman thee misleades
Sunke in foule sinke: meanwhile respecting nought
Thy wife Octavia and her tender babes,
Of whome the long contempt against thee whets
The sword of Cæsar now thy lord become.
Lost thy great Empire, all those goodly townes
Reverenc'd thy name as rebells now thee leave,
Rise against thee, and to the ensignes flocke
Of conquering Cæsar, who enwalles thee round
Cag'd in thy hold, scarse maister of thy selfe,
Late maister of so many nations.

Yet, yet, which is of griefe, extreamest griefe,
Which is yet of mischeife highest mischeife,
It's Cleopatra, alas! alas, it's she,
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,
Betraies thy love, (thy life, alas!) betraies,
Cæsar to please whose grace she seekes to gaine:
With thought her crowne to save and fortune make
Onely thy foe which common ought have beene.
If her I alwaies lov'd, and the first flame
Of her heart-killing love shall burn me last;
Justly complain I she disloyall is,
Nor constant is, even as I constant am,
To comfort my mishap, despising me
No more, then when the heavens favour'd me.
But ah by nature women wav'ring are,
Each moment changing and rechanging mindes.
Unwise, who blinde in them, thinkes loyaltie
Ever to finde in beautie's companie."

The following really beautiful and poetical account of Cleopatra's charms, though not very

descriptive of an Egyptian, was, probably, not lost upon the *fair* and learned European Queen, who, no doubt, saw clearly that it was intended for her portrait, as it was meant she should.

DESCRIPTION OF CLEOPATRA.

" Nought lives so faire. Nature by such a worke
Her selfe, should seeme, in workmanship hath part.
She is all heav'nly: never any man
But seeing her was ravish'd with her sight.
The allabaster covering of her face,
The corall coullor her two lips engraines,
Her beamy eies, two Sunnes of this our world,
Of her faire haire the *fine and flaming golde*,
Her brave straight stature, and her winning partes
Are nothing else but fiers, fetters, dartes.
Yet this is nothing; th' enchaunting skilles
Of her celestiall Sp'rite, her training speach,
Her grace, her majesty and forcing voice,
Whether she it with fingers speach consorte,
Or hearing sceptred kings' embassadors
Answere to each in hir owne language make."

This passionate burst of Cleopatra's is full of feeling, and cannot be read without admiration.

CLEOPATRA DECLARES HER CONSTANCY IN ANTONY'S DISTRESS.

" A frend in most distresse should most assist.
If that when Antonie, great and glorious,
His legions led to drinke Euphrates' streames,
So many kings in train redoubting him;
In triumph rais'd as high as highest heav'n;
Lord-like disposing as him pleased best,
The wealth of Greece, the wealth of Asia;
In that faire fortune had I him exchaung'd

For Cæsar, then, men would have counted me
Faithles, unconstant, light; but now the storme,
And blustring tempest driving on his face,
Readie to drowne—alas! what would they say?
What would himself in Pluto's mansion say?
If I, whome alwaies more than life he lov'd,
If I, who am his heart, who was his hope,
Leave him, forsake him, (and perhaps in vaine)
Weakly to please who him hath overthrowne?
Not light, unconstant, faithlesse should I be,
But vile, forsworne, of treach'rous cruelty."

There are in the following lines passages of much beauty, and an evidence of learning displayed appropriately. The consternation of the gods of Egypt at the *coming events* which threatened them, is grandly pourtrayed, and the expression—

"Our gods' dark faces overcast with woe!"

is extremely solemn; indeed there is much in the whole poem of Antonius which suggests a resemblance to some parts in Milton, and which that great poet, doubtless, did not disdain.

ACT II.—PHILOSTRATUS (THE PHILOSOPHER) SPEAKS:—

"What horrible furie, what cruell rage,
O Ægipt so extremely thee torments?
Hast thou the gods so angred by thy fault?
Hast thou against them some such crime conceiv'd,
That their engrained hand lift up in threats
They should desire in thy heart bloude to bathe?
And that their burning wrath which noght can quench
Should pittiles on us still lighten downe
We are not hewn out of the monstrous masse
Of giantes, those which Heaven's wrack conspir'd:

Ixion's race, false prater of his loves:
Nor yet of him who fained lightnings found:
Nor cruell Tantalus, nor bloudy Atreus,
Whose cursed banquet for Thyestes' plague
Made the beholding sunne for horrour turne
His backe, and backwarde from his course returne:
And hast'ning his wing-footed horses race
Plunge him in sea for shame to hide his face:
While sulleine night upon the wondring world
For middaie's light her starrie mantle cast.

* * * *

All knowing gods our wracks did us foretell
By signes in earth, by signes in starry spheres,
Which should have mouv'd us, had not Destinie
With too strong hand warped our miserie.
The Comets flaming through the scat'red clouds
With fiery beames, most like ynbroaded haires;
The fearfull dragon whistling at the bankes:
And holy Apis ceasles bellowing
(As never erst) and shedding endles teares:
Bloude raning down from heaven in unknown showers;
Our gods' dark faces overcast with woe.
And dead men's ghosts appearing in the night.
Yea even this night while all the Cittie stood
Opprest with terror, horror, servile feare,
Deepe silence over all: the sounds were heard
Of divers songs, and diverse instruments,
Within the voide of aire: and howling noise,
Such as madde Bacchus' priests in Bacchan feasts
On Nisa make; and (seem'd) the company,
Our citie lost, went to the enemie.
So we forsaken both of gods and men,
So are we in the mercy of our foes:
And we henceforth obedient must become
To lawes of men who have us overthrown."

The poem abounds with sentences of great power and thought, proving the twin-like similarity of

mind between Mary Sidney and her brother; as in the following lines:

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

"Men in their friendship ever should be one
And never ought with fickle fortune shake,
Which still removes, nor will, nor knowes the way,
Her rowling bowle in one sure state to staie."

AMBITION.

"Bloud and alliance nothing do prevaile
To cool the thirst of hote ambitious brests."

LOVE OF SWAY.

"Sooner will men permit another should
Love her they love, than weare the crowne they weare."

RESOLUTION.

"To him that strives nought is impossible."*

CLEOPATRA LIKENS THOSE WHO FORSAKE THEIR FRIENDS IN SORROW.

"Like to those birds wafted with wand'ring wings
From foraine lands in spring-time here arrive:
And live with us so long as Somers heate
And their foode lasts, then seeke another soile."

The residence of Mary Sidney was chiefly at her husband's seat of Wilton, in Wiltshire, where, it is generally thought, the greatest part of the "Arcadia" was written by her accomplished brother; or sent to her in loose sheets, as he himself mentions in his dedication to her; and, after his lamented death, her great consolation and melan-

* This is the idea adopted by the famous Jaques Cœur, treasurer of Charles VII. of France, as his motto, and which was engraved so often in his house at Bourges:—"A cœurs vaillants rien impossible."

choly pleasure was in collecting and arranging those scattered papers, correcting, and revising them in the manner which she knew he would have approved.

One of the chambers at Wilton was adorned with pannels, on which were painted scenes from the "Arcadia;" these, from time to time, were restored, and would be interesting to keep up at the present day. The originals were not well executed, and, probably, offered no beauty to the eye; but, now that the restoration of the art of fresco painting occupies so much attention, and there are artists of ability to execute the work, it would be surely worth while, on such classic ground, to revive the scenes sung by Sidney, and give the poet's fancies a local habitation.

A mistake occurs in Gough's edition of Camden's Britannia, noticed by Zouch, in which Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, is named as the spot where the "Arcadia" was composed; but this mansion was not built by the Countess of Pembroke till her widowhood; consequently, long after the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

There is, no doubt, that much of the "Arcadia" was composed at Wilton, and all of it collected there; though it is probable that the groves of Penshurst heard the poet's numbers, and, from that charming dwelling many of his effusions were transmitted to his beloved sister.

Daniel, the poet, and the great friend of the

countess, thus alludes to her version of the Psalms being written at Wilton :—

> " By this, great lady, thou must then be known
> When Wilton lies low levelled in the ground;
> And this is that which thou may'st call thy own,
> Which sacrilegious time cannot confound;
> Here thou surviv'st thyself—here thou art found
> Of late succeeding ages fresh in fame,
> Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name!"

She resided occasionally at Ramsbury, in Wiltshire, from whence she dates her Tragedy of " Antonius," 26th November, 1590, in the edition printed at London for William Ponsonby, 1595.

But her " Discourse of Life and Death," translated from the French of Philip Morney, and printed by the same, at London, in 1600, is dated from Wilton, 18th May, 1590.

A composition, somewhat in the style of her brother's pastorals, entitled " Yvy Church, containing the affectionate life and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas: that in a pastoral, this in a funeral. Both in English hexameters, 1591," was dedicated to her by Abraham Fraunce; but it would require infinite patience to read a line of it at the present day, however gratifying it might once have been to the fair poetess, who received it as a mark of homage to her genius.

When the great affection which subsisted between Sir Philip Sidney and his sister is considered, her extreme grief for his loss may well be imagined,

and many must have been the tears she shed over the token probably presented to her by his young widow, according to the wish expressed in his will, that his "dear sister, the Countess of Pembroke," should have his "*best* jewel beset with diamonds."

This last pledge was no doubt received with a feeling far different to that evinced by his capricious, royal mistress, who had no softer recollection to bestow on her devoted Astrophel than warning a new favourite not to "go abroad and get himself knocked on the head, like that *thoughtless fellow*, Sidney," who, nevertheless, in his dying moments had bequeathed to her, "as a remembrance of his most loyal and bounden duty, one jewel worth one hundred pounds."

From him, as from others of her courtiers, Elizabeth was in the habit of accepting new year's gifts; and it is recorded that, in January, 1577, she honoured him by receiving, at Hampton Court, an offering of "a smocke of camerick, the sleeves and collar wrought with *blae*-work, and edged with a small bone lace of gold and silver, with a silver ruff cut work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangills, containing four ounces."

In 1580 his gift was "a cup of crystall covered with a cover." In a roll, illuminated by Petrucci Ubaldini, Sir Philip is depicted as presenting the Queen, at new year's tide, in 1581, with a "jewel of gold, being a whip garnished with small

diamonds in four rows, and cords of small seed pearl." And, in 1582, he gave "a jewel of gold like a castle garnished with small diamonds on the one side, being a pot to set flowers in."

The Queen, in return for one of these costly presents, gave her knight twenty-two ounces of gilt plate.

Perhaps one of Elizabeth's reasons for not preserving more tenderness for the memory of him whom she professed so much to admire, was, that he had not remained for ever a despairing suitor at her feet, "versing love" to her alone: but had married the charming daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, of whom Ben Jonson sings:—

> "I must believe some miracles still be
> When Sidney's name I hear, and face I see,
> For Cupid, who at first took vain delight
> In mere outforms, until he lost his sight,
> Hath changed his soul, and made his object you;
> When finding beauty met with such virtue,
> He hath not only gained himself his eyes,
> But, in your love, made all his servants wise."

Still severer was she afterwards to the fair seducer of her favourites, when she discovered that her beloved Essex had dared to love and marry the widow of his dear friend, Sidney!

The Countess of Pembroke was the mother of three children, two sons and a daughter; the latter died young, and the two former were distinguished patrons of learning, although their characters did

not rise beyond the ordinary level of men of rank of their time: indeed, of her second son, Philip, afterwards Earl of Montgomery, contemporary writers speak with contempt, as not possessing the chivalric qualities of his uncle, but more resembling the monarch whose favour showered honours upon him, at the expense of his reputation. Osborn, who is very bitter in his strictures on the manners of the Court, alludes to a quarrel in which Philip Herbert submitted tamely to insult in a manner which brought much disgrace on his name.

"Philip Herbert, since Earl of Montgomery, a man caressed by King James for his handsome face, which kept him not long company, leaving little behind it so acceptable as to render him fit society for anybody but himself, and such books as posterity may find ordinarily dedicated to him, which might yet have prompted his understanding to a more candid proceeding than he used at Oxford, where he exercised greater passion against learning, that had, by teaching books to speak English, endeavoured to make him wise, than he did towards Ramsay, who, by *switching him in the face* at Croydon, rendered him ridiculous. It was at a horse race, where many, both Scotch and English, met. The latter of which did upon this accident draw together with a resolution to make it a national quarrel, so far as Mr. John Pinch-back, though a married man, having but the

perfect use of two fingers, rode about with his dagger in his hand, crying, 'Let us break our fast with them here, and dine with the rest at London.' But Herbert, not offering to strike again, there was nothing spilt but the reputation of a gentleman; in lieu of which, if I am not mistaken, the King made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl, in one day, as he well deserved, having for his sake, or rather out of fear, transgressed against all the gradations of honour; for if he had not torn to rags that coat of arms, so often in my hearing bragged of, and so staunched the blood then ready to be spilt, not only that day, but all after, must have proved fatal to the Scots, so long as any had staid in England—the Royal Family excepted; which, in respect to His Majesty, or their own safety, they must have spared, or the kingdom been left to the misery of seeing so much blood laid out as the trial of so many crabbed titles would have required; there being then, according to report, no less than fourteen, of which Parsons, the Jesuit, so impudent is this fraternity, makes *the Infanta* the first.(?)*

"But they could not be these considerations that restrained Herbert, who wanted leisure no less than capacity to use them, though laid in his way by others. And, therefore, if this effeminacy produced good to the nation, (at that time doubted by many,)

* This passage is very obscure.

the honour is only due to God, whose miraculous power was not less manifested, (upon so high a provocation and great encouragement, as the whole field afforded Philip,) in raising so much flegm in a man nobly born, as might master so great a fury. * *

"And such of his friends as blame his youth for doing nothing, take away all excuse could have been made for him, had he done too much, since all commonly arrive at the years of valour before they can attain to those of discretion.

"This I can attest for the man, that he was intolerable, choleric and offensive, and did not refrain, while he was chamberlain, to break many wiser heads than his own. Mr. May that translated Lucan, having felt the weight of his staff, which had not office, and the place being the Banqueting House, protected, I question whether he would not have struck again. * * *

"I have been told the mother of Herbert tore her hair at the report of her son's dishonour, who, I am confident, upon a like opportunity, would have ransomed her own repute, if she had not redeemed her country's. · She was that sister to Sir Philip Sidney to whom he addressed his 'Arcadia,' and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from that partial benevolence of fortune in making him a man: which yet she did in some judgments, recompense in beauty. Her pen being

nothing short of his, as I am ready to attest, as far as so inferior a reason may be taken, having seen *incomparable letters* of hers. But lest I should seem to trespass upon truth, which few do unsuborned, as I protest I am, unless by her rhetoric, I shall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifest himself a poet in all things but untruth:

> 'Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death, ere thou killest such another
> Fair and good and learned as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.
> Marble piles let no man raise
> To her name. For after days
> Some kind woman born as she,
> Reading this, like Niobe,
> Shall turn statue, and become
> Both her mourner and her tomb.'*

"In the meantime the King was much troubled at the accident, not being able to ruminate upon the consequence it might have produced, without trembling. Nor could he refrain from letting fall sharp expressions against the insolency of the Scotch and folly of the English, whose blood he pretended to indulge most, both within and without him. But

* I have given this celebrated epitaph of Ben Jonson's as Osborn quotes it; there are variations in several versions of it, and the fourth line is sometimes improved in this form:—

"Death, ere thou hast slain another."

this he soon retracted, carrying such an awful reverence to his own countrymen, as he durst not displease them, out of fear to find himself deserted. It being past peradventure that he never looked upon the English as friends, the cause he rejoiced in nothing more than promoting excess, by which he hoped to ruin nobility and gentry. But however remote his affections were, he durst not but banish Ramsey the court. * * One thing was then remarkable at Croydon field, that none but Sir Edward Sackville, of the English, went on the Scots' side, and he out of love to the Lord Bruce (whom after he killed in a duel), which was so ill taken by his countrymen, as divers protested that if the fray had succeeded, he was the first likely to have fallen."

This quarrel is alluded to by most contemporary letter-writers, and, generally, in a way little respectful to Philip Herbert. Sir John More, in a letter to Sir R. Winwood, thus names it as the topic of the day:—

"On Sunday his Majesty took great pains in examining the matter of quarrel between the Earl of Montgomery and young Ramsey; and the same night Ramsey was committed to the Tower, from whence it is thought he shall be sent out of the kingdom. His Majesty carried the matter with great indifferency; and hereupon also did the Prince

take occasion to protest that he carried an indifferent affection to both the nations, and that howsoever his nearest servants now were Scots, *so placed by his father*, yet that when he should come to his own choice he is likely to serve himself as well of the English as of them.

" March 17, 1611."

He is once or twice mentioned as a quarrelsome person, apt to disagree with his companions; but more violent than valiant, on all occasions. Osborn is, however, mistaken in asserting that his forbearance was the cause of his receiving titles from James so rapidly; for he is named as an earl the year before, viz. March, 1610, by Sir John More, when he speaks of his having made one of "*three or four great quarrels.*"

His words are these:—

" More of our Court gallants talk of taking the same course (namely, joining the French King in a projected war); indeed it were fitter they had some place abroad to vent their superfluous valour than to *brabble* so much at, as they do here at home; for in one week we had *three or four great quarrels:* the first twixt the Earls of Southampton and Montgomery, that fell out at tennis, where the rackets flew about their ears; but the matter was taken up and compounded by the King, *without further bloodshed.*"

The Ramsey, hero of this tale, was endeared to the King by his services in stabbing the Earl of Gowrie, and thus saving his master's life, as he chose to assert, for which he was made Earl of Haddington.

The marriage of his rival, Philip Herbert, seemed to excite considerable interest at the time, for every one has something to say on the subject. Thus Mr. Packer to Mr. Winwood, amongst other news, speaks of the Queen's mask on the occasion :—

"* * * My Lord Admiral prepareth, against March, to go with very great magnificence. All his gentlemen shall have black velvet cloaks, and what else I know not. * *

"Now, sir, for women's news: we have here great preparations for the Queen's mask, wherein, besides her Majesty, will be eleven ladies: Bedford, Suffolk, Susan Vere, Lady Dorothy Rich, a daughter of my Lord Chamberlain's, Lady Walsingham, Lady Bevill, and some others, which I have forgotten, for haste; but the Lady of Northumberland is excused by sickness, Lady Hertford by the measles, * * Lady Hatton would fain have had a part, but some unknown reason kept her out; whereupon she is gone to her house, * *" where, it seems, she quarrelled, as was her wont, with her husband.

Mr. Chamberlaine thus alludes to this fashionable marriage, in a letter to Mr. Winwood:

"London, 18th Decr. 1604.

"Sir,—Here is no manner of novelty or alteration since my last; and yet being to keep Christmas out of town, and even ready for my journey, I cannot forbear though I be like to send an empty letter.

"The King came back from Royston on Saturday, but, so far from being weary or satisfied with these sports, that presently after the holidays he makes reckoning to be there again, or, as some say, to go further towards Lincolnshire, to a place called Ancaster-heath. In the meantime here is great provision for Cockpit, to entertain him at home, and of masks and revells against the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan Vere, which is to be celebrated on St. John's day.

"The Queen hath likewise a great mask in hand against twelfth-tide, for which there was three thousand pound delivered a month ago.

"Her brother, the Duke of Holst, is still here, procuring a levy of men to carry into Hungary; but methinks they would have little to do that would adventure themselves so far with a man able to do them no more good.

"The tragedy of Gowry, with all the action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all

sorts of people. But, whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that Princes should be played on the stage, in their life time, I hear that some great councillors are much displeased with it, and so 'tis thought shall be forbidden."

The following letter of Sir Dudley Carleton to Mr. Winwood, describes the festivities at the *then* favourite's marriage.

" London, Jan. 1605.

" Sir,—I had written unto you at this time, though I had not been invited by your letters I received by Captain Doyly. For in Mr. Chamberlain's absence, I come in quarter, and have waited so diligently at Court this Christmas, that I have matter enough, if the report of Masks and Mummings can please you.

" On St. John's Day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan, performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite The Court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church, the Queen followed her from thence. The King gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets, brided and bridled it so handsomely, and, indeed, became herself so much, that the King said, ' If he were unmarried, he would not give her but keep her himself.'

" The marriage dinner was kept in the great

chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies accompanied the bride. The ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. At night there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts. The presents of plate, and other things, given by the noblemen, were valued at 2500*l.*; but that which made it a good marriage, was a gift of the King's of five hundred pounds land, for the bride's jointure.

" * * No ceremony was omitted of Bridecakes, Points, Garters, and Gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the Court, and, at night, there was *sewing into the sheet*, casting off the bride's left hose, and many other *pretty sorceries*.

" New Year's day past without any solemnity, and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time, are so far laid by, that the accustomed presents of the *purse and gold* was hard to be had without asking.

" The next day the King plaid in the presence; and, as good or ill luck seldom comes alone, the

bridegroom that threw for the King had the good fortune to win 1000*l.*, which he had for his pains; the greatest part was lost by my lord of Cranborne.

"On Twelfth day we had the creation of Duke Charles, now Duke of York; the interim was entertained with making Knights of the Bath, which was three days work. * *

"At night we had the Queen's Mask in the Banqueting-House, or rather her Pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors; the indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell in the form of a skallop, wherein were four seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my lady Bedford, on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Darby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their apparel was rich, but too light and courtesan-like, for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which was disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. * * Don Taxis took out the Queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though

there was danger it would have left a mark on her lips."

Of the Earl of Pembroke, eldest son of the countess, Miss Aikin, in her valuable work on the Court of James I., sums up the character in these words:

"Pembroke, the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, has received from the pen of Lord Clarendon, a splendid eulogium for wit, learning, affability, disinterestedness, and generosity, commendations however, which are balanced by the distinct admission of his noble panegyrist, 'that he indulged to himself pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses.' His accomplishments, and, it is to be feared, his vices also, caused him to be regarded as a model by the young courtiers of his time: he plunged into a sea of prodigal expense, in which even his ample revenues were speedily swallowed up; and, to retrieve his circumstances, he submitted to a marriage with one of the co-heiresses of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, whose personal and mental qualities conspired to render her large fortune a dear purchase to a husband. In his political capacity, this nobleman had, unquestionably, the merit of being unbribed by Spain; for we are told that, in discussing the conduct of that Court towards his own, he would sometimes 'rouse, to the trepidation' of King James. The monarch, however, esteemed him as a member of the Council;

and he obtained the offices of governor of Portsmouth, chancellor of the University of Oxford, and chamberlain of the household."

Osborn tells an anecdote of the Earl of Pembroke, which does not speak well for his courtesy or superiority to the undignified prince, who condescended to vulgar practical jokes:

"William, Earl of Pembroke, had an antipathy to a frog; King James, with his usual schoolboy silliness, threw one into his neck; in requital whereof, the earl caused a pig, to which the king had a disgust, to be placed in his bed-room. This happened at Wilton, under the earl's own roof, and affected his majesty the more for that reason, as a breach of hospitality."

As the son, however, of her of whom the poet has made such honourable mention in his immortal epitaph, Pembroke will always be a striking character: in several letters from friends of Gilbert, Lord Shrewsbury, to him, he is assured that the countess, his daughter, conducts herself with great propriety, "whatever *envious persons* may say to the contrary;" and, more than once, allusion is made to their domestic arrangements, which leave their conjugal felicity rather doubtful: the daughter of the countess, Mary, was not very unlikely to make a bad wife.

Philip, Earl of Montgomery, seemed more fortunate; and his second wife, who outlived him, was that famous countess, Anne Clifford, of Cumberland,* whose character and habits so much resemble those of Elizabeth of Hardwick.

The accomplished and honoured sister of Sir Philip Sidney, lived to a very old age, and died at her house, in *Aldersgate Street*, on the 25th Sept. 1621, and was buried near her husband, —whom she survived twenty years,—in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

* See her Life in Vol. II. of this work.

PENELOPE, LADY RICH.

Essex, the accomplished and impetuous, generous and ill-judging favourite of the aged and still susceptible Queen Elizabeth, who struggled in vain against her fondness for her handsome and presuming subject, had a sister, too like him in all respects: violent in her attachments, imprudent in her resentments, and unfortunate in all the most important actions of her life, Penelope was most affectionately attached to her brother, who warmly returned her tenderness as he did that of all his family. If it had rested with him, his beautiful sister would not, probably, have been sacrificed to expediency, and forced to become the wife of a man whom she detested; her heart being, at the same time, given to another.

"To her how fatal was the hour,"

when the young and undistinguished Charles Blount, the penniless son of a noble house, first

made his appearance at the court of the virgin Queen! Proud, modest and retiring, feeling himself unequal in fortune to any around him, yet sensibly alive to his dignity, and the honour of his ancient family, he would willingly have concealed himself in retirement; and, after completing his studies at Oxford and the Inner Temple, would have been content to exist upon his little patrimony, and never have trusted his frail bark on the uncertain sea of Court favour. But his friends judged otherwise; and it was deemed expedient, by those who reckoned upon the discriminating observation of their royal mistress, that the handsome and accomplished young nobleman should be seen by her whose smile dispensed favours and rewards.

Sir Charles Blount was first introduced to the Court at Whitehall, when he had but just attained the age of twenty: his stature was above the ordinary height, his countenance full of intelligence, and highly prepossessing; and he had scarcely taken his station amongst the crowd of courtiers, who waited near her Majesty, as she sat at dinner, than her eye was attracted towards him. The Queen instantly asked her carver who the new comer was, but could obtain no information respecting him: a whisper, of course, went round; and the glance of the Queen was followed by those of the ladies in her suite, amongst whom, probably, was the fair sister of the then favoured Essex.

It was not long before the royal desire was satisfied, and it was reported to her Majesty that the youth who had attracted her admiring attention, was the brother of William, Lord Mountjoy — one of the most prodigal and profuse noblemen of the day.

Elizabeth's glance is generally known to have been one which no man could feel bent on him, without experiencing its power: she is said to have been near-sighted, and her gaze might, consequently, have been more earnest when she wished particularly to observe an object. Its fascination, at any rate, was undeniable; and, as Charles Blount became conscious that her eagle eye was fixed upon his face, and when he found himself, in an instant, the object of general observation, his heart beat quick, and his face became suffused with blushes.

The Queen, whose vanity was, no doubt, flattered, and who was always ready to secure a new adorer, was immediately interested; and, calling him to her, gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with these gentle and condescending accents, to which no one possessed the power of imparting a greater charm: "I no sooner saw this gentleman," said she to her lords, and the ladies who pressed forward to gaze at the new favourite, "than I recognised in him the marks of noble birth." To this she added expressions of interest for his fortunes, and regret for their depression; con-

cluding by demanding his name of himself, and saying, as she dismissed him, "Fail you not to come to Court, and I will bethink myself how to do you good."

In spite of this brilliant encouragement, his natural bashfulness still kept him in the background, and his fondness for travel and a military life, in which course he soon distinguished himself, withdrew him from the Court and its dangers for awhile; but the Queen became jealous of his carelessness of her notice, and took every occasion to draw him to her; so much so, that Essex began to feel piqued at her marked preference, and looked upon him with little content. At length a circumstance occurred which roused his resentment, and his anger broke forth as inconsiderately as was customary with him.

At a jousting-match young Blount had carried off all the glory of the day, and amongst his warmest admirers was the Queen herself, though Essex's fair sister might have felt his merit more deeply still. As a token of her approbation of his prowess, Elizabeth sent the fortunate knight a golden queen of chess, richly enamelled. Delighted and flattered at this mark of esteem—while every one was striving

"To win her grace, whom all commend—"

Blount appeared the next day with the Queen's favour attached to his arm by a crimson ribbon,

wearing it conspicuously with undisguised pride. The Earl of Essex, indignant at finding that an obscure and unknown individual dared to enter the lists against one who imagined himself all supreme, enquired, in an arrogant tone, what it meant, and for what given. Fulk Greville, of whom the enquiry was made, replied, that it was a mark of the Queen's sense of his merit. This was too much for the favourite, who cried out, in an insolent tone, intended for Blount to hear, "Then I perceive every fool must have a favour!"

Of course, nothing could follow this affront but a challenge; which was immediately despatched to Essex by the young knight, and, without loss of time, the indignant rivals met. The sword of Blount was successful, as his lance had been. Essex was wounded and disarmed.

Meantime, the Queen had heard a rumour of what had passed, and, flattered as she was, the "divine Astrea" thought fit to interfere to prevent further harm. When she heard the cause of the duel, and listened to the impertinent words of Essex, she exclaimed, in her usual forcible language, "By God's death! it was fit that some one or other should take the earl down and teach him better manners, otherwise there would be no rule with him."

This quarrel was fatal to the peace of Sir Charles; for, though from it sprang a friendship

with his rival which continued to the end, yet it made him acquainted too nearly with her who was to be the bane of his future happiness. Thoughtless of consequences, the young man surrendered his heart, without resistance, to the fascinations of the equally enamoured sister of his friend, and promises of the tenderest nature passed between them. Neither awoke from the dangerous dream they had entertained, till violence tore them asunder. Penelope became the unwilling bride of Lord Rich, and Sir Charles endeavoured to lose his regret in the fields of Bretagne.

He was now Earl of Mountjoy, with an impoverished estate and a lacerated heart: his fortunes, however, brightened, as they often do, when wealth and honours are of no avail to

"Minister to a mind diseased."

The fall of Essex was approaching: he was recalled from Ireland, and Mountjoy appointed in his stead: it was on this occasion—when the acute Bacon recommended the faults of Essex to be passed over without severe punishment—as his popularity rendered him dangerous, that he observed, evidently doubting the firmness of his mistress, that "if she meant not again to employ Essex, she could not make a better choice than Mountjoy." "How," cried she with violence, "Essex! whensoever I send Essex back again to

Ireland I will marry you—claim it of me." Dissembling the ridicule which he could not but feel belonged to this burst of vanity, the minister gravely replied: "Well, madam, I will release that contract, if his going be for the good of the state."

When the imprudent favourite, not to call his conduct by a harsher term, was in custody of the Lord Keeper, his anxiety and violence brought on a fit of illness, which so alarmed his sisters, Northumberland and Rich, that they entreated to be allowed to go to his prison and nurse him. The Queen was moved, and sent him a "comfortable" message and *some broth*, and even went so far as to say that, if it might be with her honour, she would visit him herself: nevertheless, she rejected the petitions of his sisters, though she treated Lady Rich with gracious consideration, and pretended to feel commiseration for her sorrows.

Neither did she reject the splendid presents offered her by Penelope—but no result followed: she read her letters also without granting her prayers.

The following somewhat incomprehensible and characteristic effusion, however, having got abroad, Lady Rich, who was suspected of having circulated it, was commanded to keep her house, in consequence:

"TO THE QUEEN.

"Early this morning did I hope to have had mine eyes blessed *with your Majesty's beauty;* but, seeing the sun depart into a cloud, and meeting with spirits that did presage, by the wheels of their chariot, some thunder in the air, I must complain and express my fears to the high majesty and divine oracle, from whence I received a doubtful answer; unto whose power I must sacrifice again the tears and prayers of the afflicted, that must despair in time, if it be too soon to importune heaven when we feel the misery of hell; or that words directed to the sacred wisdom should be out of season delivered for my unfortunate brother, whom all men have liberty to defame, as if his offences were capital, and he so base, dejected a creature, that his life, his love, his service to your beauties and the state had deserved no absolution after so hard punishment, or so much as to answer in your fair presence, who would vouchsafe more justice and favour than he can expect of partial judges, or those combined enemies that labour, on false grounds, to build his ruin, urging his faults as criminal to your divine honour; thinking it a heaven to blaspheme heaven, whereas, by their own particular malice and counsel, they have practised to glut themselves in their own private revenge, not regarding your service and loss so much as their ambition, and to rise by his overthrow. And I have reason to apprehend that, if

your fair hands do not check the courses of their unbridled hate, their last courses will be his last breath. * * * But, at least, if he may not return to the happiness of his former service, to live at the feet of his admired mistress; yet he may set down to a private life without the imputation of infamy."

The letter continues to name the services of his family, and their misfortunes, and the Queen's *beauty;* and concludes,

"But let y^r^ M^ys^ *divine* power be no more eclipsed than your beauty, w^h^ hath shined throughout the world.

"PENELOPE RICH."

Alas! the remainder of the career of this fair and enthusiastic creature, destined to a higher lot, is

> "Disgrace and loss of fame,
> And sorrow and sin and shame;"

and, moreover, "death to the gallant knight" whose "erring passions," with her own, brought all this misery upon them both.

Penelope abandoned her husband for her lover; and at the time when Anne of Denmark's masks and revels were at their height, one of the reproaches against that volatile and ill-advised Queen was, that she received at Court, and acted with, the

frail sister of the unhappy Essex before her fault was in some degree repaired in the eye of the world, by a marriage with Lord Mountjoy, who, on her divorce being pronounced, made her his wife.

They were married at Wanstead, in Essex, Dec. 26th, 1605, the ceremony being performed by his chaplain, William Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—a piece of submission on the part of that prelate of which he subsequently repented with great earnestness; but which exposed him to the just censure of the severe.

Mountjoy, now Earl of Devonshire, never knew an hour's content from this moment; his pride and his conscience could not be reconciled to the blot which had thus been cast on his escutcheon; as his secretary, Fynes Moryson, expresses it, "greif for unsuccessful love brought him to his last end," for he died, after nine days of fever, in great pain both of body and mind, leaving his

"Fair and fatal enemy"

a fortune of fifteen hundred a year, and eternal regret.

MAGDALEN HERBERT,

MOTHER OF THE POET, GEORGE HERBERT.

The poet—whose pious and excellent spiritual songs have retained their popularity even to our days, notwithstanding the quaint conceits with which the sense is occasionally disfigured—owed, as is frequently the case, much that was valuable in his character to the care, the precepts, and the example of his mother, who was the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport, of High Arkall, in Shropshire—a family remarkable for their loyalty, and who, as Walton observes, for that cause "have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure, where their ancestors have long lived, and been memorable for their hospitality."

Magdalen was the mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she was in the habit of

saying, "was Job's number, and Job's distribution." For all these blessings she was grateful to Providence, and also "that they were neither defective in their shapes nor in their reason; and very often," says her biographer, "would she reprove them that they did not praise God for so great a blessing."

To educate and watch over these children was the chief care of the Lady Magdalen, who became early a widow, and under her eye George and two of his brothers were instructed by an able tutor, her chaplain, till, after being at Westminster school, George was transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1608, where his mother's watchful care followed his progress in learning, never wearying of her charge, and ceaselessly anxious that the seeds of virtue and piety which she saw within him should bring forth good fruit.

When this, her fifth son, was about sixteen, she remarried; her choice was the brother and heir of the Earl of Danby, whose zeal in favour of her children was not exceeded by her own. During her widowhood, when she had placed several of her sons at Oxford, in order to minister to the comfort and advantage both of their bodies and minds, she resided herself on the spot, that she might always be ready, by her tenderness, her advice, and caution, to direct and support them, and to prevent their falling into the errors so common to the age. She

was accustomed to say, that "as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do so insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." Her maxim was, that "ignorance of vice was the best preservative of virtue, and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." An opinion, if agreed to, seldom acted upon in the present day, when it would seem strange to the noble mothers of the youths at our public schools and universities, to find themselves called upon to reside at Eton, Oxford, or Cambridge, in order to keep a vigilant look out on the *escapades* of their sons. It was otherwise with the Lady Magdalen, of whom her eulogist, Walton, records, that, during the four years she resided at Oxford, "her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most men of any eminent worth and learning that were at that time in or near the university, and particularly with the poet, Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of her beauties, corporeal and intellectual.

Of the first, he exclaims:—

> "No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
> As I have seen in an autumnal face."

Of the latter, he says :—

> " In all her words, to every hearer fit,
> You may at revels or at council sit."

Donne celebrates her under the name of "The Autumnal beauty " in several of his poems. Their friendship was firm and attached; and it appears that she afforded him substantial proofs of her regard in assisting his necessities at a time when a sick wife and seven children were burthens more than he well knew how to support.

It is difficult entirely to understand, or altogether to sympathise with, the distresses of Dr. Donne, when we find that he was patronised and substantially relieved by so many different persons of wealth and learning, who appreciated his merit and pitied his misfortunes.

The delicacy of his conscience appears to have stood in the way of his preferment more than once; but it was a singular sort of feeling that could make him reject a certain source of independence to remain a pensioner upon the bounty of others. There is something at first sight of romantic heroism in his refusing to enter holy orders, merely because the doing so presented him the means of living; but it might have been better and more reasonable had he accepted the noble offers made him, and at that very time devoted his mind, as he eventually did, to the duties he was after-

wards called to fulfil. His faithful and suffering wife might have been spared the too frequently recurring anxieties and sufferings which caused her death before his fortunes altered, when he was enabled, too late, to have placed her in a position suitable to her birth, and fit to reward her devotion.

As it was, she had always the mortification of being a pensioner on one friend or other, yet frequently found herself and her children in want even of the necessaries of life, and, worse than all, her husband, whom she adored, was pining with grief to behold her privations while he was helpless to relieve them.

How mournful are the expressions he utters in some of his letters!—

"It is now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither:* I grow older, and not better: my strength diminishes, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain do or be something; but that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do: but to be no part of any body is to be nothing, and so I am, and shall so judge myself unless I could be so incorpo-

* The thought here is like that beautiful one of Surrey's:—

"And thus I see amidst these pleasant things
All care decay, and yet my sorrow springs."

rated into a part of the world as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole."

The following singular epistle is written to the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of St. Mary Magdalen; and has all the quaintness of the usual style of Donne.

"Madam,

"Your favours to me are everywhere: I use them and have them. I enjoy them at London and leave them there, and yet find them at Micham.* Such riddles as these become things inexpressible, and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here to-day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning. But my not coming was excusable because earnest business detained me, and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most, and so did I. And from her and myself I return such thanks as are due to one to whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most, have of us. By this messenger and on this good day I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have escaped the fire,) to your judgment and to your protection too, if you think them worthy

* Where Donne resided with his family.

of it: and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

Your unworthiest servant
Unless your accepting him to be so
have mended him,
J. Donne.

"*Micham, July* 11*th*, 1607."

"These hymns," observes their biographer, "are lost to us; but, doubtless, they are such as *they two* now sing in heaven." This is, indeed, in accordance with the poet's notion, that

> "All we know of those above
> Is that they sing and that they love."

If the hymns were as crabbed as the sonnet which introduced them to his learned and amiable friend, they could give, it must be confessed, but a poor specimen of the poetry of the spheres.

Twenty years after this letter is dated, the then Dean of St. Paul's, with many tears, preached the funeral sermon of this excellent woman, in the parish church of Chelsea, where her ashes lie.*

* Grainger speaks of a curious picture of Dr. Donne, as mysterious as his verses and his thoughts. It existed at Lincoln's Inn, and is described by Dr. John Barwick, as "all enveloped with a darkish shadow, his face and features hardly discernible,

The first year of his going to Cambridge, George Herbert wrote to his mother, sending her some verses as a New-Year's gift, which have far more poetical merit, although the poet was then very young, than any of the admired sonnets of Donne. He writes :—

" But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs by which, scholars say, the Muses used to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many

with this ejaculation and wish thereon—' Domine illumina tenebras meas ;' " " and," adds the historian, " this wish was afterwards accomplished, when, at the persuasion of King James, he entered into holy orders."

It is seldom we meet with any poem of Donne's which gives much idea of the talent he was thought to possess at the period he wrote. Satire, as Dryden has said, was his forte, whose keen and forcible expression Pope appreciated, and happily imitated. Dryden pronounces that he had a prodigious richness of fancy, but his thoughts were much debased by his versification. Drummond, the famous Scotch poet, affirmed to Ben Jonson, that he wrote his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. Dr. Brown has said of him—

" 'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, but his rhyme was prose."

He is more known as a poet than a divine, though, in the latter character, he had great merit ; his sermons, however, suited his own, better than later times. He was singularly eccentric throughout his life ; and, some time before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud, and, having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken which was kept by his bed-side as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. The effigy on his monument in St. Paul's Church, was done after this portrait. He died, March 31, 1631.—*See Dugdale.*

love poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and Heaven. For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony:

"My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee, and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she?—cannot thy Dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or, since thy ways are deep and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which, by thy power and might,
Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that—which one day worms may chance refuse!
Sure, Lord, *there is enough in thee to dry*
Oceans of ink (!) for as the deluge did
Cover the Earth, so doth thy Majesty:
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak of thee: to make
A pair of cheeks of them is thy abuse,
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, *some ink bestow.*"

* * * * *

G. H.

Herbert attracted the particular notice of the schoolmaster King, when, on his frequent visits to Cambridge, from Royston and Newmarket, he inflicted his tediousness on the learned there. As orator, Herbert had many opportunities of complimenting his pedantic master; and did so with so much grace, as to cause the King to remark to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, "that he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age and wit."

Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, at this time formed a strict friendship with the son of Magdalen Herbert, much to her delight; and so highly did he value his judgment, that, in a debate on predestination and sanctity of life which occurred between them, the orator, having sent the bishop certain aphorisms, written in very choice Greek, the prelate, ever after, kept the precious paper in his bosom, occasionally showing it to scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but, says Walton, "did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life."

Donne and Sir Henry Wotton were his great friends, as well as his mother's; and he does not appear wanting in some of the courtly fancies which distinguished those persons: for instance, his fondness for dress was extreme — a passion scarcely

reconcileable to the religious and ascetic notions which he frequently expressed. That he was a courtier is clear, by his continually following the King, and absenting himself from Cambridge, except when his patron, James, was there. Perhaps, his quick-sighted mother was aware of certain weaknesses in his character, which, she feared, might not tend to good if encouraged, as she always expressed great disinclination to his design of leaving the University altogether—as he thought study injured his health—and devoting his time to travel, for which he had a great desire. His expression was, that "he had too thoughtful a wit; a wit, like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body."

But the opposition of his mother to this wish decided him to abandon it, as he was accustomed to submit to her wisdom in all things. He could not, however, repress some repinings at being prevented from following the bias to which his heart tended; and in these lines, called "Affliction," he thus reflects on the destiny marked out for him by Providence:

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a ling'ring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife
Before I had the power to change my life.

" Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise,
Not simp'ring all mine age:
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took the sweetened pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

* * * * *

" Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, I sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For then, sure, I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least, some bird would trust
Her household with me, and I would be just.

" Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God!—though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee—if I love thee not!"

The following letter to Mrs. Herbert is from Dr. Donne, her own and her son's friend, who, knowing her dislike to a Court life, has tact enough to abuse it:—

"TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

" Madam,—

" As we must die before we have full glory and happiness, so, before I can have this degree of it as to see you by a letter, I must almost die; that is, come to London—to plaguy London—a place full

of danger, and vanity, and vice, though the Court be gone. And such it will be till your return redeem it. Not that the greatest virtue in the world, which is you, can be such a marshal as to defeat or disperse all the vice of this place; but, as higher bodies remove, or contract themselves, when better come, so at your return we shall have one door open to innocence. Yet, madam, you are not *such an Ireland* as produceth neither ill nor good: no spiders, no nightingales: which is a rare degree of perfection. But you have found and practised that experiment, that even nature, out of her detesting of emptiness, if we will make that our work to remove bad will fill us with good things. To abstain from it was, therefore, but the childhood and minority of your soul, which had been long exercised since, in your manlier, active part, of doing good. Of which, since I have been a witness and subject, not to tell you sometimes that by your influence and example I have attained to such a step of goodness as to be thankful, were both to accuse your power and judgment of impotency and infirmity.

"Your ladyship's, in all services,

"JOHN DONNE."

George Herbert would have been, however, easily persuaded to throw by his book, and remove alto-

gether to Court; but for the loss of several of his friends, from whom he looked for preferment; and the death of King James himself put an end to all his expectations. He accordingly retired to a solitary retreat in Kent, where he entirely shut himself up, and gave way to melancholy reflection, till his health began to suffer from such a course of life, more than by the studies to which he attributed his ailments. His mother pressed him to enter holy orders, a consummation which she devoutly wished; but he still vacillated, and the pleasures of a life at Court still held out attractions to him, in spite of her representations: his worldly friends ridiculed the idea of his devoting his energies and talents to the service of the Church, bidding him consider that such a state was beneath his high birth; but the arguments of the Lady Magdalen had begun to move him, and furnished him with this answer, worthy to be recorded:

"It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth; and, though the iniquity of late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath

done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my the dear Jesus."

The result of this was, that he crowned his mother's hopes, and was made a deacon; and, in the year 1626, a prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in diocese of Lincoln.

This village is near Spalden, in Huntingdonshire; and, at the time George Herbert was appointed to the living, the church was in a most dilapidated condition. The great object of his ambition was to re-edify it; and he accordingly exerted all his energies for that object. Knowing what an expensive taste is that of building, his mother, when she heard of his intention, took the alarm, and sent for him in all haste to Chelsea, where she then lived, and remonstrated with him thus:

"George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you; namely, that you give him back his prebend, for it is not for your weak body and empty purse, to undertake to build churches."

The son requested a short time to consider of his answer; and, returning to her, said, after request-

ing and receiving her blessing, that he had further to beg of her that "she would at the age of thirty-three years allow him to become an undutiful son, for he had made a vow to God, that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church."

He used so many arguments, that he at length entirely won her to his side, and she presently consented to assist him in his project, and also undertook to solicit William, Earl of Pembroke, to do the same, who subscribed at first fifty pounds, but, urged by an eloquent and witty letter from the prebend, he afterwards added fifty more. Many more friends came to his aid, and he found himself possessed of a sufficient sum for his purpose. The works went on under his direction, and he took the utmost interest in their completion: Walton thus describes the church:—

"He made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands; being, for the workmanship, a costly Mosaic, for the form an exact cross, and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscoted as to be exceeded by none; and, by his order, the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, 'They should neither have a precedency or

priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.' "

When his estimable mother was on a bed of sickness, which was nearly her last, her son wrote her the following admirable though quaint letter, which, by its tenderness and piety, was calculated to give her all the comfort which he proposed:

" Madam,

" At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should carry all sickness out of your family; but, since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you, and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment doth fix me here.

" In the meantime I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys; therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts.

" Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself, but would you divide and choose too? Our college customs allow not that, and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be, like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up, and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem!

" For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness worse than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it: but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family, and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience: insomuch that whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate or body or mind.

" For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be! since, if we had riches, we are com-

manded to give them away; so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them.

"But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: but, oh God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the holy Scripture are never given to the rich but to the poor! I never find 'Blessed be the rich,' or 'Blessed be the noble;' but 'Blessed be the meek, and blessed be the poor—and blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted': and yet, O God! must carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. * *

"Above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist:—'Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee.' * *

"God is at hand to deliver us from all or in all. Dear Madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

Your most obedient son,

GEORGE HERBERT.

"*Trin. Coll. May* 25, 1622."

This good mother, for whom her worthy son had so great a respect, died in 1627, before George Herbert's marriage, which took place in conse-

quence of his removing for his health, to Dantsey, in Wilts., which belonged to his father-in-law's brother, Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, with whom he was a great favourite; where he met with a young lady, one of nine daughters of Mr. Danvers, of Bainton, in the same county, and with an impetuosity but little in accord with the prudent caution of his mother, the "wooing and marrying and a'," was settled in three days after their first interview.

Whether there was not something of enthusiasm in his character, almost amounting, at times, to insanity, this, and some other actions of his life, may render a question; and probably the anxious care of his mother, in advising him, upon all occasions, may be traced to this source. For instance, when, after a struggle with his conscience, common in those days, however unusual now, he accepted, by the persuasions of Archbishop Laud, of the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and was left, as the custom was, in the church alone, *to toll the bell;* he fell into a sort of trance on the pavement before the altar, and imagined that a change was wrought in his soul from that time.

It seemed to have cost him some struggles to "doff his sword and silk clothes" for a canonical habit; but, having done so, he returned to his meek wife—a perfect pattern of a country clergyman's helpmate—and exhorted her, in future, to be,

like himself, humble-minded; for though he, in the words of Fox—

> "Had tasted extremes both of pleasure and pain,
> And felt but too ready to taste them again;"

yet he exclaimed, in one of his spiritual songs,

> "That, through these labyrinths, not my groveling wit
> But thy *silk twist*, let down from heaven to me,
> Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
> To climb to thee."

He made a most exemplary clergyman, and his conduct was such as would have delighted his mother's heart, and the virtues of the partner whom he had so hastily chosen must also have contented her.

His chief recreation was in music; and, in the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, twice every week did he repair to listen to such strains as, he declared, "so elevated his soul that it was his heaven upon earth." An anecdote is related of this kind but somewhat eccentric minister, that, on one occasion, as he was walking to Salisbury, "he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, telling him, "that if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast."

When he reached Salisbury the economy of his dress was considerably impaired by his exertions, which occasioned many remarks from his musical companions, and some of them reproved him for a condescension beneath his dignity; his reply was:—

"That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place. For," said he, "if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this opportunity. And now let us tune our instruments."

About a month before his death, a clerical friend visiting him, he desired him to pray with him; when the other having enquired what prayers he chose, Herbert replied:

"O sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England,—no other prayers are equal to them."

He thus gave evidence that to the last he retained that veneration for his mother, whom he

associated with the Church, which her care of him so well deserved; and his excellence and piety, so remarkable and so worthy of praise, may justly be referred, as to their original cause, to the virtues and estimable qualities of Magdalen Herbert.

> " ——— All must to their cold graves:
> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

FRANCES HOWARD,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Long after the grave had closed over the sorrows of the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, her sorrowing widower, Seymour, was induced to take a second wife, and in her society endeavour to forget the sad tragedy in which he had been an actor. What decided him to seek the hand of the daughter of Viscount Howard, of Bindon, second son of the Duke of Norfolk, is not recorded; but she does not seem to have been remarkable for any qualities which made her worthy to replace the royal wife of Hertford, except her good-nature made up for the vanity and folly for which she is eminently conspicuous. Pity, perhaps, and a certain sympathy for a young and lovely creature, who had lost two near relatives* on the scaffold, caused the melancholy Seymour to choose her for his bride.

Some strange circumstances of her very early life had made her the wife of a person in a condition of

* Her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham.

life immeasurably beneath her own, for she had married one Prannell, the son of a wealthy vintner of London. It is not known whether their union was a stolen one, or whether the riches of the husband had induced her family to consent to such a degradation of their high blood; but at all events Prannell died very soon after the event, and left the lovely Frances free to flirt and choose as her fancy dictated.

She did not seem backward in the accomplishment of setting forth her own charms to advantage, and soon drew round her a crowd of adorers,

"Who felt or feign'd a flame."

"Among the rest" was Sir George Rodney, whom she at first encouraged, until the unfortunate gentleman had deceived himself into a hope that he was preferred to all others; but while he was thus indulging in a vain dream, it was suddenly broken with violence by the news of his false fair one's intended marriage with a newer and more noble suitor, the Earl of Hertford.

"Oh! when he heard that her plighted word
His false one meant to break,
The youth grew sad, and the youth grew mad,
And his sword he sprang to take;
He set the point against his side,
The hilt against the floor,
I wot he made a wound so wide
He never a word spake more."

This, in fact, is the sad history of this victim of

"A fair, false woman."

Before he died, he indited some lines, which, in the true fashion of chivalry, he wrote in his own blood: their merit would not have saved him with a critically poetical mistress; but, as Frances was *only* vain and heartless, she had, probably, often pretended to be delighted with similar effusions in praise of her beauty.

Sir George was found dead in a room in an inn at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, whence he had watched the bridal procession of the earl and countess.

Hertford really liked his frivolous and beautiful wife, and, though Arabella evidently still lived in his heart, and he delighted to keep up her memory by calling one of his children by the name he loved best, yet he does not seem to have repented of his marriage.

Her pride of birth was great, and she was very fond of boasting of her pedigree, and of the two dukes, her grandfathers; but he looked on this only as a pardonable weakness, and would playfully reprove her by exclaiming, when she indulged in these flights in his hearing, "Frank, Frank! how long is it since you were married to Prannell?" which always covered her with confusion, and checked her for a time.

At his death the Earl left her five thousand pounds a-year, and she was now a widow, with the attrac-

tion of wealth as well as beauty. Even while she was Lady Hertford, it appears that she had another adorer besides the ill-fated Sir George, secretly sighing for her, and acting the despairing swain for her sake, following her in disguise from place to place, now "in a blue coat and basket-hilted sword," now in some more Arcadian costume, and now in his own robes, as Duke of Richmond.

This faithful Strephon, on her husband's death, came forward, and threw himself and his honours at the feet of the gratified belle; who had no words of rejection to an offer which would enable her to boast of *more* Dukes still, as belonging to her train, with no intrusive hints in future occurring to remind her of the defunct vintner.

> "He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
> And carried her home as his bride."

But the gallant Lodowick, who had made her Duchess of Richmond, was found dead in his bed, and again the fair Frances was a widow, swelling with ostentation and imagined consequence.

At every pageant, and in every ceremony, she delighted that her name should figure; and, though it does not appear that she was very liberal, her ambition was to be thought magnificent and generous in the extreme. On the occasion of the christening of one of the Queen of Bohemia's children, she carried her absurd ostentation so far

as to have a list handed about of certain splendid presents of plate which she wished the world to imagine she had forwarded to her royal friend. Her overweening opinion of herself led her at length so far that she thought it even not impossible to call Elizabeth Stuart by a nearer name. King James was a widower, herself a widow, and she saw no reasonable impediment to her having the glory of counting amongst her adorers, and taking compassion on his sighs, of the highest personage in the kingdom. In a word, why should not one so high born, so beautiful, so witty, so attractive, and, moreover, a connexion of his own by her last marriage, be chosen to share the throne of the monarch who might desire to replace Anne of Denmark?

This ridiculous notion she permitted to take full possession of her mind; and, in order to keep up a suitable dignity, she declared that she would never condescend to sit at the board with a subject. She thus saved her dinners, and preserved her grandeur; being in the habit of exhibiting to her guests a table loaded with covered dishes, which appeared to contain the choicest viands, and, after their departure, mortified, she trusted, at not being permitted to share her meal, she sat down to a very simple repast from one.

The same childish love of display was also shown in her assumption of extreme sanctity; for she

caused it to be generally bruited abroad that religious conferences were continually held at her house, and that she listened to sermons from the most eminent divines: all of which was known to be but "empty air," like her Barmecide dinners, and only occasioned much mirth at her expense.

So much is tragedy and comedy mingled on the stage of life, that she whose near relations had perished on the scaffold, and whose name was connected with a variety of sad occurrences, was herself a byword and a jest, fit only to excite to laughter. This piece of whimsicality, vanity, and folly lived, it is supposed, to beyond a century: her death occurred in 1679. Her silliness might be considered harmless, but that it caused the death of a worthy man, who, one would think, must nevertheless have been rather like her in weakness of mind, to have made such a woman the object of his love; and she might be looked upon as insignificant had she not, in spite of her worthlessness, gained the affections of such a man as Hertford.

END OF VOL. I.

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